

The Turn (feat. Raekwon)

Method Man

"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face..."[Intro: Raekwon]

Yeah, ah, yeah, yo, yo, yeah

Yeah, motivate, motivate, from the gate, ya'll

Yeah, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo[Raekwon]

And we the Gods, still tear the whole hood apart

Darts that'll splatter through faces, taste niggaz hearts

I'm intellectual, plus professional

And Walbaums to vegetables

Shit is right here, like buyin' fly gear

Dare any white man or fan nigga, ran through niggaz

Blew shotties in niggaz lobbies, the grand RZA

We left, the radio broke, I yoke my vocals, hittin' green smoke

Allah Math', show me when the needle broke

Numb the whole crowd up, stupid ass Loud fouled up

Never knew what they had, now they proud of us

Picture my vision, precision, lines jumpin' out of commission

Divine got me, nigga, the boss, he pop me

Rae, we gotta generate, lord, I feel the Ditech, the mildew

Buy jets and vehicles, steal a little

Wrap up the whole rap government[Method Man]

Go head, ya'll floss wit it

Walk wit, I slap your boss wit it

Navy blue, New York fitted, I'm cold frost bitted

Two puffs and off wit it

You smell the herb, 'fore I lit the spots its forfeit it

Blocks is hot, feel the shot from fourth/fifth it

With no regard for your boulevard, just the shit bag and bullet scar

It's the Riddler, riddle me this, riddle me that

Who the pretender? And who the door man that let them enter?

The Wu-Tang, 36 Cham', what you smokin'?

Got you in the game chokin', like Van Gundy coachin'

Your street team, bunch of weaklings

Don't ever let me catch your reachin'

Respect when a grown man is speakin'

Shh, keep on sleepin', and just like TLC, I keep on "creepin"

The five percent of ya'll, keep on teachin'

The heat seakin', missile official, that got issues

Like Funk Doc got snot tissue, it's Hott Nikkels"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face, but you're never there"[Method Man]

Shh... shit ain't over..
Okay, now, same shit, different day, grindin', gettin' paid
Self at it, automatic, guns that spit and spray
Gotta have it, ass grab it, time to slip and weight
Godbody, House your Party, watch the Kid N Play
Ya'll gon' make me go postal, up in this muthafucka house
Full of bloodsuckers and hoes that love hustlers
Roll that izza, pour me another kizza
Bigga, to my nigga, so drunk they can't get up
Shotguns through nose, hot ones through foes
Let the herb spots run til the cops come, suppose
I was just another stick in the mud, on a Saturday
Thinkin', how I'mma get the fifth in the club
See my crew thick, everyday I fights to prove it
We comes undisputed, with batteries included
Honey's "bee" like Meth, I be like what?
They want some free cd's, I'm like "see these" nuts[Outro: Method Man]
If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' high tonight, say all right, haha
If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' drunk tonight, say all right, haha
It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah, yeah, ok
It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah..

Songwriters

DAVIDSON, WILLIAM FREDERICK/DAVIES, MICHAEL PHILIP LESLIPublished by
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>