

# Torture

## Method Man

You know  
Through bein humbles  
Tru mast' on da track like that y'know?  
Been in this rap game for like the past  
Four bullets now, y'know?  
Doin' bids, yea yea  
I done peeped a lotta cats come through  
Courageous cats, stray cats, ha ha  
Top cats with top hats, ya know what I'm sayin'?  
But it all boils down to this, we talkin' lyrics  
Rhymes, line for line, numero uno  
Who the best? I don't know  
Check it Flame on, I rain fire, when Johnny Storm  
I'm shocking like live wire, you have been warned  
I prolong this next chamber to make it strong  
And prove all them doubters wrong Killin' 'em softly with this song, addin' on  
Let them toes get they tag on, dead men run no marathons  
On my shift, shootin' that gift, knowin' he snitched  
On the telethon, runnin' his lips, sinkin' the ship Give back what his mother gave him, mother made him  
And now she can't even save him, Johnny blaze 'em  
Send him to his final restin'  
Back to the essence, Faces of Death, The Final Lesson Toture, toture, toture  
Motherfuckin' torture  
Y'all niggaz know Who got John Blaze shit? Suckin' my dick to get famous  
So I switch blades to Dangerous  
Welcome to my torture chambers  
Torture chambers where John Doe's remain nameless, hear me? I know it's Def Jam, but think clearly  
I made it possible for y'all cats to come near me  
Keep your enemies, close and your heat closer  
I slam just like my culture on all theories Dead that, straight off the meat rack with this one  
You get burned playin' Nix-on, Hot Biscuit  
Stand back, don't make me spit one, and paint pictures  
On the walls of your mental, with hot lead from out these pencils Iron lung since I was young and not knowin'  
Where the next meal was comin' from, been troublesome  
To all those posin' a threat  
If I go, everybody gotta go next, y'all niggaz know The code of the street soldier, I'm watchin' time  
And time watchin' me colder, Grim Reaper  
Breathin' death on my shoulder  
Waitin' for the day to take me over, take me over Toture, toture, toture

Motherfuckin' torture  
Y'all niggaz know That you can never touch my flow, go ahead and hate me  
Still tryin' to fuck my hoe, Johnny-come-latelys?  
Got me in a world of shit, and now I'm pissed  
Mama said there'd be days like this Tis the season for ducks and my pen's bleedin'  
Leavin' kids barely breathin' for sneak-thievin'  
Famished from lack of eatin' and lack of teachin'  
Banished from Rhyme and Reason for high treason Can it be that the kid with the knot knees  
Got G to make a grown man cop plea  
For this track I got a lovebug like Starsky  
Blow back until I drop Tical Part 3 Ain't no stoppin' when you start me, John Jay  
Pullin' your card, mayday, mayday  
Niggaz owe they life to God, and now it's payday  
Take it how ya wanna take it, fully clothed or butt-naked I learned the hard way, ain't nuttin' sacred  
In this world, time to face it, Johnny basic  
Instinct, I'm sure to make it  
While others fake it Fuck the spotlight, G O D already got light  
Say what you like, just spell my name right  
No doubt, this one goes out, to all you trout-fish  
Cake niggaz, keep my dick up out your mouth Toture, toture, toture  
Motherfuckin' torture  
Y'all niggaz know

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