

# Bring the Pain

## Method Man

Basically, can't fuck with me I came to bring the pain hardcore from the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane  
Find out my mental's based on instrumental  
Records hey, so I can write monumental  
Methods, I'm not the king  
But niggaz is decaf I stick 'em for the cream  
Check it, just how deep can shit get  
Deep as the abyss and brothers is mad fish accept it  
In your cross color, clothes you've crossed over  
Then got totally crossed out and Kris Kross  
Who da boss? Niggaz get tossed to the side  
And I'm the dark side of the force  
Of course it's the Method Man from the Wu-Tang Clan  
I be hectic and comin' for the head piece protect it  
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket, niggaz want the ruckus  
Bustin' at me brush, now bust it  
Styles, I gets buck wild  
Method Man on some shit, pullin' niggaz files  
I'm sick, insane, crazy, drivin' Miss Daisy  
Out her fuckin' mind now I got Martin Swayze  
Is it real son, is it really real son?  
Let me know it's real son, if it's really real  
Something I could feel son, load it up and kill one  
Want it raw deal son, if it's really real  
And when I was a lil' stereo  
(Stereo)  
I listened to some champion  
(Champion)  
I always wondered  
(Wondered)  
Will now I be the numba one?  
(Tical! Hahaha) Now you listen to de gargon  
(Gargon!)  
And de gargon summary  
And any man dat come test me  
(Test me)  
Me gwanna lick out dem brains  
(It's like that)  
Brothers want to hang with the Meth bring the rope  
The only way you hang is by the neck nigga poke  
Off the set comin' to your projects  
Take it as a threat, better yet it's a promise

Comin' from a vet on some old Vietnam shit  
Nigga you can bet your bottom dollar hey I bomb shit  
And it's gonna get even worse word to God  
It's the Wu comin' through sickin' niggaz for they garments  
Movin' on your left, southpaw 'em it's the Meth  
Came to represent and carve my name in your chest  
You can come test realize you're no contest  
Son, I'm the gun that won that old Wild West  
Quick on the draw with my hands on the four  
Nine three eleven with the rugged rhymes galore  
Check it 'cause I think not when this hip-hops like proper  
Rhymes be the proof while I'm drinkin' 90 proof  
Huh vodka, no OJ, no straw,  
when you give it to me aiy, give it to me raw  
I've learned when you drink absolute straight it burns  
Enough to give my chest hairs a perm  
I don't need a chemical blow to pull a hoe  
All I need is chemical bank to pay da mo'  
What, basically that, Meth-Tical, ninety-four style  
Word up we be hazardous car crashing, horn passing me  
Northern spicy brown mustard hoes  
We have to stick youIs it real son, is it really real son?  
Let me know it's real son, if it's really real  
Something I could feel son, load it up and kill one  
Want it raw deal son, if it's really real I'll fuckin', I'll fuckin' cut your kneecaps off  
And make you kneel in some staircase piss  
I'll fuckin', cut your eyelids off  
And feed you nuthin' but sleepin' pills  
You motherfuckers  
So fuck the hoe  
(So)  
Fuck the hoe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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