

Grab the Mic

Mindless Self Indulgence

Lemme tell you now
I came to bring the pain
Hardcore from the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane Find out my mental 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?
Get deeper than your fists
And brothers is mad
Pissed, accept it In your cross color, clothes are crossed over
Now ya totally crossed out and Kriss kross
Who da boss? Niggaz get tossed to da 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 that headpiece, protect it
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket
Niggaz want the ruckus? So bust it at me, son, now bust it
Styles, I get buck wild
Method man on some shit
Fuckin' niggaz, foul, son, I'm sick Insane crazy, drivin' miss daisy
How the fuck am I? Now I got mine, I'm swayze
Is it real, son? Lemme know it's real, son
If it's really real, son, lemme know it's real Load it up and kill one
Load it up and kill one
Load it up and kill one
If it's really real When I was a little stereo
I used to be the champion
I always wonder when I will be the number one
And now you listen to me, Dacron Dacron And all you niggaz come and test me? Test me
I'm gonna lick out your brains
Mothers wanna hang with the meth, bring the rope
'cause the only way you hang is by the neck, nigga, bump off a set Comin' through all your projects
Take it as a threat or better yet, it is a promise
Comin' like a vet on some old Vietnam shit
You can bet your bottom dollar that I'm on it And it'll get even worse
Word to God, it's the Wu
Comin' through, takin' niggaz 'fore they're gone
Gone, gone, gone, gone, gone Movin' to your left
I came to represent and carve my name within your chest
You can come test, realize it's no contest, son

I'm the gun who won that old Wild WestQuick on the draw with my hands on the floor
Lovin' all those goddamn funky rhymes galore
Check it, 'cause I think not when it's hip hop like proper rhymes
Be the proof when I'm drinkin' ninety proof vodkaNo OJ, no
No straw
When you give it to me, yeah, give it to me raw, I burn
Give it to me raw, I burnChest hairI don't need no chemical blow to pull no ho, no
All I need is chemical bank to pay her up
Is it real, son? Lemme know it's real, son
If it's really real, son, lemme know it's one, two, three, fourKill one, fuck it up and kill one
Fuck it up and kill one
Lemme know it's real

Songwriters

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