

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 niggas 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 Krossed Out and Kris Kross
Who the boss? Niggas 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 coming for the head piece protect it
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket, niggas want the ruckus
Bustin' at me bruh, now bust it
Styles, I gets buckwild
Method Man on some shit, pulling niggas files
I'm sick, insane, crazy, Drivin' Miss Daisy
Out her fuckin' mind now I got mine I'm 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 number one (Tical hahaha)
Now you listen to the Gargon (Gargon)
And the Gargon summary
And any man dat come test me (Test me)
Me gwanna lick out them 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 Absolut 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
Northern spicy brown mustard hoes
We have to stick you's 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) So fuck the hoe
Fuck the hoe (Look at this nigga, this motherfuckin')

Songwriters

CLIFFORD SMITH, ROBERT F. DIGGS Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>