

# Bring the Pain

## Missy Elliott/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 krossed 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 you

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

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

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