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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/