

Wu-Tang Clan

"Bring The Pain"

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Basically, can't fuck with me

Verse One:

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 Colour, 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 bruh, now bust it

Styles, I gets buckwild

Method Man on some shit, pullin niggaz files

I'm sick, insane, crazy, Drivin Miss Daisy

Out her fuckin mind now I got mine I'm Swayze

Chorus:

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

Interlude: Booster

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)

Verse Two:

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 *car crashing* *horn
passing me*
Northern spicy brown mustard hoes
We have to stick you
horn sound of car racing by
Chorus
Outro:
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...)

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