

4 P.M. "Bring the Pain"

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(he keeps talks to the class)
Basically (fuck you) 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 could 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 just accept it
In your Cross Colour, clothes you've crossed over
Then got totally crossed out like 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 coming for the head piece protect it
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket, niggaz want the ruckus
bustin at me punk 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

(The Booster!)
And when I was a lil stereo
I listened to some champion
I always wondered
Will now I be the numba one?
Now you listen to de gargon

And de gargon summary
And any man dat come test me
Me gwanna lick out dem brains

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 vickin 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 it's hip-hop like proper
Rhymes be the proof when i'm drinkin 90 proof
Huh vodka, no OJ, no straw
When you give it to me yeah, give it to me raw
I've learned that 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 the mo

Outro:

Basically you're left with Meth-Tical
{Northern spicy brown mustard hoes} coming with
Tical
and when you see it happen, you stick em

Puttin Def Jam's on my records, it's on
I'll fuckin, slide you down a rusty razor-blade
into a pool of alcohol

(alright bring it back)
I'll fuckin, I'll fuckin, cut your kneecaps off
and make you kneel in some staircase piss

I'll fuckin (that nigga got his but cut)
cut your eyelids off (and served by the cube)
and feed you nothing but sleeping pills (like a cool
Cuban
out this motherfucker... he got a half a joint, and one

eyebrow)

(Yeah and Rae got a shell-toe)

You motherfucker

(One shell-toe Adidas on his feet)

(Sooooo????) So fuck the hoe

Fuck the hoe

Look at this nigga, this motherfuckin, shoe-lookin

Baby spicy mustard, shoe-lookin!

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