

## **Mindless Self Indulgence "Bring The Pineapple"**

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Lemme tell you now:

I came to bring the pain, hardcore from the brain.  
Let's go inside my astral plane.

Find out my mental 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? Get deeper than your fists.  
And brothers is mad, pissed, accept it.

In your cross color, clothes are crossed over,  
Now ya totally crossed out. And Kriss kross.  
Who da boss? Niggaz get tossed to da 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 that headpiece, protect it.  
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket,  
Niggaz want the ruckus? So bust it at me, son. Now  
bust it.  
Styles, I get buckwild. Method man on some shit.  
Fuckin' niggaz, foul, son, I'm sick.

Is it real, son? Lemme know it's real, son. If its really  
real, son, lemme know it's real.  
Load it up and kill one,  
Load it up and kill one,  
Load it up and kill one,  
If it's really real.

When I was a little stereo, I used to be the champion. ( Ooo hoo hoo )  
I always wonder when I will be the number one. ( Hey, hey, hey )  
And now you listen to me, Darcon. Darcon.

And all you niggaz come and test me? Test me.  
I'm gonna lick out your brains.  
Mothers wanna hang with the meth, bring the rope,  
'Cos the only way you hang is by the neck,  
Nigga, bump off a set.

Comin' through all your projects,  
Take it as a threat or better yet, it is a promise.  
Comin' like a vet on some old Vietnam shit,  
You can bet your bottom dollar that I'm on it.  
And it'll get even worse, word to God, it's the Wu.  
Comin' through, takin' niggaz 'fore they're gone, gone,  
gone, gone, gone, gone.

Movin' to your left,  
I came to represent and carve my name within your  
chest.  
You can come test, realise it's no contest, son.  
I'm the gun who won that old Wild West.

Quick on the draw with my hands on the floor,  
Lovin' all those goddamn monkey rhymes galore,  
Check it, 'cos I think not when it's hip hop like proper  
rhymes be the proof when I'm drinkin' ninety proof  
vodka.

No OJ, no. No straw.  
When you give it to me, yeah, give it to me raw, I burn.  
Give it to me raw, I burn.

Chest hair.

I don't need no chemical blow to pull no ho, no.  
All I need is chemical bank to pay her up.  
Is it real, son? Lemme know it's real, son. If its really  
real, son, lemme know it's one, two, three, four,  
Kill one, fuck it up and kill one.  
Fuck it up and kill one.  
Lemme know it's real.

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