

Man Method

"Bring the Pain alternative mix"

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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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