

## Midless Self Indulgence

### "Bring The Pain"

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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 make 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 colors clothes you crossed over  
and 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 ruckas? so bust it at me son now bust it  
stylez i get buckwild method man on some shit  
fuck'n niggaz foul son i'm sick  
insane crazy drivin' miss daisy  
how the fuck am i? now i got mine i'm swayze  
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  
i always wonder when i would 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  
cuz the only way you hang is by the neck  
nigga pump 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 realize 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 funky rhymes galore  
check it cuz i think not when it's hip hop like propa  
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  
1 2 3 4  
kill one - fuck it up and kill one  
fuck it up and kill one  
lemme know it's real

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