

Various Artists "Bring The Pain"

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Basically, can't fuck with me

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 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 Color, 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 buck wild
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

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

When I was a li'l 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 wanna lick out dem brains

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
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

What, basically that, Meth-Tical, [Incomprehensible]
style
Word up we be hazardous
[Incomprehensible] stick you

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

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 nothing but
sleeping pills

So fuck the hoe, fuck the hoe

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