

Bring the Pain

Wu-Tang Clan

I came to bring the pain hardcore from the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
Find out my metal's based on instrumental
Record hey, so I can write monumental

Methods, I'm not the king
But niggas is decay I stick 'em for the cream
Check it, just how deep can shit get
Deep as the abyss and brothers is mad fish accept it

In your cross color, clothes you've crossed over
Then got totally crossed out and Kris Cross
Who the 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 comin' for the head piece protect it
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket, niggas want the ruckus
Bustin' at me bruh, now bust it, styles I gets buck wild

Method Man on some shit, pullin' niggas 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

And when I was a lil' stereo
(Stereo)
I listened to some champion
(Champion)
I always wondered
(Wondered)
Will now I be the numba' one?
(Yo)

Now you listen to the Gorgon
(Gorgon)
And the Gorgon summary
(Yo)
And any man that come test me
(Test me)
Me wanna lick out them brains
(It's that why)