

# Method Man, Bring The Pain (Alternative Mix)

(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!