

# Mindless Self Indulgence, Bring The Acapella

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 nigga's 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 you're totally crossed out, Kriss Kross  
Who the boss, nigga's get tossed to the side  
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 that headpiece protect it  
Fuck it, two tears in a bucket  
Nigga's want the ruckas, so bust it at me son, now bust it  
Styles, I get buckwild, Method Man on some shit  
Fucking nigga's foul, son, I'm sick  
Insane crazy  
Driving Miss Daisy  
How the fuck am I  
Now I got mine, I'm swayze  
Is it real, son  
Let me know it's real, son  
If it's really real, son  
Let me 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 use 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 nigga's come and test me, test me  
I'm gonna lick out your brains  
Mothers wanna hang with the Meth, bring the rope  
'Cause the only way you hang is by the neck  
Nigga, pump off a set, coming through all your projects  
Take it as a threat or better yet it is a promise  
Coming 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  
Coming through taking niggaz 'fore they're  
Gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone  
Moving 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  
Loving all those god damn funky rhymes galore  
Check it 'cause I think not when it's hip hop like propa  
Rhymes be the proof when I'm drinking 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, let me know it's real, son

If it's really real, son, let me know it's  
One, two three, four, kill one  
Fuck it up and kill one  
Fuck it up and kill one  
Let me know it's real