

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