

## Pain

Ice-T

Deuce, deuce revolver was my problem solver  
Had a def girl, really didn't wanna involve her  
In the life of a gangster, use to rob bankster  
But now I'm locked up, I'm just a punk low rankster  
Jail cells know me too damn well  
Seems like I've built on earth my own personal hell  
No matter how high I climbed, somehow I always fell  
I guess a lot of players got this story to tell  
No matter how cold you roll you simply cannot win  
It's always fun in the beginning  
But pain in the end

Pain (4x)

Organized crimer, big trouble finder  
In and out of institutions ever since I was a minor  
But now I'm on the bricks, deep in the mix  
Crime smarts searching hard for some new street tricks  
I think I'll join a gang, sling a little cane  
Put a beeper on my belt and get myself a name  
Fresh sneakers, silk shirts, 24/7 work  
Nine to five to survive, you gotta be a jerki  
I clock two grand a day, yet I was born to play  
Who me at micky dee's? It wouldn't work, no way  
I'm a big money haver but not the last laughter  
For me infamy makes me no autographer  
Custody haunts my dreams, nightmares of capture  
Paranoid of surveillance, phobia of cameras  
My banks bigger, but so are my fears  
Past records proved players live limited years  
But I'm unlike the rest, know to be the best  
Fast money, true wealth my eternal quest  
I hustle all night long, there ain't no gain in rest  
12 gauge close range, bloods on my chest  
I looked into his face, I thought he was my friend  
My boy had me set up, this wound would never mend  
No matter who you trust, you simply cannot win  
It's always fun in the beginning  
But it's pain in the end

Pain (4x)

Gold rope wearer, neighborhood terror  
Can't hang around my mother 'cause she says I scare her  
Got a light sunburn from too much pool-side sittin'  
Coroless phone keeps me on 'cause there ain't no quittin'  
Mind's in a money mode, seems like it should explode  
Girlies on my jammie, got a female overload  
Young street messiah, professional liar  
19 gotta Benz, 21 I'll retire  
Crazy money it ain't funny, suckers lovin' my jock  
But there's some people at my door that didn't even knock  
Task force boomin', doggin' my crib out, can't shout  
F.B.I. got a gun in my mouth!  
Threw me on the floor, called my girl a whore  
Pulled ten G's out my mattress and was lookin' for more  
Cracked my safe with an axe, then illed out to the max

When they seem my money kickin' it in twenty G stacks  
Booked me on ten counts, with bails of different amounts  
The charges stuck like glue, some that I couldn't pronounce  
They threw my ass the book, my life was surely took  
And then they gave my girl  
Ten years for hangin' out with a crook  
She played the game herself, fast lane quick wealth  
No respect for the law or the city's health  
The sweat of hustlers greed is not reserved for men  
It's always fun in the beginning  
But it's pain in the end

Pain (5x)