

Pain

2pac

I couldn't help but notice your pain
(My pain?)
It runs deep
Share it with me!

They'll never take me alive, I'm gettin' high with my four-five
Cocked on these suckas, time to die
Even as a youngster causin' ruckus on the back of the bus
I was a fool all through high school kickin' up dust
But now I'm labelled as a trouble maker who can you blame?
Smokin' weed helped me take away the pain
So I'm hopeless rollin' down the freeway swervin, don't worry
I'm about to crash up on the curb cause my visions blurry
Maybe if they tried to understand me, what should I do?
I had to feed my fuckin' family, what else could I do
But be a thug
Out slangin' with the homies
Fuck hangin' with them phonies in the club
Got my mind on danger
Never been a stranger to homicide
My cities full of gang bangers and drive bys
Why do we die at an early age
He was so young
But still a victim of the 12 gauge
My memories of a corpse
Mind full of sick thoughts
And I ain't goin back to court
So fuck what you thought I'm drinkin' hennessey
Runnin from my enemies will I live to be 23
There's so much pain

Ohhhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain
Ohhhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain

Years and years of that rough life
Runnin crazed and wild as a kid and growin tough with a knife
And livin trified on the regular
Buckin out competitors
See a faker move and chase them down like the fuckin predator
Get in trouble everyday in school
Act a fool
And you know I had to break every rule
Showin off for the bitches cause I had the mad rep
So I had to watch my back when it was time to step
But my [?] grimiest with love for me
Pop, pop, pop
And send a sucka up above for me
Aiiyo currency kept passing me by, but I didn't cry
Broke and head off with the pack and started sellin coke
And now the money's looking lovely
Pop the drop top and now the bitches wanna rub me
Kick 'em the game
It's all the same
I kick it back yo
Give 'em slack yo

And now they label me the mack yo
People check it
Get disrespected if you front the the birdman
You heard man
Catch a couple shots from the glock in my hand
Damn! At least I'm realistic with my biscuit
You know you get your ass twisted so run for cover
Me and my man got a plan kickin' major dust
So if your on nigga look for the gauge to bust
A lot of pressure with the street fame
It's a deep game
And my mama always cryin'
Yo there's so much pain

Ohhhh...

Ohhhh...

They got me mobbin like I'm Loc'ed
And ready to get my slug on
I load my clip and slip my motherfuckin' gloves on
I ain't scared to blast on these suckas if they test me
Trust, I got my glock cocked playa if they press me
Bust on motherfuckers with a - paaassion
Better duck cause I ain't lookin when I'm - b-blaaastin
I'm a nut and drinkin Hennessey and gettin' high
On the lookout for my enemies, don't wanna die
Tell me why? 'Cause this stress is gettin' major
A buck-fifty across the face with my razor
What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone
Keep my brain on the game and stay head strong
These sorry bastards want to kill me in my sleep
But will they can I see
And everyday it just a struggle
Steady thuggin' in the streets
And I'll be ballin' loc
Don't let 'em make you worry
Keep swingin' at these suckas till you buried
I was born to raise hell, a nigga from the gutta,
Word to Mutha I'm touched
I'm kickin dust up
Ready to bust
I'm on the scene steady muggin' mean
Until they kill me
I'll be livin this life
I know you feel me
There's so much pain

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