

# 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 trifed 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  
Aiyyo 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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