

# Pain

Berner

Check it out  
It's the motherfuckin' Jack, nigga  
The JA fuckin' with my nigga, man  
Yeah, Authentik, mane, the motherfuckin' resume, man  
It's life, man

Man, I ride around strapped, what else could I say?  
Gettin' high, probably smoke my damn life away  
I'm on fire, got goons and they out they mind  
All the time, got a line on that dark shit  
Seal it up, ship to my nigga, keep it lit  
Free the huss', all the lil' bitches know what's up  
Ain't payin' us, if you really plan on playin' us  
Hope you're ready, we the mob and we deep as fuck  
Got kicks comin' in today  
Not tennis shoes, but that fishscale from the Bay  
Twelve-five, better pray you make it home alive  
'Cause I'ma dive in this thang head-first  
It's a recession outside, but I seen worse  
Me and Authentik really got our chips  
My other brother put us all on the bitch  
Real niggas and we on some shit  
We still follow the script, yeah

So much pain I hold inside  
They will never know  
Came from bottom of bottom  
Now the [?]  
So much pain I hold inside  
They will never know  
Yeah, free the real ones that be still locked in  
RIP my angels, they live within

Nigga beefin' with the Jack, I bust your hat wide open  
And get sideways with the pistol in my lap, still smokin'  
Nigga, you ain't real as me, I spend everyday hopin'  
I could blap you with a K, just 'cause I'm a soldier  
Fuck everybody, [?] everyday  
How the fuck can you love me?  
They got my nigga, Puma, damn, he died with his forty  
Gangstas at the funeral, nobody cried but his shorty  
May the Lord have mercy on the thirsty and the hungry  
I'm tryin' breathe life but I'm just a fuckin' jockey  
So it don't seem right to the niggas that's amongst me  
Shooters in the front seat starvin' to just dump heat  
Active, my nigga, feet stuck in the concrete  
The J-A-C-K-A in the O with my nigga, Lee  
So how could you niggas sleep, and still sleep on us, nigga?  
[?] come and get you one, nigga  
Believe that

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Yeah, the fentanyl tryna kill us all  
This shit stepped on, we used to have it raw  
Missed another funeral service and it was hard to call  
Playin' human chess with killers and tryna shake the law  
It's like I wore the fur coat to the fight  
And open up eyes with a crazy appetite  
It's wild when your opps and your friends act alike  
I'm in the cut, had to grab the StarLink satellite  
In my Maybach, dizzy from the hash  
Custom stash spot for the cash, tryna smoke away my past  
Lost another truck, I should've made a buck  
But I'm worth a few hundred so I fired up and laughed  
We fill planes up now, I'm on a different path  
Twenty years later and I'm still shippin' bags  
One time for the ones that had to leave  
My foot's on their neck, I'ma make it hard to breathe

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