

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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