

# Pain Is Love

Cappadonna

F/ Lounge Mode, Solomon Childs

Pain is love, that's what this nigga told me  
I keep washin' my face with blunts and O.E  
Mix coke with dust, still can hold me  
What made ya muthafuckas think you control me?

Staten Island been wildin', so Osama's nothing  
And my niggaz out in Brooklyn said Saddam was frontin'  
Gotta squad, what you think, it ain't no guns or something?  
Picture Me Rollin', holdin' less than a one or somethin'  
You fake faggots, yeah we got that big automatic  
Like, Bruce Willis and the Jackal type, yeah, right  
You wanna see it? Then get on my nerves  
Oh you live, and I'm gettin' money spit on my curb  
In the hood where it get no harder, only tougher  
Crack fiends suffer, baby moms, baby brother  
Hustlin', still forty off a hundred packs  
I'd rather lounge in the back of the bar  
Me and my dog throw crack in the jar  
Listen to this rap star, while I sit back in the car  
And I told ya'll niggaz how the Staten rock  
We don't, trick on chicks, yo we clap them shots  
You get caught if you ask a lot, like you don't know  
And where you at, then ya ass is got

We bringin' back the Twin Towers, 20-0-3, crack game electronic  
Conceived with slow jams by The Delfonics  
At a level that you should of been years ago  
Responsible usually for coke traffic, usually for broken bone tragic  
Rest in peace, to Mayor Guliani's term  
They say I'm wrong, shit  
I'm try'nna see 26, with my daughters at the Emmy Awards  
All around the ball glowin', they got the weed flow droughted  
Or maybe niggaz in the hood just ain't 'bout it  
Talkin' Hercules, and ain't nothin' but dog food  
Staten Island, New York City drools  
Crazy glue on my fingerprints  
Name on the concrete of my hood, what's really good?  
Vendetta's with these rap stars  
Frontin' like this crime and the pet is they cars  
Believe I was God in my last life  
What if it was your knife? What if they was your gloves, nigga..

Aiyo, I came into this game on some real love shit  
And ya'll bitch ass niggaz, ya'll wanted me to quit  
Because the way I dress I'll and the way that I spit  
But I ain't never gon' stop, droppin' these joints  
And ya'll fake ass niggaz, ya'll ain't gettin' no points  
Don't try to sabotage me, cuz you just can't do it  
You had me in the Square, last year, but you blew it  
Big Donna from the group home, that's my word  
Splash shots at your whip, splash shots at your bird  
Leave your brains and your Gucci boots up on the curb  
Pillage for life, Allah's will be the most superb  
Smoke weed with the cannon, smoke the herb  
So bow down, all you crab ass clowns you can't live

My gun's on empty, but it's more shots to give  
I pop you like a slave cop, run in your crib  
Throw darts at your wife, throw darts at your kid  
Leave your house flooded with hits like O.J. did  
Escapin' the crime scene and you love how I slid