

Ready For The Pain

ChillinIT

Ready for the pain
I've been getting used to this
It's never gonna change
All I know is facts though
I've been getting cash though
Girl, if I die, go to heaven with a Range and an LV suit
With the kush up in the boot
And a rose gold bust down heavy with a chain
Yeah, I'd give it all back, but I'd never be the same

Always feel stupid, tell me why I do this
I just made a truce with the devil in my brain
Now I'm feeling useless, tell me where the noose is
Still be getting used to the cheddar and the fame
Now I'm trying to do this
Now I've got a blueprint, trying to make sure all my brothers getting paid
Pedal to the metal, 'cause the brother wanna chase (Skrtrt)
Pedal to the metal with the treble and the bass (Skrtrt)
I was on music (Grrr)
There's levels to the game
Girl, you know who it is (Ha-ha)
I just got two gold records to my name
If you wanna talk about money that we blow
Girl, I just blew one seven in a day
If you wanna talk 'bout money that we owe
I can come through brah, settle up the pay
Cooking up something, this recipe cooking
And you know that all of my women gon' eat
Now when it comes to a festival booking
Yeah, I get a quarter milli' for the fee
Like, ever since Chillin was born
And you thought after thought of the cause of his death
What'd you expect? Moment that Chillin was born
He was choking the cord on his neck
Doctor unwrap it, we started to breathe
Now I get dinner, and order the check
Now I get women, they know the respect
Now I be winning, I'm balling, I'm fresh
Board on the jet, fly back and visit my ma
We haven't talked in a sec
Momma she know, her son has been on the road
She see it all on the net (Grrr)

Double up the prof'
Everything I do now
Does it like a boss
Tell me what you wish for
Never coming easy
And everything in life now is coming at a cost
Fuck, I was going crazy
I was at the club, all the hundreds getting dropped
I was getting faded
Bring it to the tables, coming on the rocks

Sippin' on Regal, yeah
Double up shot
This is my people, yeah

Dodging these opps
Fuck all this evil, yeah
Still run from the cops
Run from the cops
Still run from the cops

Look, now I got money, you couldn't imagine
Homie, this happened, they put me to stage
Homie, it's nothing, yeah, fuck all this money
People I love gonna look at my face
You a disgrace, look in the mirror, you changed
Wishes they took me away, reefer we spark in Adina apartments
If she's got the ganja, I'm cooking the jay
I still got brothers that cook with the base
I still got brothers that shoot at your frame
You think my brothers ain't down for this brother
Then brother you making a rookie mistake

Money on shirts, money on jumpers
Money on herb, money on shunters
Money on her, money on youngers
Money on my olders, money on my uncles

Like, I don't do emotion
Homie I was smoking with the bottle inside (Ah)
I'm really coping
I'm really focused
I'm following the lies
Swallowing my pride
I got a thick little thottie on the side
Now I got Fortay hitting up my line saying
"Better pull up, 'cause I'm worried you could die"
But I told him, "It'd be fine"
I gotta get the record on the shelf
I've been going harder
Ever since karma, gave me a taste of the heaven and the hell
I was going harder
Ever since Lana, took me for a visit seeing Benny in his cell
I just got a phone call from my little bro
Saying big bro, dawg, I'm just checking on your health
I know you're not well, and I know how you are
You're never gonna tell
You always checked on me
It's time you check in on yourself

Fuckin' hell, end
All right, now play that shit back once, man