

Pain

Dave East

Pain pain...
Real life nigga pain...
Pain pain pain...

They'll never take me alive
I'm getting high with my 4.9s
The ones that live real
Them niggas don't die
Millions I want a martyr
Put it in your face that shit like buttocks
That's what you get for playing both sides
The 'rari had a man...
Wait until the Bentley come
Just me and big
Asked him who bout to get hit
He told me anyone
Clicko bottles when the henny done
If I pay for you to die
Niggas gone get it done
Get a dog or get a gun
We outside like I got the law with me
Never carry caskets
Niggas never been the Paul bearer
I pop a perc n sit I see it all
Clearer
Got enough product so we can all measure
Everybody eatin
So we all better
Best friends don't speak
I done lost my mind in these cold
Streets
Same jeans on for a whole week
Bitches bringing me drama
I don't need
I never knew my family had no
Dopephines
Until my cousin OD
Trunk full of dog food
We travel at a slow speed
We on the floor
You niggas in the nosebleed
Paddle to a [?] made a nose bleed
I heard you putting pain
My nigga show me
I ain't talkin bout the lames
Them niggas owe me
See me and try to bro me
I'm somewhere smokin
Poundcake with Brody
If you ever been around
Think you know me
We outta state
A whole lot'a pressure in a small town
We can get this money no matter
Long as we all down
Go back to the hood
Look at they faces I see they all proud

Training for years
Is time to ball now
You try to build it up
They focused on tearing your wall down
Got records coming back gold
I put em on my wall now
I was talkin to shooter
Like "look, we at the awards now"
Bitches that used to curve us
Try to call now
They know we got the ball now
Is time to score
I was locked up
You ain't send not a call
I got around, niggas with millions
They showed me how to ball
If Gucci put it out
Or Louis dropped it
Know I got it all
Baggin up pain
Middle of the winter time we got it off
I stopped poppin xans
They had me nottin off
Lacking
40 all em got em off
In traffic
A lot'a people seen it but nobody
Know what happened
He asked em whats poppin
Youngin got it crackin
Mama crying
A lot'a napkins
A lot'a tissues
My niggas survived a lot'a issues
Don't talk about it you ain't got it with you
If you raddin you are not official
They might have hated but they see you in a casket and they try to kiss you
Fuck niggas
32 years on this earth
Nah I don't trust niggas
Everytime they slide
We going up with it
I ain't had a dollar in my pocket
Just to bust tickets
Bunch of homies dying
Think I'm running out of luck, nigga

If is up then is stuck nigga
He really wanna be my man
He defended I on fuck wit him
In and outta jail we done seen enough prison
Mama told me "slow it down, you always in a rush niggas"

Pain...