

Pain

Fat Joe

Darkside! Coca The Don! Yeah! Woo!

Pack a magazine just incase I gotta clap a boy for fuckin up my
vibe

Ever since I'm 17 had them jumpin jacks hopin in and out of rid
es

Nobody that the sweat, nobody like rejects

Stuck up Mister Softee with the wall with the Brooklyn Deceps

Where you think the scar came from?! Nigga we been mobbin since
day one

Nigga when the cops rush niggas had to run stach the cracks in
the pay phone nigga!

Damn this depressed yet, triple gold diamond bezzled it

Heavy is the head that wears the crown in the tub screamin fly
pelican

In the rooftops for the pigeons, niggas losin their religion

Gold lots of those over Coca-

Cola sweaters pitchin what was stitched in

What you know about pain! I know about pain nigga!

Yeah! Uh!

Against all odds Phil Collins hearin callin +In The Air Of The
Night+

That sound of crack fiends in tag teams suckin air out the pipe

Down the block from where it began took his last breath dirty m
atdress

Uh! I feel like Al Capone how they did him dirty for them fucki
n taxes

Uh! Rest in peace Cato that shy rack I sling that bitch

In the elevator goin up with B.I.G. me thinkin damn he rich

Madoff made off like Robin Hood on them Wall Street kids

Workin on the Basciat depend on what brush you paint it with

Uh! Darkside 3!!!!!!