

Pain Boy Advanced

Tobi Lou

T-Pain
Hey Tobi
Fuck all of that
(Yes, yes)

All of that reaction be so knee-jerk
I can not just do this shit for leisure
I had to hit it, the range, I had to work on my aim
I had to grab me a gun, niggas is still gonna hang
They will not take me in vain, I'm goin' out with a bang
I let it go from the lower, I let it go like I'm game

D.O.L.L.A.
I let it go, added some Os, like a hundred million on my jersey
Come for my dough, I let it go, shots, turn your shirt to a jersey
I see the snakes sweepin' the lick, niggas just ain't showin' no mercy
I ain't stoppin' 'til I'm above with a golden shot

I had to show 'em the range, they think I'm goin' duranged
I don't know how to explain, I'm just so over the pain
I'm at home with the brave, this shit ain't goin' away
I can not go out afraid, I put my heart in a cage
I'm in the home, the maid, I had to roll out the plane
I'm in the sky like a crane, I feel like Lord of The Rings
I'm in the foreign exchange, I go on tour just the same
I really think I'm T-Pain, I really think I'm T-
I'm gettin' paid singing these songs in the rain, how can I even complain?
When I'm in that Jeep I feel like creeper (Creep, creep)
Freshman, but I'm ballin' like a senior (Like a senior)
I'm a scientist, I'm doin' research (Scientific)
Better not ask no question, they squeeze first
All of that reaction be so knee-jerk
I can not just do this shit for leisure
I never knew days could even get worst
All this pain on me make my head hurt
All this pain on me make my head hurt
All this pain on me make my-
I never knew days could even get worst
All this pain on me make my head hurt

now you like them niggas and you never minded it
Why they hate me for bein' great like I'm supposed to hide it?
I just let them run they mouth, while I sit back in silence
These days I been 'bout my lone-some, vibin'
I might meet my soulmates somewhere on the islands
Fuck a bitch, flew out the gang, can't chase a hoe, I'm grindin'
I used to rock a fake chain, I always wanted diamonds
Now that's two-hundred on my neck when I pop out shinin'
Lil' Capalot stay with the drip, my swag on autopilot
I always did it on my own, no I don't own a stylist
Grateful that I beat all them odds, that was perfect timin'
I made it far, but I ain't finished, to the top I'm climbin'
Who would've thought lil' quiet Taurus was gon' blow from rhymin'?
I lost my fam' the same week that I was close to signin'
My lil' niggas got no regrets, out for bro that slidin'
He watched his friend stop breathin', that made him extra violent