

# Pain

Troy Ave

[Bridge: x2]

When it's on we don't talk, my niggas aimin  
Man down, we don't care what the fuck you claimin  
Choppa rounds with his teeth, just like it's raining  
All my niggas riding round, putting fuckin pain in

[Hook:]

Pain in, my shooters put the pain in  
Orders put the pain in, my shooters put the pain in  
Orders put the pain in, my shooters put the pain in  
And all my niggas riding round, putting fuckin pain in

[Verse 1:]

Young fly nigga, catch me in the coupe  
But I keep me a couple youngins that be itching to shoot  
See I'm the head of my troup, I might send em in groups  
And tell em run in yo crib and just knock off yo roof  
'Cause I'm a boss nigga, but I'm known to let the ratty spray  
But keep a shooter on deck like better yay  
My young nigga itchin, he just wanna grab the cake  
And give you clips early while you tryna catch the matinee  
Gun em down, that's what I call a Saturday  
When I'm around, it's only real G's with me  
A couple brick dealers and killers with no twitters  
But one thing that ain't around me is no broke niggas  
We get the money and then throw like a fosed nigga  
I got the money to make a killa off a nigga  
Since Lo died I ain't been the same, I lost it nigga  
So when you saw me on play it's like a forfeit nigga

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[Verse 2:]

It's Troy dope boy Ave, BSB slang  
Plenty blow and you snow I'm in the murda game  
All my niggas ridding round, putting pain in  
Two cars, five guns, when ya'll see him flame him  
Nigga giving me a headache? Give him headshots  
My Nina named Tylenol, get it? Red dots  
Sellin half white, 500 grams twice  
36 O's, 32 cake price  
Erwin Johnson Shack, magic trick a rag  
Turn this off the 12-50, ho what just cracked  
Coke and uh, I keep a honest smoker  
And they gon tell me if it's Friday or order to shoot Misoty  
Just enough Cola, I'm raging Ray, I'm rich and fading  
I can give me a Benz, all for a day and chefin a J

I don't play in the kitchen, nah my love told me that  
I'm from the school of Hard Knox, there's bricks in my backpack

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[Verse 3:]

I'm from a small block these niggas can't ride through  
They get a mack in they window, no drive through,  
I'm 5-5 but that choppa like 5-2  
100 shots, I can't miss you if I tried to  
I put a price on yo head, niggas will buy you  
I skip you hit but the niggas standing by you  
I ain't a street fighter, I'm no Ryu  
I sense I'm elite buyer, bullets will fry you  
I'm young and thuggin in designer shit  
My Fendy Denim kinda slug but the line will fit  
My main bitch say I'm buggin but I'm tryna quit  
But when niggas start to frontin then the lama spit  
Damn, what can I say? I'm just a young bill nigga  
We don't squash beef here, we just kill niggas  
Free Fats and Lou, young real niggas  
A and Beasley too, free my lil niggas

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