Pain

Styles P

[Puff Daddy In Child's Voice] Uncle Puffy can you read us a bedtime story? Please huh please? [Puff Daddy] Alright check this out right here... Woke up smoked up broked up What I had left and rolled up lit it Had a shorty that I brought home hit it Sent her on her way I got no time today With all this work I got no time to play Cash come and go and I want mine to stay Alot of these fake cats won't mind the day I get an unfair play then the stairway That's why I'm like TWA, the airway Niggas wantin to believe what they heard through hear say Hopin I'll forget it Check the mail it's a letter from jail from Hobokken I opened and I read it it said: What da deal son? It's ya nigga Teals in the field in this beel son I'ma have to feel one On the run with a gun, can't walk with it down and can't conceal one What to do? I dont' know if ya knew A kid, true, up in 1-2-2 he plottin to get you Now here's due You just do what need doin Let's not forget these niggas be bleedin' too, one OK good Those cats don't keep it real as they should Heard they don't pay good Standing around all day wishin they could But this green fufills they dreams They ain't a team Answering machine on screen Phone rings, it was Alene from Queens Head was mean Had a head for skeems Told her she could head the scene

But she played her hand proper now you can't stop her Hey yo what up Playboy? I'm out in Saint Croix Whats up cats say they real, but they toys I heard ya doin' it though And you and ya flow Some niggas wanna ruin ya show? What up yo? Whathca wanna rip shop up on his block? Or I could leave him dead in his bed with his dick robbed [Puff Daddy] Na Boo, I'ma show you how I do Just hit me when you get up top Or come one through Now I'm doin inventory Guns, clips, vest, bullets So when I pull it it's the end of story Leavin my men in glory Then get shorty to hold a pound for me I know she down for me Yeah, sneak up on em like a car theif These niggas mad cause it's my party

And my Benz is wide-bodied Despise me, like the feds despise Godi I kill for a hobby and latenly lobby So try me, go 'head and take a bite Might as well say good night Try to put me in the dark, I don't take it light Now if it's wrong make it right Not tommarow, tonight They barkin I know the bite Jumped in the B-N-Z Niggas gonna see the E-N-D Fuckin with me See I knew he was a snake out the ground Make me wanna call my man rock and break out the hounds Take it to the pier where you can't make out the sounds Thoughts in my head goin 'round It's goin down Pull up to his block, I'ma put it to his knock But, I don't see him, wouldn't wanna be him Damn, ride around for a minute Thinkin bout the pain that Hell brings Interupted by a cell ring

Yeah yeah... (Hey Boo come and get me I'm here) (Where?) (Titaburough) Give me a few It was like I flew Felt kinda strange it was like I knew Pulled up around 2, late like I do With the urge to bug, she gave me a nervous hug And when I heard the slugs What I saw on the blur was thugs Tryin to soak my fur with blood Dropped to the curb and ducked Pulled out the fifth up behind the car like "How I'm gon' get out this shit?" These niggas don't know what they about to get A one way ticket to Hell my gun dealt Bust my gun at three and one fell The other two, waitin' to see what I'ma do [Men's Voice In Backround] [Puff Daddy] Peeped around the car slowly Then I let 'em have the whole week Man there's six million ways to die And you chose me But I'm an OG And in the distance is police I'm still bustin tryin to kill something And I can't hide the fact that I feel something I feel this thing, like in a minute, I won't feel a thing The two cats jumped in the blue AT I fired one shot, they fired two back They murked off in the night I get them fools back, man they ain't seen the last of me But I'm bleeding rapidly Shot up in the stomach and that wasn't how it had to be Heartbeat failin, car alarm wailin Couldn't walk straight then the firearm fell Now I'm thinkin how this bitch played me Then I faded (Sigh)

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