

So Much Pain (feat. Riddlore & Self Jupiter)

Aceyalone

So much pain we live through the strain
So much to gain so I can't complain
We'll stake our claim our? in the name
So take this game, let's make this change
So much pain we live through the strain
So much to gain so I can't complain
So much pain it just won't, go awayIt's all foul man; I swear to God trick dice in the game
If my life is the prize or the stakes too high for the flame?
And nowaday's, this young killer's are nice when they aim
I'm watching rapper's who died in the flames, am I in the same?
Both flow? am I gonna change or be repelled by the same catalyst?
Only if I had a wish, I guess the vital analysts
Won't be some? and telling me I'm eulogized
So you decide but right now I gots to ride
Move aside no sob stories when we swab stories
Don't cry for me, just see through my eyes, we analyze, each other's philosophy
Over beat's, sometimes I'll show you the child in me
But I only can show you what's alotting me
Allowing me speak clearly without any doubt in me
Are you doubting me, doubting me?So much pain we live through the strain
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So much pain it just won't, go awayIt's a new day, just crazy as yesterday is
As lazy as tommorow was I'm as anxious as to get on like people at the chronic bustop
What the hell took you so long!?
Lets get this operation moving in the right direction for a change
By the way, anybody got any spare of change?
Or think I could get to Australia on a train?
Or get out the hood alive?
I'm I good for a five story or count story courtyard drive?
Now you know I could show up at your house tonight
Or run up a tab? credit
Life can get complicated, if you let it
Roll out the red carpet when I arrive
Brake out the good plates cups, sallads, bowls, spoons, forks and knives
Now when I take this shit I want one of those Chinese wives

Only thing I turned down is my collar, and I'm subject to pop it
Street scholar in a quarter pocket, Self-Jupiter from the Fellowship

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So much pain it just won't, go awayI rap everyday, I work everyday

And it's a full time job knowing what to say

Blowing the smoke away, and seeing what cha got

And realizing what you really are and what cha not

Pulling your line out the water and seeing what cha cot

Just,? and boots and that can't be alot

You need different bait if you want to catch a bass

Gotta have your head straight just to get some cash

I make this records just to keep me saying

Cause the world is more crazy than a song can explain

To make it simple and plain, we not simple and plain

I'm just not the same, without my thang

Live and let live on your own Promise Land

And give rap back to the common man

The War wasn't over when they bombed Japan

Rise and stand, devise a plan cause it's.So much pain we live through the strain

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