

Pain (Feat. Styles P & Butch Cassidy)

2Pac

[voice sample from Star Trek V]
I couldn't help but notice your pain
[My pain?]
It runs deep
Share it with me!
They'll never take me alive
I'm gettin' high with my four-five
Cocked on these suckas
Time ta die
Even as a youngster
Causin' ruckis on tha back of the bus
I was a fool all through high school
Kickin' up dust
But now I'm labeled as a trouble maker
Who can you blame ?
Smokin' weed helped me take away the pain
So I'm hopeless
Rollin' down the freeway swervin'
Don't worry
I'm about to crash up on the curb cause my visions blurry
Maybe if they tried to understand me
What should I do ?
I had to feed my fuckin' family
What else could I do
But be a thug
Out slangin' with the homies
Fuck hangin' with them phonies in the club
Got my mind on danger
Never been a stranger ta homicide
My cities full of gang bangers and drive bys
Why do we die at an early age
He was so young
But still a victom of the 12 gauge
My memories of a corpse
Mind full of sick thoughts
And I ain't goin back to court
So fuck what you thought
I'm drinkin' hennessey
Runnin from my enemies

Will I live to be 23
There's so much pain
(Chorus)
Ohhhh....
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Ohhhh....
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Years and years of that rough life
Runnin crazed and wild as a kid and growin tough with a knife
And livin trified on the regular
Bokin out competitors
See them take a move and take them down like a fuckin predator
Get in trouble everyday in school
Act a fool
And you know I had to break every rule
Showin off for the bitches cause I had the mad rep
So I had to watch my back when it was time to step
[????] with love for me
Pop, pop, pop
And send a chuckle up above for me
And yo come and seek ?? but I didn't cry
Broke and head off with the pack and started sellin coke
And now I'm tha one that's lookin lovely
Pop the drop top and all tha bitches want ta rub me
Kick'em the game
It's all the same
I kick it back yo
Give'em slack yo
And now they lable me tha mack yo
People check it
Get disrespected if you front tha the birdman
You heard man
Catch a couple shots from tha glock in my hand
Damn!
Release some realistic with my biscuit
You know you get your ass twisted so run for cover
Me and my man got a plan kickin' major dust
So if your on nigga look for the gauge to bust
A lot of pressure with the street fame
It's a deep game
And my mama always cryin'
Yo there's so much pain
(Chorus)
Ohhhh...
Ohhhh...

They got me mobbin like I'm
Loc'ed and ready to get my slug on
I load my clip and slip my motherfuckin' gloves on
I ain't scared to blast on these suckas if they test me
Trust
I got my glock cocked ready if they press me
Bust some motherfuckers with a PASSION
Better duck cause I ain't lookin when I'm BLASTIN
I'm a nut and drinkin hennessey
And gettin' high
On tha lookout for my enemies
Don't want to die
Tell me why
Cause this stress is gettin' major
A buck fist across my face with my razor
What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone
Keep my brain on tha game and stay head strong
These sorry bastards
Want to kill me in my sleep but will they can I see
And everyday it just a struggle
Steady thuggin' in the streets
And I'll be ballin' loc
Don't let'em make you worry
Keep swingin' at these suckas till you buried
I was born to raise hell, a nigga from the gutta,
With a motha on drugs
I'm kickin dust up
Ready ta bust
I'm on the scene steady muggin' mean
Until they kill me
I'll be livin this life
I know you feel me
There's so much pain
(Chorus)
Ohhh...
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of tha Strain and tha Pain
Ohhhhhh.....

Songwriters

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