

Pain

A\$AP Rocky

(Uh, pain
Uh, pain
Uh, pain
Uh)

So big you are, shining like the star
With your head in the clouds, some fighters shoot you down
Hands on the ground, back against the wall
Tell me who you call when no one else around

Lights, camera, action, lights, lights, camera, action
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The future will be televised, haters getting genocide
23 and 43, Iâ€™m talkin' my Margiela size
My niggas is hella fly, you over accessorize
Better not, itâ€™s in my repertoire, forever ever high
I never lie, never tell a lie, I would testify
Set aside dreams, Iâ€™m a king ask Coretta Scott
Cute face, fat ass, and a nice set of thighs
Rihanna weave, I need a umbrella ella ella ah

Everybody knows me, shit still ainâ€™t got no cash bitch
Hit that flask quick, post my bad habits
Fuck you and your Instagram, match a gram
Royal blue fours, getting head in the red Lambo
Media take me out, TMZ all in the VIP
Bitch Iâ€™m hard in my new concrete
Too much boss if you ask me
Almost fucked fame, but she came with money
I got two bad bitches, haters wanna take 'em from me

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Tryin' to get on in this industry, acting like you're ruthy
Breaking down cocaine with a EBT
These male groupies doing it however, whatever they seeing on the box
Everybody spit, everybody hot everybody's an artist (everbody not)
S-O L-O-S-T, niggas talking dollars getting change
In a minute Iâ€™mma lose my cool Sprewell one year before '98
Like fuck coach, Iâ€™m cutthroat, so what goes?
Do you half of the year they say might be the end? Better look within

Glitz and the glamors, we pose for the cameras
Ghetto niggas with me, they pose with the hammers
Ghetto girls with me, pink toes in the sandals
No dirty laundry, get your nose out my hamper
Clothes in my hamper, that Bathing Ape camouflage
Brands from Japan, you would think I was a samurai
Drop-crotch Jeremy Scott pants, bitch itâ€™s Hammer Time
Getting dirty money but I keep my hand sanitized
Life is what you need, wonâ€™t you take a seat? Feel the breeze
Smoke the sour diese', hit that shit and please act at ease
What you wanna be, like the Black Eyed Peas, all these 3's
S-t-a-r-s, thatâ€™s Hollywood, wonâ€™t you rest in peace

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With your head in the clouds, somebody shoot you down
Hands on the ground, back against the wall
Tell me who youâ€™d call when no one else around

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