

Pain (feat. Styles P & Butch Cassidy)

2Pac

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-fiveCocked on these suckas, time ta die
Even as a youngster
Causin' ruckis on tha back of the busI 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 worryI'm about to crash up on the curb
'Cause my vision's 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 clubGot 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 victim of the 12 gage
My memories of a corpse
Mind full of sick thoughtsAnd I ain't goin' back to court
So fuck what you thought
I'm drinkin' Hennessey
Runnin' from my enemiesWill I live to be 23
There's so much painOh, tired of tha strain and tha pain
Oh, tired of tha strain and tha painYears and years of that rough life
Runnin' crazed and wild as a kid
And growin' tough with a knifeAnd livin' trifled on the regular
Bokin' out competitors
See them take a move and take them down
Like a fuckin' predatorGet 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(For my grimies of grimiest)
With love for me, pop, pop, pop
And send a chuckle up above for me

And yo come and seek [unverified] 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 label 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 you're on, nigga, look for the gage 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
Oh, oh
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 blasting
I'm a nut and drinkin' Hennessey
And gettin' high on tha lookout for my enemies
Don't wanna 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
Oh, tired of tha strain and tha pain
Oh, tired of tha strain and tha pain
Oh, tired of tha strain and tha pain, oh

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