# living in pain

## Manic P.

Welcome to the house of pain, Just Blaze niggaz
There's no way out, it seems I can't get free
Somebody tell me what's happenin' to me
The country bud got me chokin'
I'm on a mission to the point motherfuckers think I'm smokin'
Yeah, that sick nigga Biggie wit' the H-shot fifth
Wit' the extra clip for that extra shit
Don't you know that killin' is thrillin'
All the blood spillin' is all up on the drug dealin'
A broad gangsta my daddy was a thug
Had a 38 wit' the hallow point slug
So when he lit shots
Niggaz dropped quicker than bootlegger sells his liquor
A little nigga tried to squeeze .22's in my Reebok shoes
Payin' dudes, while kids was on their one's and two's
Now I'm much older, colder, fuck a holster
Got the Mac .11's swingin' from my shoulder
It's a damn shame I got to put my mom through the strain
I'm livin' in a house of pain
Is anybody listenin' and tell me can you can see
This darkness surroundin' me
Now it's gettin' colder heavy on my shoulder
And it's gettin' hard to breathe
And it's gettin' blurry, I'm gettin' worried
'Cause it's gettin' hard to see
When you're living in the house of pain
When the motherfuckin' dust kicker, who can you trust?
Who gave you the heart to see a nigga?
Before you bust, my name is spoken on the tongue so many foes
Bustin' motherfuckers out the blocks and I ain't even go
Now how the hell do you explain my claim to fame
From doin' fix to bustin' tricks out the fuckin' frame
Got these bitches on my jock niggaz on my block
Jealous ass suckers got it duckin' for my fuckin' glock
And bustin' niggaz ass is to stay alive
Skinny ass playa watchin' victim motherfuckers fry
They ask me how I'm livin' how I'm a hustler?
Buckin' busters till they die
Now it's on in the ghetto you ain't heard?

Niggaz got they AK's headin' for the bird
Aimin' at free ass bitches let 'em rain
Givin' 'em, wettin' 'em, welcome to the house of pain
Is anybody listenin' and tell me can you can see
This darkness surroundin' me
Now it's gettin' colder heavy on my shoulder
And it's gettin' hard to breathe
And it's gettin' blurry, I'm gettin' worried
'Cause it's gettin' hard to see
When you're living in the house of pain
Wendy Williams say I stayed dust, maybe I should
'Cuz these rappers'll have your phone tap like Savion Glover
And on the West the police corrupt, some are bloods
But these Teflon I loaded explodin' some mugs
I'm like Furious in Boyz In the Hood
But at the drive through I'm ain't runnin' I'm dumpin'
Crazy like a paru and load up, know how Nas do
I'm callin' Henchmen to save shit, to organize a black truth
And we party hard party wit' Nas
Since they ain't no more, Mardi Gras and Bush won't apologize
I got gangsta hoes Kobe Bryant scared to sodomize
And .45's for them suckers y'all idolize
Y'all yellin' my name but y'all soon die in
Tryin' to portray real but they be lyin'
'Cuz they want the real niggaz to die so they can game
But neva that, this ain't neva lastin' this is the house of pain
Is anybody listenin' and tell me can you can see
This darkness surroundin' me
Now it's gettin' colder heavy on my shoulder
And it's gettin' hard to breathe
And it's gettin' blurry, I'm gettin' worried
'Cause it's gettin' hard to see
When you're living in the house of pain

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