## **Pain**

## **Asap Rocky**

Uh, Pain Uh, Pain Uh, Pain Uh

So thick 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?d call when no one else around Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action The future will be televised, haters getting genocide 23 and 43, I?m talkin my Margiela size My niggas is hella fly, you over accessorize Better not, it?s in my repertoire, forever ever high I never lie, never tell a lie, I would testify Set aside dreams, I?m a king ask Coretta Scott Two faced, fat ass, and a nice set of thighs Rihanna weave, I need a umbrella ella ella ah Everybody knows me, hit, still ain?t got no cash Bitch, get that glass quick, post my bad habits Fuck you and your Instagram, match a gram Royal blue folls, getting head in the red Lambo Media take me out, TMZ all in the VIP Bitch I?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

> Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action

Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, lights, camera, action Tryina get on in this industry, acting like your birthday Breaking down cocaine with the EBT These male groupies doing it However, whatever they seeing on the box Everybody spit, everybody hide Everybodies an artist (everbody not) SOLOST, niggas talking dollars getting change In a minute I?mma lose my crew scrit Well one, give the full 98 Like fuck coach, I?m cutthroat, so what goes? Do you head for the year they say might be the end? Better look within Glisten 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 it?s hammer time Getting dirty money but I keep my hand sanitized Life is what you need, won?t you take a Z? Feel the breeze Smoke the Sour Deeze, hit that shit and please act at ease Wouldn?t you wanna be like the Black Eyed Peas, all these 3?s Star, that?s Hollywood, won?t you rest in peace? So thick 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

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Tell me who you?d call when no one else around