

# Beautiful Pain (feat. Lloyd & Ma\$e)

## 2 Chainz

Beautiful Pain Niggas study you, shawty know what a hundred do  
Actually the nigga backing me  
Is right in front of you  
Raising a daughter  
Sometimes depend what her father do  
Niggas stunt on you, front on you  
Niggas can't even ball but bunt on you  
Them niggas lame  
I hope you get testicular cancer in the brain  
Dickhead, by the time you get fed  
I be somewhere with a six pack and a six pack  
Her lips and her hips thick  
My boxers are covered in her lipstick  
Her pussy fat but eatin' good, so that's a misprint  
I'm a misfit, I did it and beyond  
Shiny watch, lookin' like the old Diddy on my arm  
Highly flammable, barely keep getting in Canada  
Run this rap shit, I got stamina  
You an amateur, I aim at 'cha,  
I bang at 'cha, hope a plane hit 'cha  
Fuck you and whoever came witcha  
Trying to express the beautiful pain witcha  
Like a tattoo of a framed picture  
Of a dead homie, maybe a family member  
I got some gambling scripatures like um  
Scared money don't make no money  
Bet now motherfucker gonna take them from me  
Got ounces of loud you can hear me smoking  
I be coughing on the crowd you can hear me choking nigga Oh I feel so fly  
Came so far, but I still wanna fly  
So come on in this car, this yacht, this plane  
You see what this beautiful pain, provide  
Baby look into my eyes  
I'd be the man or I'd rather die, rather die You talk about hurting  
Try washing clothes with no detergent  
Daddy deserted so now we serve sandwich serving  
Dreaming we had a furnace,  
It's cold we sleeping on the curtains,  
What can I say it got me highly motivated

Mama two job working, banana companies emerg  
 Need a two week notice  
 Before they say don't need your service  
 I'm too young to have burdens  
 But still feel I should be further  
 But who am I kidding  
 I had bridges but I just burned them  
 My mama need earnings  
 Ain't have no time for higher learning  
 Call me a hypocrite, backslider  
 You name it I done heard it  
 The way that they speak of me  
 You think I've already murdered  
 It's hard to be laid back  
 My haters so assertive, but  
 I gave my life up, I gave my rights up  
 I gave my dice up and I gave my dykes up  
 I gave my vice up and every club that lights up  
 And this is were the intern with no perm lights up You don't see my pain  
 I guess it's beautiful pain  
 It gotta be beautiful pain, uh, yeah, yeah Sometime, you don't gotta say much Oh I feel so fly  
 Came so far, but I still wanna fly  
 So come on in this car, this yacht, this plane  
 You see what this beautiful pain, provide  
 Baby look into my eyes  
 I'd be the man or I'd rather die, rather die Life is a game of inches,  
 Every move leads to something better,  
 There is no time to pay the benches  
 Gotta get in the game and live forever, and ever (I'd be the man or I'd rather die)  
 (I'd be the man or I'd rather die)  
 (I'd be the man or I'd rather)  
 (I'd be the man or I'd rather)  
 (I'd be the man or I'd rather die) Scared money don't make no money  
 Bet now motherfucker gonna take them from me  
 Got ounces of loud you can hear me smoking  
 I be coughing on the crowd you can hear me choking nigga Oh I feel so fly  
 Came so far, but I still wanna fly  
 So come on in this car, this yacht, this plane  
 You see what this beautiful pain, provide  
 Baby look into my eyes  
 I'd be the man or I'd rather die, rather die

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