

Pain In My Life (Feat The Game, B.G.)

Saigon

[Saigon:]

Young Felicia was only four when she learned how to ride a bike
Now she fourteen ridin' every Tom, Dick, and Mike
I tell her "that ain't nice, why you livin' so trife"
She told me please "MYOB, homie, you don't know me
{ "It's so much pain in my life" } Her sister the same
Felecia claims she the one who hiped her to the game
She fucked Jermaine because Jermaine had a shiny chain
Now when she pee on the potty she feel a minor pain
And she noticed her vagina changing; and not for the better
She see bumps and all kinds of things
The doctor suggested she take a HIV test, she said "Yes"
Now its peace when she waitin to rest, she so stressed
{ "So much pain in my life" } And so say the bum on the corner
When I ask him why he bummin' for quarters
Was it him, or was it government order; Said he thirsty
I offered him water, but he said he want somethin' stronger
He said { "There's pain my life" } Said he needs something to numb it
Somethin' to burn a hole in his stomach
First I said "naw", but after talking to him; It was clear
that his wife was his life and dope had murder the woman
{ "So much pain in my life" } That bum used rum to keep
his feelings numb; Felicia was out there killin' them
Her a fatherless daughter, him a daughterless father
She a nymphomaniac, he got his thoughts in the bottle
Would it help for them to walk with a bible
They both say, "nah" the find Religion as awkward as I do
I could holla give a dollar but what more could I do
Not much, they got fucked, it's what we call survival[Chorus: Trey Songz]
{ "So much pain in my life" }
You feel this pain I've been havin'
Wouldn't lead to much change
Cuz down here, not muched changed in the game
Cause everbody wanna thug, mayne
{ "So much pain in my life" }
If you knew the pain I sustained
Just from lettin' my gun bang
If you would pump your breaks young mayne
You'd jump in the other lane[Saigon:]

{ "So much pain in my life" } I know how it feel
I been in jail with none of my niggaz keepin' it real
No dough, no mail, it was "yo, go to hell"
Now they jealous cuz I'm hangin' out with Cocoa Chanel
Even though I got pain in my life I keep it discreet
I got a deal, I still sleep in the street
Y'all hustle to get the keys to a jeep; til the judge
throw the book at you fuckers and tell you to read it and weep
{ "So much pain in my life" } to let me not forget about Lendon
The preacher been feelin' on him for a minute
Told if he told his sould would be demented
Even if he made it to the gate he wouldn't get in it
{ "It's pain in my life" } Y'all niggaz use pain for a gimmick
But Lendon pain got pushed to the limit
Got em' layin on the sofa one night, his throat sliced
With a suicide note and a knife, what he write
{ "It's so much pain in my life" } That he's no longer wantin' to live it
Breathin' is no longer important, forget it
What he didn't write is that he was molested since he was five
And would rather die before he was forced to admit it
He said { "It's pain in my life" } this pain niggaz feel everyday
My middle finger wave high to the critics
I didn't get it, so what? Maybe I should just stay away
And let my man, Trey Songz and them hit it [Chorus x2]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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