

## Pain

ASAP Rocky

Uh, pain  
Uh, pain

So big you are, shining like the star  
With your head in the clouds, somebody 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 talking my Margiela size  
My niggas is hella fly, you over accessorize  
Dead Alive, 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  
Cute faced, fat ass, and a nice set of thighs  
Rihanna weave, I need a umbrella, ella, ella, ah

Everybody knows me, shit, still ain't got no cash  
Bitch, hit that flash quick, post my bad habits  
Fuck you and your Instagram, match a gram  
Royal blue foams, getting head in the red Lambo  
Media take me out, TMZ all in the VIP  
Bitch I'm hard and my loop concrete, too much Bossip if you ask me  
Almost fucked fame, but she came with money  
I got two bad bitches, haters wanna take em from me

Tryin' to get on in this industry, acting like you're ruthy  
Breaking down cocaine with the EBT, these male groupies doing it  
However, whatever they seeing on the box  
Everybody spit, everybody hot, everybody's an artist (Everbody not)  
S-O L-O-S-T, niggas talking dollars getting change  
In a minute I'mma lose my cool, Sprewell one year before '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

Glitz and 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 diese, hit that shit and please act at ease  
What you wanna be like the Black Eyed Peas, all these 3's  
S-T-A-R-S, that's Hollywood, won't you rest in peace

Description 1 Contributor ?

Rocky and his pals talk about fashion, ladies, and how they love photographe  
rs when they're not punching them out

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