

# Pain

Capone-N-Noreaga

From CNN world international, this is world news  
I don't think there is such a thing as a good war  
There are sometimes necessary wars  
It was something that had to be done  
The real war involves getting down there and killing people  
And being killed yourself or just barely escaping  
It gives you attitudes about God, life and death  
That are unattainable anywhere else  
I'm not sure I can speak about why human beings in general go to war  
I think that's a large category, they go to war because it's impossible not  
to  
Being shot, you saw them fall, because these things you saw  
And the fact that this is for real...

Unh! Unh! Unh! Yo, yo!  
Waking up, cold in my eyes, two phillies ready rolled on the dresser  
My chick hatin', I won't stress her,  
Probably get her mad and pay attention much lesser  
Hit the closet up, brush my teeth and get fresher  
These things real you can bring your diamond tester  
I see through your glass my dude, like Large Professor  
My nigga died that night, lampin on the park bench  
I'm kinda hurt, I ain't been back to the park since  
See I'm a G holla, high like comets  
And I ain't with the shit, I despise all the garments  
Demise what you garbage, your whole team is green littered  
Which means your target's not safe in the markets  
I inherit niggaz beef quite frequently, that's why they call me Warrior N.O.  
R.E.  
When they speak of me, Gangsta, Monster Kody, parolee  
I'm on my Din, Hakeem, Allahu Akbar  
Swing big swords, cut in half a cop car  
My nigga Truth rock stock rims Magnum  
Fuck them groupie hoes cause we been done had them  
Bust nuts off, lower they facial  
I'm a Geto Boy like Bushwick and Face  
And I always had a record, I was born with a case  
I feel pain

Been through it all in my life  
I done watched close niggaz to me die by the gun and the knife  
(I feel pain)  
This for niggaz on they own or locked up on the phone  
And they never comin home, y'know? (I feel pain)  
Look what happened to Haiti it's all crazy  
Everynight I go to sleep and kiss my baby  
(I feel pain)  
Everyday the same story, war hustle, territory  
We just try'na see the glory, y'know?

Ayo it's fucked up my nigga Black Box died on christmas eve  
My other homie on his birthday  
Now we on the block thinkin revenge, not hearin what his Earth say  
Lookin at his seed make me want it in the worst way  
Besides that my other nigga got cancer and just found out that his wife is a  
dancer  
So many questions all I need is an answer

I done did so much dirt ain't no room in the hamper, check it  
I got scars on top of scars, William Wallace renegade,  
Most of you niggaz sweeter than lemonade  
We bloody up your garments, nigga this is phonics  
I ain't speakin in ebonics take my words as a promise  
Get Obama on the line tell him raise the threat level  
We the last real niggaz standin when the dust settle  
When it's war dunn, the beef never stops  
It comes right back around like the hands on a watch  
Army fatigue, fox, 40 below Timbs  
501 Denims, coca sales with no lens  
Just to see the snakes clear cause I ain't got no friends  
Only my brother from another mother we goes in  
My gun' the alarm, bullets fatter than Big Mama  
To deal with' the pain I smoke scamah (I feel pain)