

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)