

Feel My Pain

Drag-On

As I sit an position myself
am I cocky coz I only play my shit and listen to myself
or am I striving for perfection? answer that
ah fuck it I cocky and I about to perfect rap nigga!
and I roam these streets
that's why my songs is deeper than death itself
I went from no food in the fridge to a platter on my shelf and I watch it
and y'all ain't gotta give me that but keep ya hand out my pocket haters!
coz you makin me nervous it ain't worth it
we don't want no accident when I flip on purpose
coz we don't seen so many tradgeties done
September 11th, 2001 remember
like how could I forget I lost my man pop in that shit
help me get a grip
I think I'm losing it doo
because between life an death I be confusing the two

[Chorus:]

And sometimes I don't give a fuck if I live or die
but I think if I don't give a fuck about myself who else will I'm stressing

guess I was raised the wrong way
that's why I walk around with the long eighth
and dun shed so many tears I have none left
sometimes I sat and prayed for death
I feel like its 11:45 a quarter to 12
15 minutes to my days is over that's why its hard to stay soba
so I drink in the rain and smoke in the sun
and create my own clouds not have'n to think of the pain
sometimes I think I'm going insane
I get mad and shout God's name in vain
forgive me for my sins he got me laughing again
he got me back rapping again now help me choose my friends
my gats the closest one to me
but if my gun could take the stand and tell
ill be doing life in jail
like judge he made me do it
it ain't the gun its the nigga behind it that shoot it, that's ruthless

[Chorus]

you see a lot of niggas don't want drag to shine
instead they want to see drag locked up like my nigga Shyne
so you know what they try to do, leave a nigga behind
You know what it is, they envy me
motherfucking niggas held me back for 3 fucking years
and motherfucking niggas left me for dead
hopin that the world would forget but you know what?
they didn't forget, they bought me back
and now I'm in the greatest shape of my life
so now I'm on some shit like fuck y'all
all I give a fuck about is my niggas and my niggas only
I'm on some shit like

y'all can suck these off
cause I don't need y'all to succeed y'all nigga
I know you like my word play early

like nelly got country grammar like er day
I can go cold and still sell out shows
and make enough dough to get your feet chopping not about your toes??
for coming at me half stepping
talking like gangsta shit and ain't have no weapon nigga
ah I got the best flow I be the best in the bronx
cause I don't walk through the swamps
striving through the alleys of death
recognize my destiny in life
even if it takes my last breath nigga
I walk in places where it could've been my last step
but god got me out of it
I love him and I'm proud of it
now can you feel my pain
see what I see walk in my shoes an still gon' keep sane NIGGA!