

Pain

Ice-T

Deuce, deuce revolver was my problem solver
Had a def girl, really didn't wanna involve her
In the life of a gangster, use to rob bankster
But now I'm locked up, I'm just a punk low rankster
Jail cells know me too damn well
Seems like I've built on earth my own personal hell
No matter how high I climbed, somehow I always fell
I guess a lot of players got this story to tell
No matter how cold you roll you simply cannot win
It's always fun in the beginning
But pain in the end

Pain (4x)

Organized crimer, big trouble finder
In and out of institutions ever since I was a minor
But now I'm on the bricks, deep in the mix
Crime smarts searching hard for some new street tricks
I think I'll join a gang, sling a little cane
Put a beeper on my belt and get myself a name
Fresh sneakers, silk shirts, 24/7 work
Nine to five to survive, you gotta be a jerki
I clock two grand a day, yet I was born to play
Who me at micky dee's? It wouldn't work, no way
I'm a big money haver but not the last laughter
For me infamy makes me no autographer
Custody haunts my dreams, nightmares of capture
Paranoid of surveillance, phobia of cameras
My banks bigger, but so are my fears
Past records proved players live limited years
But I'm unlike the rest, know to be the best
Fast money, true wealth my eternal quest
I hustle all night long, there ain't no gain in rest
12 gauge close range, bloods on my chest
I looked into his face, I thought he was my friend
My boy had me set up, this wound would never mend
No matter who you trust, you simply cannot win
It's always fun in the beginning
But it's pain in the end

Pain (4x)

Gold rope wearer, neighborhood terror
Can't hang around my mother 'cause she says I scare her
Got a light sunburn from too much pool-side sittin'
Coroless phone keeps me on 'cause there ain't no quittin'
Mind's in a money mode, seems like it should explode
Girlies on my jammie, got a female overload
Young street messiah, professional liar
19 gotta Benz, 21 I'll retire
Crazy money it ain't funny, suckers lovin' my jock
But there's some people at my door that didn't even knock
Task force boomin', doggin' my crib out, can't shout
F.B.I. got a gun in my mouth!
Threw me on the floor, called my girl a whore
Pulled ten G's out my mattress and was lookin' for more
Cracked my safe with an axe, then illed out to the max

When they seem my money kickin' it in twenty G stacks
Booked me on ten counts, with bails of different amounts
The charges stuck like glue, some that I couldn't pronounce
They threw my ass the book, my life was surely took
And then they gave my girl
Ten years for hangin' out with a crook
She played the game herself, fast lane quick wealth
No respect for the law or the city's health
The sweat of hustlers greed is not reserved for men
It's always fun in the beginning
But it's pain in the end

Pain (5x)