

Pain Gang

III Bill

[Talking]

You been to jail before?

Howie - Me? Of course I've been to jail. They don't even want me in jail no more, I'm too old now. They want guys like you.

[Chorus]

Bloods and Crips, the Ñetas, Latin Kings, Disciples, and Vice Lords

All crews that bang

Vatos Locos, Four Corner Hustler thing, the Mexican Mafia

All crews that bang

Al-Qaeda, CIA, Hamas, the Mossad, NYPD

All crews that bang

Non Phixion, Cypress Hill, House of Pain, La Coka Nostra

All crews that bang

[Verse 1: B-Real]

From Don Corleone up to Tony Montana

Whatever you are, homie, bikers and bandanas

Riders who cock hammers or soldiers who roll deep

I'm a child of the night, homie I don't sleep

My crew, we slow creep while you're counting your sheep

We bang on anybody stepping up to bleed in the street

Maybe you got what it takes to lead a team of cutthroats

Maybe you hang around with a crew of fuck hoes

Fakes, frauds, fictional bangers

Never held a heater until you had someone take your picture

Looking invincible with it, you did it for glory

Some did it for real and others they tell stories

But the collective we have here's respected

Making you an offer you should never reject it

You roll with the ? over, baby the math is simple

It's pop pop pop in your temple

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Everlast]

IRA scheming, PLO dreaming, Celtic heathen, peckerwood demon

Kicking and screaming through the depths of hell

Bareback riding on a jezebel

The hammer's cocked, you get shot by the shell

I burned an angel's wings then sang while he fell

There's a party in hell, there's a war in heaven

The whole world's been shook since 9/11

With Muslim extremists and Zionists

Trying to rule the world with an iron fist

While the junkies and the dealers are doing the bids

Uncle Howie say it's time for evolution, kids

Don't spill your blood on foreign land

Come outside on the block with your gun in your hand

You're mad as fuck and won't take it no more

Buck shots in the air like you ready for war

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Ill Bill]

We don't die, we multiply

This song was not made to glorify gang culture

Nor to explore the lives of soldiers or street villains

Ghetto superstars, political heroes

Compton G's to Brooklyn DeNeros

Range from children to killers, prisoners to peace prize winners

Was Nelson Mandela a terrorist?

Let's consider the truth: The biggest gang in the world is the police

Our tax dollars pay for no justice and no peace
An empty crack box crushed by ten year feet
On their way to school past the meth heads and dope fiends
Anatomy of a true banger, I ain't shit without my homeboys
Fuck with my set, you get your crew strangled
I won't be convicted like Jimmy Coonan
And you not a gangster, who the fuck you think you fooling?
My ruthless brilliance soon to produce me millions
Billy Idol homeboy, peace to Tookie Williams
[Chorus]