

Pain Won't Stop

Joe Budden

Oh, the pain won't stop (the pain don't stop)
Almost like it's got a hold on me (on me)
Shackles and cuffs, I can be no more than a slave
And still the pain won't stop
Like my demons got control of me
Won't take me alive
I guess someone's gonna see the crime

And it won't be me, and it can't be me
And it won't be me, I won't let it be me
And it won't be me, and it can't be me
And it won't be me, I won't let it be me

I'm staring at the pain in the mirror, or is it a facsimile?
Question hurts more than the fact that it resembles me
Thought em all in the past, I mean essentially
So when we side by side I just act like it's all a memory
And then I got a whole market of fans
With no clue what I speak of, but some of ya'll understand
If you knew about my woes you wouldn't target the man
And if you did it'd be about more than a marketing plan
I got a heart that's ice cold, I've been trying to melt, it's talent
Honest to ya'll, all while lying to myself
Seem like I do the most damage, all when trying to help
And no one asked for it, I decided myself
You think the road a nigga traveled
Has been long enough for ya'll to see the winner in him?
Don't know if I'm fighting my demons or going to dinner with em
I sit across from that table just looking brave and tough
But it's only right they get the check, figured that I paid enough

Fans say they waitin on a break up, don't want me at the altar
But how would their lives alter, I figure how could they fault ya?
Followed me in this business, you witnessed me go through torture
With my ex's so what if? Wish I wouldn't want anymore
Begs the question what do niggas really want in me?
Couldn't be as simple as misery loving company
Can't be as cliché as being a gift and a curse
But how could you ever claim to love someone then wish em the worst?
It appears my happiness has some people resenting me
Should I appreciate love that come with contingencies?
Ya'll get mad whenever someone else mentions me
Ironic, got a ex that's showing similar tendencies
Spite stems from hate, I try to never be near it
Do you only want the best for Joe when we could share it?
That can become obsessive like you wouldn't believe
Don't take my word, just look at what happened to Steve
It got Raqi looking rocky, had em by me and I watched em both deteriorate
Was ugly if you trust me then you wouldn't want to share their fate
And so it seems the people I'd jump in the casket for
Their mind's playing tricks, I wish they knew they mattered more
Would they ask for more or would that will subside?
Poured my heart out all these years, I'm shocked I'm still alive
Tell him like I toast Stack, it gets no realer
You love something too much, guarantee it'll kill ya, for real

I crashed a million times, still I'm without a dent

They come to me to air it out but I'm without a vent
I have nightmares about the shit I thought I said
Cried enough that Posturepedic is a waterbed
Look at you like a nobody, it ain't much I could ask of you
And I'd give you a hand but what the fuck would you attach it to?
Finish one chore, God will give throw you some more shit
It's not enough I'm fighting mine still I battle your shit

[Bridge]