

# Pain

Pusha T

I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain  
Money goin in the rain, blood flowing through my veins  
I'm just doing my thing  
Get money, gold chains  
I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain  
Standing in the rain, blood flowing through my veins  
I ain't never did a thing  
Getting money, rocking chains  
You'll never feel the same, We the? in the game  
I don't never feel pain

18 wheeler, gorillas  
Black with gold chains, Pittsburgh, like steelers  
Hines Ward of the crime lords, running through this money screaming encore  
Spending nights with the prime whore, but that's the bitch that you're blind  
for  
Celebrating on a wim, nigga. Pain is parked above the rim, nigga  
My bitch rock a bigger gem, niggas!  
Cause she was there when it was dim, nigga!  
She wasn't fucking none of them niggas!  
So now we're even like a hem, nigga!  
Put your freedom over failure!  
Trynna find my Grizelda. Might as well, they gon' nail ya!  
Momma screaming like Mahalia  
Pain is love and it's war  
Pain is running out of raw  
Pain is finding out you're poor  
As the feds knock at your door

I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain  
Been around here, standing in the rain  
Blood Flowing through my veins  
I'm just doing my thang  
Getting money, rocking tons of gold chains  
I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain  
I'm just standing in the rain, blood flowing through my veins  
I'm just doing my thing, getting money, rock a hundred gold chains

Pain is joy when it cries, it's my smile in disguise  
It's what makes the story chilling, Spare the women and the children  
Hear the scribbles of the villain (yeah)  
This is drug dealer brilliance

Pyrex on the platter like hot sex, but my tribe don't quest like love  
Came in this bitch, with a mask and a glove, and a team of lawyers to run the  
train on the judge  
It's no risk without gain, there's no trust without shame  
It's no us without Caine  
Push. My name is my name. In the kitchen with a cape on, apron Tre-  
eight on, coulda been Trayvon  
But instead I chose Avon, colored face like a geisha  
Arm & Hammer for the breakup  
Turn one into two, watch the brick kiss and makeup  
It's a match made in heaven, all that's missing is the reverend  
All that's missing is a blessing  
I hope God gets the message

[Hook]