

## Pain Inside

U-God

Let me bug out, let me bug out for a second (fucka!)  
That's why... (oh! Muthafuckas!)  
Mmm-mmm-mmm, it's gangsta, nigga  
It's potent (Uh, Six Mill) East coastin', try to hide..

All the pain inside  
I had to face it that one day I'm gonna die  
That's why I try to keep my head up towards the sky  
Sit back and watch, let me take you on a ride  
Uh, natural high..

Yo, yo, make it rain again, spit flame again  
Now, watch how I'm aimin' 'em, my bare hands is stranglin'  
Time to bang again, camera shots anglin'  
That's right I got your head piece danglin'  
Mic's is tanglin', toast champagne again  
Coast to coast now, join the campaign again  
I fuck more women than Wilt Chamberlain  
It's, U-God, yeah he Back in the Game again  
I'm titanium, mixed with uranium  
Crack craniums, no tamin' him  
Live at palladium (yeah), jam packed stadium (yeah)  
Many men, you're afraid of him  
Once they weighed him in, he flushed money down the drain again  
Touched vein again, rocks I'm slangin' 'em  
Cops can't finger him, SWAT can't bring him in  
New millennium, we came to win

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I move in silence, and let guns go to my enemies  
Bud smoke and Hennessy, the remedy and toke is violent  
Much slugs longer than Mini Me  
Cross me, I lay down every one in your vicinity  
Keep a fifty cali' or line me in the Akademiks jeans  
If I catch a homi', somebody probably run and snitched on me  
Rats, runnin' round talkin' this and that  
Some white chicks I spit til your wigs sit back  
I grind these cracks, cuz I need cash  
G stacks, I lay my game down flat like a Chinese ass  
You heard me? Bitc