

Pain

Z-Ro

Pain, my middle name
Lord please have mercy on my soul, I can't maintain
Pain, my middle name
Lord please have mercy on my

I haven't smoked a sherm in 27 days
When I'm under pressure, I feel it's necessary to blaze
Looking at my life as if I wasn't here, why the fuck that picture be so clear
Since my nigga died, I done slowed down on drank
But I'm right back heavy on beer
Stained finger tips and lips, cause smoking come with murders
Fiending for heaven but I wonder, if I'm worthy
Please God forgive your servant, and your man child
But the fact that he got Jordans, and a nigga like me
Grow po' wings was bullshit, so I ran wild
Wasn't I good enough, to get some shit like that
It was only a grade, you know I didn't deserve to get hit like that
My life my life, falls under the wicked and shife
I gotta pay my rent, therefor my partnas might be targets tonight
Even though I'm grown fucked up childhood, keep fucking my dome
Fuck around and front, like I'm gon
Buy your work, and straight leave on your song
If a nigga take me out it's all good, cause I've been fiending to leave
My life is fucked up, and I'm tired of having to drink to a G

R: Pain, my middle name
I must learn to live again, but existing in such a strain
Pain, my middle name
Lord please have mercy on my soul, I can't maintain

Now I done had pistols to my head befo'
Woke up with a dead body, in a bed befo'
Don't ask me why, only talk to Z-Ro
I'm noid, never trust friends they don't love us
They front like they your homies, but they bury motherfuckers
Dog I'm going through it daily, fiending for a killa to take me out
What am I living for, nothing but a record label huh break me out
I'm so sick and tired Lord knows, I'm sick and tired of this pain
But steady keeping the world, I'm no preaching through the rap game
The most evilest niggas nightmares, of my fondest dream
Cause death rules everything around me and the cream, is a cup of lean
Having a case of flashbacks, of the good time
But then I remember, it wasn't no good time
Just poverty stricken, and kicking it in the hood time
24 and I still can't think, from Guerilla Maab to Point Blank
To Big Moe to Z-Ro, and still no bank
I gotta be paying dues, for my niggas that lost they life in the game
Cause the more I struggle for happiness, nothing but pain

R:

Dorothy Marie or mama, I've been stressed, learning to live
A life of misfortune, my feet have been so swollen from my quest
I'd like to find the meaning of sick and tired
Plus I can't determine between a bitch and right
Even my friends are fake, that's why I'm quick to ride

I'm the shit bitch, I know you smell the odor
Them other two niggas ain't bitches, and it's had a chip on my shoulder
I love my cousin and my brother mayn, but see it ain't nothing but drama
When you live in a slum, across the street from the gutter mayn
I'm 'pose to be a rap star, dig these blues a nigga ain't
Seen the states in two months, I'm in the kitchen as a crack star
What a wonderful way, to spend my fucking album release
A promotional show, and I must get do' nigga I got ounces to cheese
Ounces of green, I got mouths to feed so I need G's
Plus my own shit the T.V. in the living room, is Mexican D's
Gotta be paying dues, for my niggas that lost they life in the game
More I struggle for happiness, nothing but pain