

Slow Pain

"Pick Your Game Up"

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[Slow Pain (Diamonique in background)]
Here's a story (What's going on)
Of an O.G.
Speaking on my hood (Oh)
For the very first time (What's going on)
Now, I never intended on recording this song
That is
Until the day (What's going on)
When a good homie of mine happened to thumb
through my notebook
He said, "Slow
You gotta do somethin' with these lyrics (Tell me what's
going on)
People wanna hear about it, homie"

[Slow Pain]
(Verse 1)
I see the sun don't shine in the hood anymore
Death fill the streets, police chalk on the floor
Uno eighty-seven's headline on that news
Cops puttin' free dope
On the street for some clues (Fuckin' punks)
Puppet caught a case, fifteen in the pen
Flacos rollin' hard in the '06 pen
Sleepy got weak, God, he killed his old lady
Shotgirl, seventeen
Goin' on a third eighty
Bouncers callin' shots with the needle in his vein
Lil' Lazy got a jacket, put a hole in his brain
Trigger got five from his part time job
Robbed the corner liquor store and got shot for a score
Now he's in a wheelchair
Handcuffed to the floor
Hatin' life
And beating on his wife
The hood's all fucked up, time's gettin' dirty
So I sleep with my dawg (You know)
A chrome thirty thirty

[Chorus: Slow Pain]
The hood's all fucked up

Pick your game up
Blame yourself
Homie, clean your name up
The hood's all fucked up
Pick your game up
Blame yourself
Homie, clean your name up

[Chorus]

(Verse 2)

Education for my people, I wanna clean up the streets
(Streets)
Rollin' dice with my life
To be an O.G.
Taking chances with my music
Crossin' the line
Speakin' my mind
'Bout to fuck in county line
Haters speakin' on mine
Like they livin' in my brain (Fuckin' punks)
It's funny how so many be
Hating Slow Pain
Mossy from the gang, still tellin' on the homies
Settin' up the homies
Sleepin' with the homies (Biotch)
He a doin' the homies dirty, gettin' high but she sick
H.I.V.
Scandalous ass chick
Slam dunkin' like LaBrawn James (Whoo)
Pushin' darker veins
Got the little homies throwin' trains (Ha ha ha)
Steal his shit from the malls
To pay the dope man
Stolen TVs and DVDs
To (???) van
What a waste of a precious life
How could she ever be a wife
When a old man's locked up, doin' life

[Chorus] Twice

[Diamonique]

What's going on
Tell me what's going on

[Verse 3: Slow Pain]

Money don't make you a motherfucking man
Your name don't make you a real Mexican (Chale)
The hood don't make you a killer or a soldier
The dice in your hand don't make you a roller

Joker, he a joke like a Ben hundred spokes (Fuckin'
punk)
Sleeping with his crying baby momma on the low
Bugsy doin' time, not knowin' what's goin' on (What's
goin' on, homie?)
But when he paroled, Joker's ass is gone
Homies killin' homies on some straight bullshit
(Bullshit)
Another homie gone
Another sad song
Somethin' wrong in the hood
I could feel it in the air
In you, punk ass bitch
If your ass don't care
Little kids all freaked out
Losing they mind, I know
Everyone sees it, homie, stop actin' blind (Stop that
shit)
I been speakin' my mind
Kill me with that A.K.
The hood's all fucked up, that's all I gotta say (What)

[Chorus] Twice

[Slow Pain]

The hood's all fucked up

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