

2 Pac "Pain"

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Ft. Big Stretch

[Voice sample from Star Trek V]

I couldn't help but notice your pain

[My pain?]

It runs deep

Share it with me!

[Tupac:]

They'll never take me alive

I'm gettin' high with my four-five,

Cocked on these suckas, time to die

Even as a youngster causin' ruckus on the back of the bus,

I was a fool all through high school kickin' up dust,

But now I'm labelled as a trouble maker who can you blame?

Smokin' weed helped me take away the pain,

So I'm hopeless,

Rollin' down the freeway swervin, don't worry,

I'm about to crash up on the curb, 'cause my visions blurry

Maybe if they tried to understand me,

What should I do?

I had to feed my fuckin' family,

What else could I do?

But be a thug,

Out slangin' with the homies,

Fuck hangin' with them phonies in the clubs,

Got my mind on danger,

Never been a stranger to homicide,

My city's full of gang bangers and drive-bys,

Why do we die at an early age?

He was so young,

But still a victim of the 12 gauge,

My memories of a corpse,

Mind full of sick thoughts,

And I ain't goin' back to court,

So fuck what you thought,

I'm drinkin' hennessey,

runnin from my enemies,

Will I live to be 23?

There's so much pain.

(Chorus)

Ohhhh....

Tired of the Strain and the Pain

Ohhhh....

Tired of the Strain and the Pain

[Big Stretch:]

Years and years of that rough life,

Runnin' crazed and wild as a kid and growin' tough with
a knife,

Livin' trife on the regular,

Buckin' out competitors,

See them take a move, take 'em down like a fuckin'
predator,

Get in trouble everyday in school,

Act a fool,

And you know I had to break every rule,

Showin' off for the bitches, 'cause I had the mad rep',

So I had to watch my back when it was time to step,

But my grimiest grimeys with love for me,

Pop, pop, pop

And send a chuckle up above for me,

Aiiyo currency kept passin' me by,

But I didn't cry,

Broke and head off with the pack and started sellin'
coke,

And now the money's lookin' lovely,

Pop the drop top and now the bitches wanna rub me,

Kick 'em the game,

It's all the same,

I kick it back yo,

Give 'em slack yo,

And now they label me the mack yo,

People check it,

Get disrespected if you front on the Birdman,

You heard man,

Catch a couple shots from the glock in my hand,

Damn! At least I'm realistic, with my biscuit,

You know you get your ass twisted,

So run for cover,

Me and my man got a plan kickin' major dust,

So if your on nigga look for the gauge to bust,

A lot of pressure with the street fame,

It's a deep game,

And my mama always cryin',

Yo there's so much pain,

(Chorus)

Ohhhh...

Ohhhh...

[Tupac:]

They got me mobbin' like I'm,

Loc'ed and ready to get my slug on,

I load my clip and slip my motherfuckin' gloves on,

I ain't scared to blast on these suckas if they test me,
Trust, I got my glock cocked playa if they press me,
Bust on motherfuckers with a - paaassion,
Better duck cause I ain't lookin when I'm - blaaastin',
I'm a nuttin, drinkin' Hennessey and gettin' high,
On the lookout for my enemies,
Don't wanna die,
Tell me why cause this stress is gettin' major,
A buck-fifty across the face with my razor,
What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone,
Keep my brain on the game and stay head strong,
These sorry bastards,
Want to kill me in my sleep but will they can I see,
And everyday it's just a struggle,
Steady thuggin' in the streets,
And I'll be ballin' loc,
Don't let 'em make you worry,
Keep swingin' at these suckas till you buried,
I was born to raise hell,
A nigga from the gutta,
With a mother on drugs,
I'm kickin dust up,
Ready to bust,
I'm on the scene steady muggin' mean,
Until they kill me,
I'll be livin this life,
I know you feel me,
There's so much pain
(Chorus)
Ohhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain
Ohhh...
Tired of the Strain and the Pain

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