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2Pac

"So Much Pain"

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[Ja Rule] Rest in peace to my nigga Stretch, my nigga 'Pac So much pain

Uhh.. yeah, huh, yeah All my, niggas.. so much pain Uhh.. huh, yeah Yeah, so.. much..

Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh

[Ja Rule]

They'll never take me alive, I'm gettin high with my fo'five

Cocked on these niggaz time to die

Even as a lil' nigga, you could picture me hot gun in the rain

I shed the tear, cause this nigga here inherits the pain And now I'm labeled as a thug nigga - you know the game

Smokin weed, fuckin hoes, slangin thangs, that's the life I live

Even if I tried to go back I'd get lost (come back) And everything I seem to love I done lost Fuck the world if they can't understand me What else could I do? I had to feed my fuckin family Yo' lies is my truth, so I'm a drug to your youth

And you don't want 'em nowhere near me, now that they can hear me

I spits razors, never been a stranger to homicide My city's full of tote-slangers and chalk lines Why do we die at an early age?

Nigga so young, but still a victim of a twelve-gauge Feel the rage this world has bestowed upon me And I don't give a fuck 'cause they don't give a fuck 'bout me

So I keep - drinkin Hennessy, bustin at my enemies Will I live to see twenty-three? There's so much pain

[Chorus]

Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh I'm tired of the strain and the pain (so much pain) Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh I'm tired of the strain and the pain

[Ja Rule]

Years and years of strugglin all my life Runnin wild as a kid, grew up blazin 'em right I'm in a - little cell I call my soul lately It's been a - givin me hell and my heart is screamin, "Don't enter" I've been cursed, for what it's worth I feel dead Spittin to you, I know I'm in way over my head But Lord hear me, I believe in your "7 Day Theory" Three souls done sent this whole world teary (can you hear me?) Too hot for you to stand near me It's so much pain, and niggaz wanna kill me I'm tired of the stress and the strain But my, grimiest grimeys got love for me They're blazin, sendin shotguns up above for me My face in, Hennessy with no chaser Coke rises on every way in - keep us hustlin nigga Me and my man got a plan to get this paper nigga So if you owe nigga, look for the gauge to blow nigga I figured I'd be considered a killer Doin crime excited my mind and leadin the blind I, can't express my compassion, my satisfaction for gettin fucked up and blastin - we all been there Taught from young to shoot, show no fear and lie And wipe the tears from yo' mother's eyes - so much pain

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[2Pac]

They got me mobbin like I'm - loc'd 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 suckers if they test me

Trust, I got my glock cocked, playa if they press me Bust on motherfuckers with a - PASSION Better duck 'cause I ain't lookin when I'm - BA-BLASTIN I'm a nut and drinkin Hennessy And gettin high on the lookout for my enemies Don't wanna die, tell me why? Cause the stress gettin major A buck-fifty 'cross the face with my razor What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone I keep my brain on the game and stay headstrong These sorry bastards wanna kill me in my sleep I'm real they can not see And everyday is just a struggle, steady thuggin on the streets And I be, ballin loc, don't let 'em make you worry Keep swingin at these suckers 'til you buried I was born to raise - hell, a nigga from the gutter, word to mother I'm tough - 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] - repeat 2X w/ variations

Ooooohhhhh, pain

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