

## Styles P f/ The Alchemist

### "All I Know is Pain"

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[Styles P]

Pain.. pain.. pain...

Pain.. pain.. pain...

All I know is pain, all I seen is death  
Couple homies and brother gone, when I'm gon' step  
I ain't suicidal, damn my brain need rest  
Think about my childhood, pain in my chest  
Past is the past, future ain't great  
All right in the hood when any day could be my last  
Pop somethin back, they wanna sue me for my math  
Hawk some back, they wanna sue me for my math  
Hard bein a gangsta rapper, you don't know the half  
You ain't got to condone it but you was never homeless  
And you ain't never fast, so you don't know the wrath  
To takin a long walk, down the wrong path  
All I know is pain - everything I did wrong  
I did it in vain, that's why I'm tryin to change  
Live for my seeds but the game ain't change  
Only the strong survive, I will maintain

[Chorus: Styles P] + (Alchemist)

All I know is - pain; all I give is - pain

All I give is - pain; all I live is - pain

Only thing I know is mad years in the game

(It's no love, ice cold blood runnin all through my veins)

All I know is - pain; all I give is - pain

All I give is - pain; all I live is - pain

Only thing I know is mad years in the game

(It's more than rhymes, more shine than the diamonds  
on your chain)

[Styles P]

What you know about pain?

Blood, sweat and tears where I'm standin in the rain

If I don't blow Mary Jane I'm goin insane

Before I had a car I was in the fast lane

Drug dealer stick up kids for the neck game, a lot that I  
regret

But I made it as a rapper, and it's not what I expect

For a fact, this business is more crooked

The boys'll sell they souls to the devil, the Lord lookin  
See in you hell just in case that we all cookin  
I got sins too, lot of foul shit that I been through  
The world is God house, I'm just a window - pane  
Tryin to maintain up to the end yo

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

All I know is pain, I feel so drained  
Rap niggaz is insane, they on Procaine  
What they call hot, I would call so lame  
They don't care about the art, and they show no shame  
If you ain't gettin spins, then you ain't gon' win  
But if you came from the bottom you should stay goin  
in  
The Ghost don't make it then the Phantom gon' win  
I'ma make the kids richer, make grandma grin

[Chorus]

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