2Pac f/ Butch Cassidy, Styles P "Pain"

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[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 club Got my mind on danger Never been a stranger to homicide My cities 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: Butch Cassidy {Styles P.}] I'ma solider 'till I die {I'ma die a thug} Keep standin' by my side I'll admit i'm gettin' high Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? Momma's standin on the streets Gotta get back on my feet Stressed so much can't sleep {So Much Pain, So Much Pain} Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? [Styles P] I've seen a couple niggas shot in the brain Seen a couple niggas shot in the frame And i'm tryin to maintain, tell the truth though The shit ain't the same, i'ma die a thug And fuck it it's the blood in my veins Why complain 'cause we all gon' die, but I can wait I'm the letter after F and right before H I'ma G, nigga see nigga the pain in my eyes Playa playa play the game ya die I do a buck eighty five in the rain in the ride Eatin hot from the flame of the nine No stranger to danger am I Matter of fact i'll be bangin for mine Got a closet full of guns and i'm hangin wit' mine +So Much Pain+ Yeah I spend years doin' sicker shit If I cried the tears would prolly be blood and liquor mixed And you ain't seen no nigga on no thicker shit Lifes a bitch betcha that All my niggas that twisted it [Chorus: Butch Cassidy {Styles

P.}] I'ma solider 'till I die {I'ma die a thug} Keep standin' by my side I'll admit i'm gettin' high Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? Momma's standin on the streets Gotta get back on my feet Stressed so much I can't sleep {So Much Pain, So Much Pain} Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? [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 buckfifty 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 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: Butch Cassidy {Styles P.}] I'ma solider 'till I die {I'ma die a thug} Keep standin' by my side I'll admit i'm gettin' high Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? Momma's standin on the streets Gotta get back on my feet Stressed so much I can't sleep {So Much Pain, So Much Pain} Lifes so full of pain, have you ever seen a thug cry? [Tupac + Styles P] So Much Pain There's so Much Pain

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