

## **BLAhzay Blahzay** **"Pain I Feel"**

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We'd like to dedicate this particular tune  
to all to all to all the hell of ya from wherever  
[Channel Live] But there's only weak rappers steady  
making hits, fuck  
that!

Verse One:

I drop clarity like kerotene, everytime I speak out  
Rappers freak out, but never stick their necks too deep  
out

and touch the live wire, gettin live like from gaya inner  
Jim Jones kool-aid you got mad reason to be afraid  
You ain't ready, rappers are petty, never lyrical  
It's a miracle they need to reign as they physical  
to get blessed, East vs. West, we never on that  
Cause the rugged format you can get from where  
you're born at

So learn this, to burn this, you gotta earn this  
with your rap style be the firmest, forget about your  
color of

epidermis

for advantages, there's bandages, whatever your  
language is

You be in Danger like that Blahzay triangle is

The Blah pre your mind freein

Not the fatigue wearin jewels glarin rapper, you used to  
seein

Absestos study lessions to make impressions

The P's come and squeal on the real I'm mad excited

I got my deal but still...

Chorus:

You don't know the pain I feel

But there's all these weak rappers steady making hits,  
fuck that!

Cuz cuz cuz you don't know the pain I feel

But there's all these weak, rappers, steady making hits

You don't know the pain I feel

But there's all these weak rappers steady making hits,  
fuck that!

Cuz cuz cuz you, cuz, cuz you don't know the pain I feel

But there's all these weak, rappers, steady making hits

Verse Two:

Now everybody lamp go ahead get amped for your

camp  
Without no harmony your Normandy will never be the  
champ  
And let me mention, no racial tension the way the rule  
goes  
I flows with bros, PF flows with papa chulos  
We combine cluster, you can't muster break your  
ligaments  
Building my predicaments, living with the immigrants  
See special blow your vest or do it thorough  
That's blurro, my referral don't try to rally up your  
borough  
Just warm, stay calm if you don't got steel in your palm  
you'll peel me, I'm top rank I got more lines than the  
Yanks  
uni-form, carry on screamin on MC's  
Running around together only bonded by smoking  
trees  
Chronic, my tonic make you vomit for teamin up  
Bringin the drama, be blank comma blank comma  
Read it, singers get weeded, then conceded  
But you don't know the pain  
So watch how you feed it to me  
Chorus  
Verse Three:  
Comin with with the raw tech, strong like Gortex  
Rappers get more plex, as they make their name off all  
fetch  
and unrealistic, your neighbor crew know you're  
ballistic  
Your statistic ain't mystic, under that talk we know who  
is it  
So stay busy, keep touring  
Your hood is roaring, it's not a place for pussycats to  
be exploring  
Your plan lock it, you bandwagon just to start a rival  
Without skills you better check for your own survival  
And feel the pain rappers talk a good John Wayne but  
look stupid  
You be trying to play us like a groupie  
With your rap staff you riff and raff  
I listen and laugh, in town you down out of town you get  
sent ass  
And you don't know the pain...  
Chorus

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