

Clandestine**"P.A.I.N.E"**

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[Intro]

Motherfucking soft-ass niggaz out here
Motherfucking soft-ass niggaz out here
"It's 'bout to be on" -> The Lah
That talk lot of shit "'bout to bust" -> The Lah
"Underground street nigga Bumpy came" -> The Lah

[Verse One]

Hail, come on, hail
What you knocking in your tape-deck just my property
unknown forces think they stopping me
Here's some information; I'm god's child
meat, bones, blood in veins
And I bust til I can't mix, mud and brains
Someday I may be punished for the shit that I do
So crack the gates of hell, I might slide through
But I ain't staying I need to pay a visit to the man
That took my baby brother from the palm of my hand
I'm a menace to the public like too many B's
Overcome by rappers who pump too many trees
So I stand out like a white cop in Harlem
With two wrists in all means, that's what I call 'em
I'm a giant in a field of mice
We goretex his wife giving R & B rap niggaz short life
You wanna dance with a underground Puffy
Without niggaz around me that might wanna bust me
Sometimes I'm like a white man no trustee
Sometimes I'm like a black man thinking like a white
man
All you niggaz dis-gust me
Fuck who you are I don't care who you are
I'm the roundest nigga down here, square who you are
You want drama, you can get it!
scratch and Premier's down with it baby

[Chorus]

There's not a problem that I can't fix
All I need is my two four-fifths
And if you niggaz wantin trouble
I sure hold it double and I only aim straight for the
brain

It's the Preem and Bumpy
Bringin ya pain
Bringin ya pain
Bringin ya pain

[Verse Two]

It's the smackdown fuck the rockit all lot
I smack niggaz down who think they all that
All you rap niggaz cat fight, just wanna be seen
in the magazine, lip twisted lookin all mean
I got a heart like mean Joe Green
I run niggaz down and got paid for it, since sixteen
I'm a addict be in this thug shit is like nigga theme
And I can't stop smoking, I can't stop smoking
I'm like Rakim with hustles, No Jokin
If niggaz try to disrespect my melody I gun for the
felony
There's a whole lot of questions that really need
answers
Like; Who the fuck told you that your rhymestyle was
hot!?
You know when Biggie died? Who bust that shot?
Why is Sammy Bull still living and where the fuck is
Pac?
It's a raprace niggaz don't wanna see me rich
Catch twenty-two niggaz don't wanna see me flip
Cause I'm Billy Danze, Billy Clam, Lil' Fame
Jesse James, Madison Indama, I love like bitches
I'm a night time nigga, day riches
I won't even call a woulf for you niggaz
I bring gang bitches it's like order and take-out
You know you gon' get it
scratch and Premier's down with it baby!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I got a day in the morrow I got no regrets
I'm like the cigarette before cancer - hard to forget!
I'm start to the finish I don't like reason
Cause niggaz don't negotiate it's all about thieving
Time proofing that I ain't leaving until I'm gone
Put my last mic in my casket and then I won
Raps I repetate while rhymes back in '86
Rush it for the gods, bust it for the gods
You better get your camera out flip the moving ural
That don't carry one gun, I do that shit in plural
Yo Preem them niggaz think that I was a fake now
After the Shakedown still ain't catch no chroma
When Pedgie had beef I passed the lama
And told my nigga how if it get fit I'm fan like power

Sunshine and rain, good time and pain
Like a too tight cardiac watch Diamond Fraine
Duke signed his name got caught up in his lyrics
Now he's Ray Charles bustin his gun, blind in aim
I'm the black man and it's all with the bullet proof doors
With the two overhead cams paddle to the floor
I'm never satisfied in rude war
like a 350 pound nigga on an aeroplane, I want more!
scratch
"It's 'bout to be on"
You want beef you can get it
And Premier's down with it baby!

[Chorus](2x)

scratch
"It's 'bout to be on"

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