

## Cleopatra Stratan

### "Hide The Pain"

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(feat. Doc Well & G Money)

[Chorus]

I smoke the weed trying to hide the pain  
Spendin all my time, smoke my life away  
You can feel it inside, take a look in my eyes  
Can you feel the pain  
Mary Mary, take my pain away  
With struggle in time, spittin all over my face  
Take a look in my eyes, don't you dear look away  
Mary Jane maintains, tryin to heel my pain

[Romero New Mexico Lobo]

Kickin in the door with the double dawg pumped  
Shot gun trucha comin in people screamin  
And pushin and shovin I'm buggin I'm thugin and  
muggin  
Showin no love to you and my cousin now what [shut  
the fuck up]  
Bringin heat like an oven they call me no good for  
nothin  
I'm always huffin and puffin about to get into some thin  
And if you startin I'm jumpin in the Cliko I'm bumpin it  
New Mexico Lobo I ain't the fool to be fuckin wit  
Ignitin like dynamite my beat is automaticly  
An automatic ak-47 ain't no stoppin me  
Got the chronic got a problem G  
I'm Romero like rufetho I'ma always be on top of things  
I put the chronic in the bowl take a mothafuckin pull  
Like a mothafuckin fool like a mystery know who  
I'm a lobo I'm a rebel I'm an angel I'm a devil  
I'ma norte I'ma sur on the eastside of the west  
If you wish me all the best, I'ma keep you in the chest  
See you see me all depressed, see you see me smokin  
stress  
See you see a lobo blessed I was never nothin more I  
was never nothin less  
Put my life on the beat comin live from the streets I'ma  
fill me up a drink  
Take a toast to the very up most gettin weeded til I'm  
comatoast

Mary Mary all I needed I'm a get you blown home grown  
All my road dawgs know that I give it all I got  
Always blowin out the spot, 4:20 on the dot  
Time to fire up a crop, everybody puffin on it when I'm  
blazin up the chronic non stop  
So I'ma hit on the drop, hold it in, let it out, I'm so  
mothafuckin high  
That I'm bleedin from the mouth, wrap my tongue up  
on the mic  
I'ma smoke away my life tryin to hide from the pain

[Chorus]

[Bad Boy]

Smokin some weed on the daily waiting for the death  
says  
Since the 80's, I lived in a crib full of babies  
Left in the dark was a spark in the park  
Walkin with a strap, with no where to go, Mary  
Mary Jane, helped me to ease the pain  
And maintain the gank to stay game  
Started hustlin the dope to change and make thangs  
Stop fuckin with the hoes, get up and get paid, homie  
Get made, I got me a weapon to spray, I was lost for a  
day  
Walkin the street with a heat and some hay  
And ended up locked in a cage, like a slave  
Caught in a daze, funny as fuck you could say  
I got out and got blazed, took a turn lookin up how to  
change  
Was tellin a Bad Boy not to play  
But Mary Jane along with the nuts to get brave  
And the hopes to get saved  
Got me a name and a gang I would kill for  
Takin my bull shit to the grave  
Nothin but 7 0 2 blues, troops in a 82 Coup Duece  
Gotta move, my attitude's screwed  
Gotta get me some weed to get me through  
Smokin with nothin to do, writtin and rappin and shit  
It ain't nothin new, livin and waitin til death do us part  
For my dreams to come true [Say it again]  
Smokin with nothin to do, writtin and rappin and shit  
It ain't nothin new, livin and waitin til death do us part  
For my dreams to come true

[Chorus]

From Tropicana to Bonanza  
I'm attackin mothafuckas like certain form of deadly  
cancer  
With a handgun throwin tamtrums

When I go more then a day without talkin to samson  
Like Halfbaked, I'm smokin at a fast pace  
On a mothafuckin blunt of that California Skunk  
In an instance so you know I'ma get stuck  
And you're gonna get struct cause I'm drunk and don't  
give a fuck  
Roll another I'm already done with the first  
You dodn't really feel the pain you just pretend that it  
hurts  
You haven't the slightest idea on how the planet works  
There's way more to life then what you can read in a  
book  
Chasin skirts and buyin new shirts and puttin D's on  
your shit  
I come equipt with a full 380 calibur clip  
You ain't gotta be a doctor to see that I'm sick  
A bitch ain't gotta know I'm rappin to get on the dick  
But it sure as fuck helps  
Especially when I'm locked up in the county with no  
money for bail  
I'm Don Well, I rock well, my eternal restin place is hell  
I don't care to play fair  
Fuck the world and everybody on it  
I'm so god damn bored with life that I'm yawnin  
I don't even see the sun dawnin  
Infact I'm pissed off when I wake up  
Because I lived to see the mornin  
Fuck it hits longer then a cigarette  
I live my life by the second with no regret  
Like Rodney I swear I get no respect  
From this dumb mothafuckas before they get checked  
On their chins, now they chasin death  
Fuck runnin from it I feel haunted by the general public  
They love critizin people like me who stay blunted  
Chain smoke and drink liquor all night livin toxic

[Chorus]

[Ese Brown]

Ese Brown steppin in with the Click and we already in  
the game  
Loco to the brain comin with the gang bang  
Voco it's the mothafuckin local boys  
Makin noise with your homie boys, Clika 1 up in their  
low toys  
And we're makin more noise like hood niggas in a rolls  
royace  
Only becomin a street voice, spit the rhyme wit the  
gangsta poise  
And my closest homeboys are criminal minded wit no  
choice

Take a tok and get the fuck out, spillin your guts out  
No heart no doubt, I'm in the Caddy gettin smoke out  
With the loks on, and I'm probably coked out  
Should I bring out with the gun shot shit  
Why not, never listen to words in my verses  
I was cursed to be the worst from the first day  
The vato bursted from the bullets I gave him in the first  
place  
Never disrespect the name, Clika 1 to the brain  
Same things with the Mary Jane to maintain  
Fuck the shame I'm gonna swallow the pain  
To the brain with the 40 bottle exchange  
Bullets are hollow we ain't promised tomorrow  
So why bother, crooked paths are hard to follow  
When street life is hard to swallow  
Light that shit up

[Chorus]

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