

Clicka One "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 Clika I'm bumpin it
New Mexico Lobo I ain't the fool to be fuckin wit
Ignitin like dynamite my beat is automicly
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 didn'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, Klika 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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