

## Ice-T "Pain"

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Deuce, deuce revolver was my problem solver  
Had a def girl, really didn't wanna involve her  
In the life of a gangster, use to rob bankster  
But now I'm locked up, I'm just a punk low rankster

Jail cells know me too damn well  
Seems like I've built on Earth my own personal hell  
No matter how high I climbed, somehow I always fell  
I guess a lot of players got this story to tell  
No matter how cold you roll, you simply cannot win  
It's always fun in the beginning but pain in the end

Pain, pain, pain, pain

Organized crimer, big trouble finder  
In and out of institutions, ever since I was a minor  
But now I'm on the bricks, deep in the mix  
Crime smarts searching hard for some new street  
tricks

I think I'll join a gang, sling a little cane  
Put a beeper on my belt and get myself a name  
Fresh sneakers, silk shirts, 24-7 work  
Nine to five to survive, you gotta be a jerki

I clock two grand a day, yet I was born to play  
Who me at Micky Dee's? It wouldn't work, no way  
I'm a big money haver but not the last laugher  
For me infamy makes me no autographer

Custody haunts my dreams, nightmares of capture  
Paranoid of surveillance, phobia of cameras  
My banks bigger but so are my fears  
Past records proved players live limited years

But I'm unlike the rest, known to be the best  
Fast money, true wealth my eternal quest  
I hustle all night long, there ain't no gain in rest  
12 gauge close range, bloods on my chest

I looked into his face, I thought he was my friend  
My boy had me set up, this wound would never mend

No matter who you trust, you simply cannot win  
It's always fun in the beginning but it's pain in the end

Pain, pain, pain, pain

Gold rope wearer, neighborhood terror  
Can't hang around my mother 'cause she says I scare  
her  
Got a light sunburn from too much pool side sittin'  
Cordless phone keeps me on 'cause there ain't no  
quittin'

Mind's in a money mode, seems like it should explode  
Girlies on my jammie, got a female overload  
Young street messiah, professional liar  
19 gotta Benz, 21 I'll retire

Crazy money, it ain't funny, suckers lovin' my jock  
But there's some people at my door that didn't even  
knock  
Task force boomin', doggin' my crib out, can't shout  
F.B.I. got a gun in my mouth

Threw me on the floor, called my girl a whore  
Pulled ten G's out my mattress and was lookin' for  
more  
Cracked my safe with an axe, then illed out to the max  
When they seem my money kickin' it in twenty G stacks

Booked me on ten counts, with bails of different  
amounts  
The charges stuck like glue, some that I couldn't  
pronounce  
They threw my ass the book, my life wa surely took  
And then they gave my girl, ten years for hangin' out  
with a crook

She played the game herself, fast lane quick wealth  
No respect for the law or the city's health  
The sweat of hustlers greed is not reserved for men  
It's always fun in the beginning but it's pain in the end

Pain, pain, pain, pain, pain

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