

## Ja Rule

### "So Much Pain(feat. 2Pac)"

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[Ja Rule]

Rest in peace to my nigga Stretch, my nigga 'Pac  
So much pain

Uhh.. yeah, huh, yeah  
All my, niggas.. so much pain  
Uhh.. huh, yeah  
Yeah, so.. much..

Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh  
Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh

[Ja Rule]

They'll never take me alive, I'm gettin high with my fo'-  
five  
Cocked on these niggaz time to die  
Even as a lil' nigga, you could picture me hot gun in the  
rain  
I shed the tear, cause this nigga here inherits the pain  
And now I'm labeled as a thug nigga - you know the  
game  
Smokin weed, fuckin hoes, slangin thangs, that's the  
life I live  
Even if I tried to go back I'd get lost (come back)  
And everything I seem to love I done lost  
Fuck the world if they can't understand me  
What else could I do? I had to feed my fuckin family  
Yo' lies is my truth, so I'm a drug to your youth  
And you don't want 'em nowhere near me, now that  
they can hear me  
I spits razors, never been a stranger to homicide  
My city's full of tote-slangers and chalk lines  
Why do we die at an early age?  
Nigga so young, but still a victim of a twelve-gauge  
Feel the rage this world has bestowed upon me  
And I don't give a fuck 'cause they don't give a fuck  
'bout me  
So I keep - drinkin Hennessy, bustin at my enemies  
Will I live to see twenty-three? There's so much pain

[Chorus]

Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh  
I'm tired of the strain and the pain (so much pain)  
Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh  
I'm tired of the strain and the pain

[Ja Rule]

Years and years of strugglin all my life  
Runnin wild as a kid, grew up blazin 'em right  
I'm in a - little cell I call my soul lately  
It's been a - givin me hell and my heart is screamin,  
"Don't enter"  
I've been cursed, for what it's worth I feel dead  
Spittin to you, I know I'm in way over my head  
But Lord hear me, I believe in your "7 Day Theory"  
Three souls done sent this whole world teary (can you  
hear me?)  
Too hot for you to stand near me  
It's so much pain, and niggaz wanna kill me  
I'm tired of the stress and the strain  
But my, grimiest grimeys got love for me  
They're blazin, sendin shotguns up above for me  
My face in, Hennessy with no chaser  
Coke rises on every way in - keep us hustlin nigga  
Me and my man got a plan to get this paper nigga  
So if you owe nigga, look for the gauge to blow nigga  
I figured I'd be considered a killer  
Doin crime excited my mind and leadin the blind  
I, can't express my compassion, my satisfaction  
for gettin fucked up and blastin - we all been there  
Taught from young to shoot, show no fear and lie  
And wipe the tears from yo' mother's eyes - so much  
pain

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

("They'll never take me alive..." -> [2Pac])  
Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh  
I'm tired of the strain and the pain  
("They'll never take me alive..." -> [2Pac])  
Oohhhh, tired of the strain and the pain  
("They'll never take me alive..." -> [2Pac])  
I'm tired of the strain and the pain  
("They'll never take me alive..." -> [2Pac])  
Oooooohhhhhh, nooooooooooooo  
("Cocked on these suckers, time to die" -> [2Pac])

[2Pac]

They got me mobbin like I'm - loc'd and ready to get  
my slug on  
I load my clip and slip my motherfuckin gloves on  
I ain't scared to blast on these suckers if they test me

Trust, I got my glock cocked, playa if they press me  
Bust on motherfuckers with a - PASSION  
Better duck 'cause I ain't lookin when I'm - BA-BLASTIN  
I'm a nut and drinkin Hennessy  
And gettin high on the lookout for my enemies  
Don't wanna die, tell me why?  
Cause the stress gettin major  
A buck-fifty 'cross the face with my razor  
What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone  
I keep my brain on the game and stay headstrong  
These sorry bastards wanna kill me in my sleep  
I'm real they can not see  
And everyday is just a struggle, steady thuggin on the  
streets  
And I be, ballin loc, don't let 'em make you worry  
Keep swingin at these suckers 'til you buried  
I was born to raise - hell, a nigga from the gutter, word  
to mother  
I'm tough - I'm kickin dust up, ready to bust  
I'm on the scene steady muggin mean; until they kill  
me  
I'll be livin this life, I know you feel me There's so much  
pain [Chorus - repeat 2X w/ variations] Ooooohhhhh,  
pain

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