

Joe Budden

"Pain In His Life"

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It's like a lose/lose already my rep ruined
How I beat dude, we know he'll accept losing
Underachiever was an underachiever
Almost thought that you would come with the Ether
I know he got niggas in his camp like "spaz on him",
gassin him, bafflin him
Real talk, some don't wanna see ya
That Scram shit will put both hands around ya neck
Said you betta get ya head fucked from under the
cleaver
I'm the one that'll beast ya
You got a gut feeling you hot, I think you can't stomach
a fever
Can't think of why a wack nigga want it with me for
I leave my mark on you like it's one of ya features
Ask how I it feel to have Maino's face
I'm way ahead man, this ain't no race
Stop playing, im the bomb with the pen
I'm more like a bomb with no pin
How the fuck is Saigon gonna win?
He a loss of interest
Talking bout my son is senseless
So I make sure the dude can't see, smell or hear
Can't touch, can't taste, now he defenseless
Cuz ain't a bullet in this world you can bench press
Speak Tahiri, ima speak Austin
The one that'll suck ya dick if you flossin
Game old bitch that everybody was tossin
The one that you literally begged for that abortion
So we both gone wild, see we both love hoes guess
thats our style
But Sai if you think it's different my nigga you goin
senile
I just kiss mine and yours is the mother of ya child
BLAUH! Shots peel at ya entourage
Nigga couldn't get a deal on Entourage
How is it harder to be me?
If I lose in real life? But you can't even win on TV
Me I'm probably iller, probably wit gorillas in ya lobby
with the shotti and chinchillas
You a rapper or a bodybuilder?

I'll have him in the E.R. with Doc trying to put him back
together like a bodybuilder
Please tell me why dude Just Blaze signed
Can't even get a bassline outta bassline
Look at the new kid sounding stupid
Nigga I made Just more money than you did
The nerve of the loser
Keep trying to hide weak ass bars behind the work of
producers
In the word of computers, is he M.I.A.
Cuz he been fell off like Yung Berg on the scooter
So him and his bas' flow need to lay low
Couple red lights will ruin his whole stage show
And put him on my payroll
How he's a Yardfather when I'm dictating where the
grave go?
Been years, he's taking L's still
Turtle couldn't help him, maybe a shell will
Don't look like a winner to me
It's more meal to a pitchfork, you lookin like a dinner to
me
Plus ya diss track sound like a beginner to me
Ya whole shine's like a dimmer to me
Fight who nigga?
You betta know how we get it in Jerz
Velcro his tongue, hope dude stick to his word
Nigga you'll be in an ally covered
And you don't love the kids, you just wanna make us
think that you Sally Struthers
I'll pit you with the worse kind of men
Dudes who become everything they condemn
You'd think that jail learned him a lesson
Until he bragged bout everything he learned in jail
Nah, I don't think his struggle is lackin
He did a long bid, came home and had trouble with
that then
Afraid of adulthood, has trouble relaxin
No choices, had to try his hustle at rapping
Here's a jewel, maybe you should put ya first disc out
on Amazon
Before you go fronting when the camera on
And the poor fans kept the hope
But prison was the only place he was next to blow
So he calls me a fag like he homophobic
Cuz they had him on his knees like "homo, hold it!"
Run around, he screamin "O don't poke it"
It's a small world, how you think Joe don't know it?
Guess there's where the lies get deeper
Cuz he went in a tight end and came out a wide
receiver
There's bones in ya closet that you can't hide

Ya fans know you went to jail, me I know why
Sai, you ain't broilic enough
Somebody better play third wheel and try to stop the
fuck
Cuz I'll put it in 5th gear, like who he gonna threaten
next?
Fill his whole body with metal, now he Weapon X
Had the upper hand from go
Shirt always off, how does it feel D'Angelo to get naked
like a down hooker?
My dudes outta town 'll book ya
Ya whole gangsta's brown sugar
With no point to his vlog, had the world waiting
Flexing for ten minutes like he had a girl tape him
Just co-signed for you said you had a classic
Now he got no time for you, wrote you off on taxes
Now he lonely, vulnerable lookin soft
Tried to help him, I been in his shoes, I just took 'em off
To put it simply, how could he offend me?
I can teach 'em how to live real major on an indie
So picture dude upsetting me
Stop complaining and take control of your own fucking
destiny
He blames radio, blames Atlantic
Craig Kalman, but I can't blame 'em they panicked
Nobody scared he's like hockey, retired for a minute,
came back and nobody cared
So for me to take this serious homes
Get Mook, Loaded Lux, Jin maybe Serious Jones
To help write your shit, make it brand and new
If not look for the nation who abandoned you
Be mad at yourself and ask yourself
You know I'm a rap giant, why Plax yourself?
Dude went ahead, axed himself
He cut off his nose to spite his face, Mike Jacked
himself
Bryan, how the fuck you think lesser of me?
When you easily the lesser MC
Thought it'd be fun but that's deaded to me
This point im battling my own perception trying to beat
what's expected of me
Nino Bless said you was a bull too
But im in widescreen, I aint see that ful view
I know how ya hoe ass felt
Make it so you can't eat, put an extra hole in that belt
Ain't a gain in site
Cocoa Chanel ain't the only nigga that'll put a pain in
his life
Dead weight, get ya head straight
Cut the track off, listen to ya thoughts, checkmate.

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