

Cappadonna

"Pain Is Love (Feat. Lounge Mode & Solomon...)"

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F/ Lounge Mode, Solomon Childs

[Chorus: Cappadonna]

Pain is love, that's what this nigga told me
I keep washin' my face with blunts and O.E
Mix coke with dust, still can hold me
What made ya muthafuckas think you control me?

[Lounge Mode]

Staten Island been wildin', so Osama's nothing
And my niggaz out in Brooklyn said Saddam was
frontin'
Gotta squad, what you think, it ain't no guns or
something?
Picture Me Rollin', holdin' less than a one or somethin'
You fake faggots, yeah we got that big automatic
Like, Bruce Willis and the Jackal type, yeah, right
You wanna see it? Then get on my nerves
Oh you live, and I'm gettin' money spit on my curb
In the hood where it get no harder, only tougher
Crack fiends suffer, baby moms, baby brother
Hustlin', still forty off a hundred packs
I'd rather lounge in the back of the bar
Me and my dog throw crack in the jar
Listen to this rap star, while I sit back in the car
And I told ya'll niggaz how the Staten rock
We don't, trick on chicks, yo we clap them shots
You get caught if you ask a lot, like you don't know
And where you at, then ya ass is got

[Chorus]

[Solomon Childs]

We bringin' back the Twin Towers, 20-0-3, crack game
electronic
Conceived with slow jams by The Delfonics
At a level that you should of been years ago
Responsible usually for coke traffic, usually for broken
bone tragic
Rest in peace, to Mayor Guliani's term
They say I'm wrong, shit
I'm try'nna see 26, with my daughters at the Emmy

Awards

All around the ball glowin', they got the weed flow
droughted
Or maybe niggaz in the hood just ain't 'bout it
Talkin' Hercules, and ain't nothin' but dog food
Staten Island, New York City drools
Crazy glue on my fingerprints
Name on the concrete of my hood, what's really good?
Vendetta's with these rap stars
Frontin' like this crime and the pet is they cars
Believe I was God in my last life
What if it was your knife? What if they was your gloves,
nigga..

[Chorus]

[Cappadonna]

Aiyo, I came into this game on some real love shit
And ya'll bitch ass niggaz, ya'll wanted me to quit
Because the way I dress I'll and the way that I spit
But I ain't never gon' stop, droppin' these joints
And ya'll fake ass niggaz, ya'll ain't gettin' no points
Don't try to sabotage me, cuz you just can't do it
You had me in the Square, last year, but you blew it
Big Donna from the group home, that's my word
Splash shots at your whip, splash shots at your bird
Leave your brains and your Gucci boots up on the curb
Pillage for life, Allah's will be the most superb
Smoke weed with the cannon, smoke the herb
So bow down, all you crab ass clowns you can't live
My gun's on empty, but it's more shots to give
I pop you like a slave cop, run in your crib
Throw darts at your wife, throw darts at your kid
Leave your house flooded with hits like O.J. did
Escapin' the crime scene and you love how I slid

[Chorus]

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