

C-Bo

"No Pain No Gain"

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Now it's on, flip me at '7-8 Coupe
Reds, hydraulics, duece, representin the do
And you can trip if ya wanna, but, boy, you be's a
Goner
Leavin bloody footprints from Sacramento to Palmona
I'm a dog when it come to this gangsta shit
A young hog from the block and never shrank to fit
Roll with the Hoovers and the E-C's, avalon watchin L-
B's
Compton, Track New Park, the S-P-C's
Bakersfield, Fresno, Seven Trees
Duece nine outlies N-S-G's
My Bgz got to trippin when the homey got soaked
When they heard about the shootout that *?I so?*
called
For Bo-Loc
As I ride, ride til I die
Best to hide, nigga, when I hit your block
I bring death on the suckers when my Glock is cocked
I got hops in my Coupe, a pocket full of loot
And it don't matter who start to funk when you're ridin
With the do
We just handle that shit like the locs that we is
Hit them niggas quick, fuck the bitches and the kids
Split wigs, watch graves get digged
Representin to the fullest, Guard Block Crib
Niggas wanna trip, well eat hollow tips
Never could you hang with my gang, no pain, no gain

Chorus:

Hoo-ride, mass slaughter, murder
Madmen, deadliest lyrical server
There is no higher, they gets no curver
Get em up close range, empty fullies and get further
repeat

Who got that gangsta, gangsta shit?
It be the niggas who got the biggest nuts and the gat
That packs the
Fullest clip
Gotta have more chips than a grab bag full of Doritos

Keep your bitch broken, make sure your pockets stay

Full of C-notes

Hardcore gangsta, fillin out a 20 year old nut
Gotta keep composure, puffin doja and it got me stuck
I'm down your strip, hopin I can pull a lick
Got an extra clip in case I have to zip a nigga's lip
Oh yes, my Dayna's look quite lovely
Pull up on your bitch's pit while you and your crew try
To mug me
Huffin and puffin like, daddy
Gotcha ridin out eight-deep in your '96 Caddy
You tried to fuck but could do nothin but make my dick
Hard
You tried to dump so I had to creep and pull your whole
Card
Ya best respect or get checked by the Smith & Wess
Fuck a vest, hollows hit harder than a math test

Chorus

I never stop bringin pain, it's difficult for haters
Never spit game, the same speakers are our greatest
Make ya take your last breath, fuck it, where my
Payment?
I'm blazin up doja, this soldier regulate your
Statement
Some niggas is bangin, some niggas' just about the
cash
Some flatline snitches miss me, look up on ass
I avoid the drama, tricks never to be toy with
Get as high as you want, irrelevant who you fuck with
Eight off, ran from the lead, cock the buck shit
You're whole mouthpiece spillin discharge, to verify we
Hit hard
Women do these timbos
Mind style missions, puttin the mashdown on nymphos
My son, labelled the Funky Nigga, plugs wit everybody
That's sittin on dividends, we filin down fully pants
Rapidly goin down, ain't comin back around
Release rounds, just terrorize your town

Chorus

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