

## **P. Diddy** **"Pain \*"**

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[Puff Daddy In Child's Voice]

Uncle Puffy?

Can you read us a bedtime story, please?

Huh? Please?

[Puff Daddy]

Alright check this out right here

Woke up smoked up, broked up  
What I had left and rolled up, lit it  
Had a shorty that I brought home, hit it  
Sent her on her way, I got no time today  
(Yo, I'mma call you next week, aight?)  
With all this work I got no time to play (OK)  
Cash come and go, and I want mine to stay  
Alot of these fake cats won't mind the day  
I get an unfair play, then the stairway  
That's why I'm like TWA, the airway  
Niggas wantin' to believe what they heard through  
hear-say  
Hopin', but forget it  
Check the mail, it's a letter from jail, from Hoboken  
I open and I read it, it said

[G-Dep]

What da deal son?

It's ya nigga Teals in the field, and it's real son

I'mma have to steal one

Caught up on the run with a gun

Can't walk with it down then you can't conceal one

What to do?

I don't know if ya knew, that kid, True?

Up in 1-2-2, he plottin' to get you

I hear he's due

You just do what need doin'

Let's not forget these niggas could bleed too , one

[Puffy]

OK, good

Those cats don't keep it real as they should

Heard they don't pay good

Stand around all day wishin' they could

But this green fufills they dreams  
They ain't a team  
Answering machine on screen  
Phone rings, it was Arlene from Queens  
Head was mean, had a head for schemes  
Told her she get head to see me  
But she play her hand proper, nothin' can stop her

[Female]

Hey yo, what up Playboy?  
I'm out in Saint Croix  
With sun cats that say they real  
But they toys  
I heard ya doin' it though  
And you in the flow  
Some niggas wanna ruin ya show?  
What up, yo?  
Whathchu want a rich shot up on his block?  
Or I could leave him in his bed dead, with his dick  
robbed

[Puffy]

Na Boo, I'mma show you how I do  
Just hit me when you get up top  
But come on through (Aight)

Now I'm doin' inventory  
Guns, clips, vest, bullets  
So when I pull it, it's the end of story  
Leadin' my men to glory  
Then get shorty to hold a pound for me  
I know she down for me  
Yeah, sneak up on 'em like a car thief  
These niggas mad cause it's my party  
And my Benz is wide-bodied  
Despise me, like the feds despise Ghotti  
That I kill for a hobby and lay in your lobby  
So try me, go 'head and take a bite  
Might as well say good night  
Try to put me in the dark, I don't take it light  
Now if it's wrong, make it right  
Not tommorow, tonight  
They barkin', I know the bite  
Jumped in the B-N-Z  
Niggas gonna see the E-N-D fuckin' with me  
See, I knew he was a snake out the ground  
Make me wanna call my man rock and break out the  
hounds  
Take it to the pier where you can't make out the sounds  
Thoughts in my head goin' 'round, it's goin' down  
Pull up to his block, I'mma put it to his knock

But, I don't see him, wouldn't wanna be in town  
Ride around for a minute  
Thinkin' 'bout the pain that Hell brings  
Interrupted by a cell ring  
Yeah yeah

[Female]Hey Boo come and get me, I'm here  
[Puffy]Where?  
[Female]Teterboro

Give me a few  
It was like I flew  
But it felt kinda strange, it was like I knew  
Pulled up around 2, late like I do  
With the urge to bug  
She gave me a nervous hug  
And when I heard the slugs  
What I saw in the blur was thugs  
Tryin' to soak my fur with blood  
Dropped to the curb and ducked  
Pulled out the fifth, duck behind a car  
Like "How I'm gon' get out this shit?"  
These niggas don't know what they about to get  
A one way ticket to Hell in my gun jail  
Bust my gun at three and one fell  
The other two, waitin' to see what I'mma do

[G-Dep]  
Hope you brought your arms  
'cause you're gonna need 'em to hold me

[Puffy]  
Peeped around the car slowly  
Then I let 'em have the whole wheat  
Man there's six million ways to die  
And you chose me, but I'm an OG  
And in the distance is police  
I'm still bustin', tryin' to kill something  
And I can't hide the fact that I peeled something  
I feel this thing, like in a minute I won't feel a thing  
The two cats jumped in the blue Ac'  
I fired one shot, they fired two back  
They murked off in the night  
I get them fools back, man they ain't seen the last of  
me  
But I'm bleeding rapidly  
Shot up in the stomach and that wasn't how it had to be  
Heartbeat failin', car alarm wailin'  
Couldn't walk straight then the firearm failed  
Now I'm thinkin' how this bitch played me  
Then I faded

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