

T Ice

"Pain"

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Deuce deuce revolver was my problem solver

Had a def girl really didn't wanna involve her

In the life of a gangster use to rob bankster

But now I'm locked up I'm just a punk low rankster

Jail cells know me too damn well

Seems like I've built on earth my own personal hell

No matter how high I climbed somehow I always fell

I guess a lot of players got this story to tell

No matter how cold you roll you simply cannot win

It's always fun in the beginning

But pain in the end

Pain (x4)

Organized crimer, big trouble finder

In and out of institutions ever since I was a minor

But now I'm on the bricks, deep in the mix

Crime smarts searching hard for some new street
tricks

I think I'll join a gang, sling a little cane

Put a beeper on my belt and get myself a name

Fresh sneakers, silk shirts, 24/7 work

Nine to five to survive, you gotta be a jerki

I clock two grand a day,yet I was born to play
Who me at micky dee's?It wouldn't work,no way
I'm a big money haver but not the last laugher
For me infamy makes me no autographer
Custody haunts my dreams,nightmares of capture
Paranoid of surveillance,phobia of cameras
My banks bigger,but so are my fears
Past records proved players live limited years
But I'm unlike the rest,know to be the best
Fast money,true wealth my eternal quest
I hustle all night long,there ain't no gain in rest
12 gauge close range,bloods on my chest
I looked into his face,I thought he was my friend
My boy had me set up,this wound would never mend
No matter who you trust,you simply cannot win
It's always fun in the beginning
But it's pain in the end
Pain (x4)
Gold rope wearer,neighborhood terror
Can't hang around my mother 'cause she says I scare
her
Got a light sunburn from too much pool-side sittin'
Coroless phone keeps me on 'cause there ain't no
quittin'
Mind's in a money mode,seems like it should explode
Girlies on my jammie,got a female overload
Young street messiah,professional liar

19 gotta Benz,21 I'll retire

Crazy money it ain't funny,suckers lovin' my jock

But there's some people at my door that didn't even knock

Task force boomin',doggin' my crib out,can't shout

F.B.I. got a gun in my mouth!

Threw me on the floor,called my girl a whore

Pulled ten G's out my mattress and was lookin' for more

Cracked my safe with an axe,then illed out to the max

When they seem my money kickin' it in twenty G stacks

Booked me on ten counts,with bails of different amounts

The charges stuck like glue,some that I couldn't pronounce

They threw my ass the book,my life wa surely took

And then they gave my girl

Ten years for hangin' out with a crook

She played the game herself,fast lane quick wealth

No respect for the law or the city's health

The sweat of hustlers greed is not reserved for men

It's always fun in the beginning

But it's pain in the end

Pain (x5)

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