

Yung Ro

"What You Know About Pain"

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[Talking:]

Yung Ro, dig these blues black
One hundred, you gotta do ya math you know I'm
saying
Some niggaz just don't add up, some shit just don't
add up
Keep your math straight, look

[Yung Ro:]

Now where I come from you never know, what these
people up to
Do the math on my life, and see what it equals up to
No cash plus my situation, equaled that
And that plus access to guns, equalled that
Now multiply that, times the power of greed
Pain on my mind, plus killa ass weed
Now you see I'm dealing with, fucked up mathematics
Adding up negatives, blindly subtracting
But something gotta change, cause I'm striving and
struggling
Could be a magician, you see these problems I'm
juggling
It's hard but I'm thugging, I'ma do it to my grave
Third Coast born, and I'm Texas raised
I got Texas ways, cause I'm a nigga bout my cash
By any mean necessary, plus I need it fast
Put a bullet in your ass, if it's for the right price
A calm nigga in the day, a cold killer at night
And it ain't right I know it, but a nigga gotta eat
And it's the same for me, that's why I'm packing my
heat
But I bet you won't get to, your stash for your piece
Cause when I catch you I'ma let you, have it in your
teeth
And I don't really ever think, you niggaz heard of my
kind
Cause I don't really think you know, that I got murder
on my mind
And most rappers name theyself, the streets gave me
my name
Call me Mr. Nobody, fuck that Mr. Pain

[Talking:]

Ha, you niggaz ain't ready for the real (scared of the real)

I'm coming (niggaz scared of the real), beware

Nobody, you can't be what you can't see

(It's the real), niggaz scared of the real

They fold under pressure, if they felt the pain I feel

What you know about pain nigga, what you know about pain

(The real), niggaz scared of the real

They fold under pressure, if they felt the pain I feel

What you know about pain, what you know about pain

[Yung Ro:]

You better back-back, pay attention Ro will hurt ya

And I don't fuck with newcomers, keep my love in a circle

Cause see I know my situation, and the way it got me thinking

And you worse off than me, it ain't no telling what you thinking

But if you try to fuck me, I'ma be the first to attack

In silence, cause I ain't got roo, for another stab in my back

My nigga pain hurts, and you can tell it when I bleed

The blood coming out my wounds, says hate jealousy and greed

Dear Lord, look what they doing to your soldier down here

Believe in faith in the sky, but hope is over down here

We blowing doja down here, we ain't sober down here

Young niggaz too, we all looking older down here

We way colder down here, you can make it a bet

Stick out like a true sherm head, after it take it's effect
Zombies, sharmed out off wet

Dip it light it inhale it, one hell of a cause and effect

And when niggaz need cash, you better lock your do's

Get a gun motherfucker, if you can't get fold

Cause ain't no love in these streets, these boys wired up

No loyalty no love, they just don't give a fuck

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