

Ikay "Bars Of Pain"

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Intro

Uh, yea, eh
You feel me?
This straight from my heart homie!
Cry Nation all day,
For real, you know,
Life can be such a burden, every day struggling,
If you're going through it, this one is for you,
Don't give up, gotta keep ya head up yo, just keep
going,
For real,
Uh, yea, uh, yeah!

Verse 1

Straight out the burning flames, Lifestyle da name,
Only eight when my life got merged with pain,
Still searching for the urge to change,
Mama told me not to curse in vain,
Watch the words you're saying,
Life's a bitch, Ask Kurt Cobain,
Lil homie cut his wrist till da nurses came,
Strange!
Don't be foolish, feel my pain through my music,
You da reason why I do this,
Shine for da meek, Ride for da streets,
Getting high as we speak,
Mama still stressed, she cry in her sleep, uh!
Born Jamaican,
Hardship plaguing my nation,
So I hitch a ride to America, Dipping immigration,
Hustled on da slave ship to see us all make it,
Latin chicks with cute faces, saw em all naked, uh!
When I die there's no heaven nor hell, dead is dead,
So get ya bread, and don't stress ya head.

Chorus

Listen to my bars of pain, only scars remain,
Now I'm free from ya bars and chains,
So I ball, this calls for change,

Hustled hard in the pouring rain,
Da struggle drive da poor insane,
I'm so fly, so high like a soaring plane,
Ghetto kids got hopes for fame,
Keep ya head up, get ya bread up... Keep focus man,
Yea, uh, yeah.

Verse 2

My flow so heaven sent,
Speech so eloquent,
Cry Nation president,
This is my regiment,
Been through the pain, my scars are my evidence,
Flossing in the Range, da balling never ends,
Reminiscing bout my past days,
Five years back on da block struggling all day,
Sold weed in da hall way,
Mom got furious,
Da streets got me curious,
Me and Zala making rounds, can't nobody fool wit us,
Do business like a soldier,
Whipe da dirt off my shoulders,
Got my holster while gaining my composure,
Gon ride till it's over,
Word to Zala, word to Jennings, word to Craig, word to
Nico,
Dem cops wanna stick us, wanna clip us,
Ya'll my niggaz and I love you like my brother,
Send flowers to my mother,
Cuz da streets could have had us when times are the
saddest,
I'm so stellar, so clever,
I'm far from ya average rapper, I'm so better.

Chorus

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Ghetto kids got hopes for fame,
Keep ya head up, get ya bread up... Keep focus man,
Yea, uh, yeah.

Verse 3

So real, so timid,
Money to be made, I'm so in it,

Success... I'm soaked in it,
I'm so finish,
Hop in da Benz with four ho's in it,
Holding it down cuz there's no limit, no gimmicks,
My soul's in it,
Every day I write a write a rhyme,
Look how I survived da times,
Da streets need powerful minds,
Watch me go for mines,
My life's in a rap form,
Nas paved da platform,
I'm thankful, just wanna rap for him, clap for him,
I'm here to flow for for dem hustlas, give hope to da
babies,
Take da dough from da greedy, give da dough to da
ladies,
Be ya soldier I promise,
On da block is where you find us,
This beat is so timeless,
Yo Todd, where you find this?
Got me feeling supersonic,
Gotta puff on da chronic,
Till that spliff done vanish,
Now I'm feeling astonished,
I can't stand it,
Why dem niggaz from da hood don't value their family,
Now da streets is in panic.

Chorus

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I'm so fly, so high like a soaring plane,
Ghetto kids got hopes for fame,
Keep ya head up, get ya bread up... Keep focus man,
Yea, for real.

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