

Ikay "Tired Of Pain"

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Verse 1

These niggaz listen to nothing I say,
They can't see da struggle I face,
They only see da trouble I make,
Like da ten pounds of weed I smuggled up state,
They say I don't respect life but it's just da hustle I
hate,
To survive in this game called life, you gotta have
muscle and faith,
They say I'm heading for da top with this song,
I'm hot wit this song,
Da streets gon love me for this one,
How can a kid be this fun,
Don't get it twisted,
Don't be mad that a nigga wit a flow like this existed,
Nigga I'm gifted,
My rhyme is tight and da time is right,
For me to blow up and shine tonight,
My girl lookin fine tonight,
Dressed in grey and white,
She's beggin me to stay the night,
So I can lay the pipe,
All because my game is tight,
Ikay's da name,
I'm here to change da game,
I pit in work, da nigga got paid, all of a sudden here
comes da fame,
But it still pours whenever it rains,

Hook 1

Come on, come on!
Lifestyle up in this,
Come on, come on!
Who else got a flow like this,
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
Uh, yea, uh!

Verse 2

We keep it gangster from Monday to Sunday,

Kids on da block, exposed to gun play,
We live life da wrong way, just to get da sun to shine
for one day,
Niggaz gon die when da kids go hungry,
They rock da white TÂ's,
They ainÂ't afraid to kill you for a pair of Nikies,
I look at life as just a strife,
For now IÂ'm alright till dem cops come and violate my
rights,
Shit ainÂ't nice,
IÂ'm tired of being criticized,
Tired of being seen as a punk in these niggaz eyes,
IÂ'm petrified,
How many times IÂ've contemplated homicide,
So many niggaz die,
Call me crazy,
IÂ'm like da flavor to ya food, call me gravy,
You canÂ't play me,
ItÂ's lkay yo,
IÂ'm here to stay yo,
I keep floatin like an angel on a halo,
Things ainÂ't the same yo,
Friends change yo,
Kinda strange bro,

Hook 2

Come on, come on!
You know what it is,
Come on, come on!
Come roll wit da kid,

Come on, come on!
Lifestyle up in this,
Come on, come on!
Brooklyn! This is it,
Come on, come on!
Jamrock in this shit,
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
Yea, uh.

Verse 3

I live my life on da edge,
I love da streets, hate da feds,
Carry a lot of weight like a sledge,
Why these niggaz wanna see me beg,
Bet they love me if IÂ'm dead,
I hate my birthday, never celebrate it,
5th of august is my worst day, damn I hate it,
What about da kids that never made it,

I pour out some liquor from them,
And pray for my niggaz up in da pen,
IÂ'm tryin to live my life, tryin to get it right,
I talk to god at nights,
He never answers back, why is that,
On my block kids roam da streets and idle,
They rollin wit rifles, they neglect da bible,
This life is just a strifle,
I donÂ't do club music,
I do thug music,
Songs for my niggaz to cruise wit,
When da beat drop, I got da streets locked,
IÂ'm not,
One of the se called rappers tryin to be Pac,
And IÂ'm not BIG,
IÂ'm just a black kid,
Aiming for da sky, million dollar coupes and black
cribs,
Niggaz pull up in da truck,
Kay whassup!
Em broads wanna ball wit us,
No more cops wit handcuffs lockin my niggaz up,
We just roam da block,
Go to thugz mansion, ball wit Pac,
ItÂ's just my street dreams,
Bright lights, big screens,
Spending big greens,
If I believe,
Will I achieve?
So many niggaz like me get killed in da streets,
And if I die, who would cry,
So many pain in my life,
Look at Shyne,
Niggaz buss at him, he buss back, now he in prison
doin time,
The rich sit, donÂ't give a shit thinking da poor doin
fine,
Ghetto kids donÂ't want no degree, they wanna be on
da streets pursuing crime,
Cuz thatÂ's all they know, canÂ't take da pain no more,
So they be on thug patrol,
Ha ha haÂ...

Hook 3

Come on, come on!
Flow wit ya boy,
Come on, come on!
Grow wit ya boy,
Come on, come on!

Outro

It's Kay nigga,
You know how we do.

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