

King Gordy

"The Pain"

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[Verse 1]

I'm coming wit more reality than virtual
Watch my family circle you
Bashin you till he's purple
You fightin, look like a Teletubie
I don't think you want to fight with this King
I'm Joe Lewis baby! Knock you out, right in this ring
So you are a joke, containing no punch lines
Listening to the rhymes you wrote, waitin on the punch
lines (Where you at?)
I'm murdering this nigga. Merciless with scriptures
Burning his ligaments, and serve him with your verses
Nigga, kill him
My hunger pains got my insides eatin themselves
But I love the pain; seein you die is a treat in itself
So many wicked ways - you're worthless like a bitch
with AIDs
Get served bitch, like a tennis game
I'm trynna get blown and I'm very comfortably
But you rhymin, killin my buzz like a murdered bumble
bee
King Berry Gordy's the name and I'm kicked stories
thats strange
and I came to take over your brain with unexplainable
thangs

[Chorus]

(The pain) I came to bring it
it seems you really need (the pain)
I'm here to get wit you
hit you wit, inflict you wit (the pain)
It's better than pleasure
just let me help you feel (the pain) (What!?) (The pain)
(Come on!)
(The pain) I came to bring it
it seems you really need (the pain)
I'm here to get wit you
hit you wit, inflict you wit (the pain)
It's better than pleasure
just let me help you feel (the pain) (What!?) (The pain)
(Come on!)

(The pain!)

[Verse 2]

Stop lookin at me. And put the money in a big bag
Wit yo gay ass style, man you sound like you kiss fags
What would possess you to diss me?
I pull up in ten speeds putin holes in the side of your
Bentley
Always talkin bout your 20 inches
Or your bitches ridin 10 inches of dick, hittin switches
I ain't no battle rapper
But I will gladly slap ya
Blast on this bastard, trap him
Then blast the nigga's adams apple
Witness my shoot cops, just to get in to a chase and
hit you in your rooftop, watch that shit come out his
basement
A partner as I smoke dro
How can a fuckin gun so hot turn a body so cold?
Cause I got to braids stickin up, I'm just a rap
character?
Just because you look and sound like every rapper in
America?
Fuck all your moves, you kickin
Smack you for approval
Touch your neck, locate your veins
so I can insert my fangs. It's

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(Come on!)

[Interlude]

I came to bring the pain
Hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astroplane
I came to bring the pain!
Hardcore to the brain!
Let's go inside my astroplane!

[Verse 3]

The spirit of Pun and Biggie is in me
Mixed by the human beat box, and the switcher was
sticky
I be hittin you in your temple quickly
You're a wanksta, stop frontin, please listen to 50
These garbage MCs trynna give me beef
like I ain't starvin to eat
Sound so silly, like a girl when she's gettin boned
swiftly
A fan let me hit it just because I know Swifty from D12
Now your female is goin home wit me
Now every big person that has low self esteem
wants to be a Fat Killah know, it's on they list of dreams
Well, tell your momma she can not join us
She too enormous, must be under 400
She weighs more than 4 Corvettes
Don't be mad at niggaz all in the streets
You kicked your ass in '93 when niggaz was callin you
sweet
Wishin time can rewind youm King Gordy'll hide you
in a place so far away, God can't even find you!

[Chorus]

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