

Pusha T

"Pain"

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[Future]

I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain
Money goin in the rain, blood flowing through my veins
I'm just doing my thing
Get money, gold chains
I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain
Standing in the rain, blood flowing through my veins
I ain't never did a thing
Getting money, rocking chains
You'll never feel the same, We the? in the game
I don't never feel pain

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

18 wheeler, gorillas
Black with gold chains, Pittsburgh, like steelers
Hines Ward of the crime lords, running through this
money screaming encore
Spending nights with the prime whore, but that's the
bitch that you're blind for
Celebrating on a wim, nigga. Pain is parked above the
rim, nigga
My bitch rock a bigger gem, niggas!
Cause she was there when it was dim, nigga!
She wasn't fucking none of them niggas!
So now we're even like a hem, nigga!
Put your freedom over failure!
Trynna find my Grizelda. Might as well, they gon' nail
ya!
Momma screaming like Mahalia
Pain is love and it's war
Pain is running out of raw
Pain is finding out you're poor
As the feds knock at your door

[Future - Hook]

I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain
Been around here, standing in the rain
Blood Flowing through my veins
I'm just doing my thang
Getting money, rocking tons of gold chains
I don't never feel pain, cause I done felt too much pain

I'm just standing in the rain, blood flowing through my veins
I'm just doing my thing, getting money, rock a hundred gold chains

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

Pain is joy when it cries, it's my smile in disguise
It's what makes the story chilling, Spare the women and the children
Hear the scribbles of the villain (yeah)
This is drug dealer brilliance

Pyrex on the platter like hot sex, but my tribe don't quest like love
Came in this bitch, with a mask and a glove, and a team of lawyers to run the train on the judge
It's no risk without gain, there's no trust without shame
It's no us without 'ain
Push. My name is my name. In the kitchen with a cape on, apron Tre-eight on, coulda been Trayvon
But instead I chose Avon, colored face like a geisha
Arm & Hammer for the breakup
Turn one into two, watch the brick kiss and makeup
It's a match made in heaven, all that's missing is the reverend
All that's missing is a blessing
I hope God gets the message

[Hook]

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