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## **ASAP Rocky** "Pain"

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Uh, Pain Uh, Pain Uh, Pain Uh

So figure up, shining like the star With your head in the clouds, some fighters shoot you down Hands on the ground, back against the wall Tell me who youÂ'd call when no one else around

Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action

Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action

The future will be televised, haters getting genocide 23 and 43, IÂ'm talkin my more jealous sides My niggas is hella fly, you over accessorize Better not, itÂ's in my repertoire, forever ever high I never lie, never tell a lie, I would testify Set aside dreams, IÂ'm a king ask Aretha Scott Two faced, bad ass, in a nice set of thighs We on the weed, I need a umbrella ella ella ah

Everybody knows me Shit, still ainÂ't got no cash Bitch, get that glass quick Post my bad habits Fuck you and your Instagram Match around man though Royal blue folls, getting head in the red Lambo Media take me out, TMZ all in the VIP Bitch IÂ'm hard and my lube come free Too much boss if you ask me Almost fucked fame, but she came with money I got two bad bitches, haters wanna take em from me Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action

Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action Lights, camera, action, Lights, camera, action

Tryina get on in this industry
Acting like your birthday
Breaking down cocaine with the EBT
These male groupies doing it
However, whatever they seeing on the box
Everybody spit, everybody hide, everybody anonymous
SOLOST, niggas talking dollars getting change
In a minute IÂ'mma lose 2 scrit
Well one, give the full 98
Like fuck coach, IÂ'm cutthroat
So what ghost? Do you head for the year they say
might be the end?
Better look within
Uh

Glisten the glamors, we pose for the cameras
Get all niggas with me, they pose with the hammers
Ghetto goes with me, pimp toes in the sandals
No dirty laundry, get your nose out my Henny boy
Clothes in my hand boy, that baby need camouflage
Rims from the pen, you would think I was a samurai
Drop rocks, bloomy scott pens, bitch itÂ's hammer time
Getting dirty money but I keep my hand sanitized

Life is what you need, wonÂ't you take a Z? Feel the breeze

Smoke the Sour Deeze, hit that shit and please act at ease

WouldnÂ't you wanna be like the Black Eyed Peas, all these 3Â's

STAR, thatÂ's Hollywood, wonÂ't you rest in peace?

So figure up, shining like the star
With your head in the clouds, some fighters shoot you
down

Hands on the ground, back against the wall Tell me who youÂ'd call when no one else around

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