

Yume

"Possession"

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Pain, my middle name

Lord please have mercy on my soul, I can't maintain

Pain, my middle name

Lord please have mercy on my

[Z-Ro]

I haven't smoked a sherm in 27 days

When I'm under pressure, I feel it's necessary to blaze

Looking at my life as if I wasn't here, why the fuck that picture be so clear

Since my nigga died, I done slowed down on drank

But I'm right back heavy on beer

Stained finger tips and lips, cause smoking come with murders

Fiending for heaven but I wonder, if I'm worthy

Please God forgive your servant, and your man child

But the fact that he got Jordans, and a nigga like me

Grow po' wings was bullshit, so I ran wild

Wasn't I good enough, to get some shit like that

It was only a grade, you know I didn't deserve to get hit like that

My life my life, falls under the wicked and shife

I gotta pay my rent, therefor my partnas might be targets tonight

Even though I'm grown fucked up childhood, keep
fucking my dome

Fuck around and front, like I'm gon

Buy your work, and straight leave on your song

If a nigga take me out it's all good, cause I've been
fiending to leave

My life is fucked up, and I'm tired of having to drink to
a G

[Chorus]

Pain, my middle name

I must learn to live again, but existing in such a strain

Pain, my middle name

Lord please have mercy on my soul, I can't maintain

[Z-Ro]

Now I done had pistols to my head befo'

Woke up with a dead body, in a bed befo'

Don't ask me why, only talk to Z-Ro

I'm noid, never trust friends they don't love us

They front like they your homies, but they bury
motherfuckers

Dog I'm going through it daily, fiending for a killa to
take me out

What am I living for, nothing but a record label huh
break me out

I'm so sick and tired Lord knows, I'm sick and tired of
this pain

But steady keeping the world, I'm no preaching
through the rap game

The most vilest niggas nightmares, of my fondest
dream

Cause death rules everything around me and the
cream, is a cup of lean

Having a case of flashbacks, of the good time

But then I remember, it wasn't no good time

Just poverty stricken, and kicking it in the hood time

24 and I still can't think, from Guerilla Maab to Point
Blank

To Big Moe to Z-Ro, and still no bank

I gotta be paying dues, for my niggas that lost they life
in the game

Cause the more I struggle for happiness, nothing but
pain

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Dorothy Marie or mama, I've been stressed, learning to
live

A life of misfortune, my feet have been so swollen from
my quest

I'd like to find the meaning of sick and tired

Plus I can't determine between a bitch and right

Even my friends are fake, that's why I'm quick to ride

I'm the shit bitch, I know you smell the odor

Them other two niggas ain't bitches, and it's had a chip
on my shoulder

I love my cousin and my brother mayn, but see it ain't
nothing but drama

When you live in a slum, across the street from the
gutter mayn

I'm 'pose to be a rap star, dig these blues a nigga ain't

Seen the states in two months, I'm in the kitchen as a

crack star

What a wonderful way, to spend my fucking album
release

A promotional show, and I must get do' nigga I got
ounces to cheese

Ounces of green, I got mouths to feed so I need G's

Plus my own shit the T.V. in the living room, is Mexican
D's

Gotta be paying dues, for my niggas that lost they life
in the game

More I struggle for happiness, nothing but pain

[Chorus]

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