

Prince Paul

"Pain"

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featuring Big Daddy Kane

[Count Mackula/Big Daddy Kane]

Aight tell me this

If you got thirty six prostitutes and thirty cents in your pocket

What you got?

Proof that hoes come a dime a dozen baby

Uh huh yeah

I mastered the craft on the way to keep em strung

The niggaz wanna keep my name from off they girls' tongue

So many brag and boast and like to play high quotes

Always promisin Thomas' and can't cook toast

Thinkin that the mackin game is just a fashion show

Not realizin that the rulers get the cash and go

Pull up a chair young and notice that the lesson that I'm tellin

How To Be A Player better than Bill Bellamy

My tongue commits the felony, here's how I gotcha

To do the things your mamma told you not ta, I shot ya

Collect as much product as my mouth'll get

And plus I keep my game in order like the alphabet

Mister spectacular, better known as Mackula

Actors pimpin, a Legend just like an Acura

I lay down the law at the door moment that I get wit her

The female predator, etcetera etcetera

Better to come on in, the Hustle's good so why Knock It

Then watch the way I lock it, straight ballin, corner pocket

Chorus

Anything goes when it comes to hoes cuz pimpin ain't easy

("What you see is what you get")

Anything goes when it comes to hoes cuz pimpin ain't easy

("Mackula, he done struck again")

You stepped into the playin field, I don't know what

you're thinkin
Cuz game can smell game, and right now you're ass is
stinkin
Makin my presence known, see I only do it vague
Nowadays, playahating's goin around just like the
plague
By re-gardless, I'm on some play-hard shit
My body's used to all them, I was on the graveyard
shift
Survival of the fittest, now all you niggaz try to get this
While y'all makin love, I'm makin love into a business
Now, what's the matter, no confidence within your
data?
I seen you trippin since I first started lookin at her
And if she peak, you know that she'll creep
And if you sleep, then that'll be just one you won't keep,
uh
Now boy you know you need your ass whipped
For holdin on her hand as if you're goin on some first
grade class trip
You feel unable, to keep her in your stable
As she listens to the bubbly that's poppin at the next
table
Life's finer things, victory is mine again
You're tryin to win, but got to come way better than
those Hieneken's
She feel amazed by the game that I be using
And now she choosin
And you done came up as the one that's losin
The smooth crimin-al as I muscle in
Grand theft hustlin, Mackula, he done struck again
"Oh Lord!"

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