

The Notorious B.I.G.

"Living In Pain"

Visit "[Living In Pain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Just Blaze]

Welcome to the house of pain, Just Blaze niggaz

[Intro: Mary J. Blige]

Theres no way out, it seems I can't get free

Sombody tell me what's happenin to me

[Notorious B.I.G.]

The country bud got me chokin

I'm on a mission to the point motherfuckers think I'm smokin

Yea that sick nigga Biggie wit the 8-shot fifth

Wit the extra clip for that extra shit

Don't you know that a killing is thrilling

All the blood spilling, is all a part of drug dealing

A born gangsta my daddy was a thug

Had a .38 wit the hallow point slug

So when he lit shots

Niggaz dropped quicker than bootlegger sells his liquor

A little nigga tried to squeeze .22's in my Reebok shoes

Payin dues, while kids was on their one's and two's

Now I'm much older, colder, fuck a holster

Got the Mac .11's swingin from my shoulder

It's a damn shame I got to put my momma through the strain

I'm livin in a house of pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

Is anybody listenin and tell me can you can see this darkness surroundin me

Now it's gettin colder heavy on my shoulder and it's gettin hard to breathe

Visions gettin blurry, I'm gettin worried cause it's gettin hard to see

When your livin in the house of paaaiinnn

[2Pac]

Ye motherfuckin dust kicker, who can you trust?

Do you have the heart to see a nigga?

Before you bust, my name is spoken on the tongues of
so many foes
Bustin motherfuckers out the blocks and I ain't even go
Now how the hell do you explain my claim to fame
From doin flicks to bustin tricks out the fuckin frame
Got these bitches on my jock niggaz on my block
Jealous ass suckers got em duckin from my smokin'
glock
And bustin niggaz asses is to stay alive
Skinny ass playa watchin bigger motherfuckers fry
They ask me how I'm livin? how I'm a hustler?
Buckin busters 'til they die
Now it's on in the ghetto you ain't heard?
Niggaz got they AK's headin for the burbs
Aimin at them skin headed bitches let it rain
Givin 'em a wet, welcome to the house of pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

[Nas]

MJB, be worried niggaz, yea, Nas...

Wendy Williams say I stayed dust maybe I should
cuz these rappers'll have your phone tapped like
Savion Glover
And on the West, yo, police corrupt, some are bloods
But these Teflons I loaded explodin some mugs
I'm like Furious in "Boyz In the Hood"
But at the drive through I ain't runnin I'm dumpin
Crazy like a piru and loc'd up, know how Nas do
I'm callin Henchmen and Conception, to organize a
black truce
And we party hard party wit Nas
Since they ain't no more - Mardi Gras
And Bush won't apologize
I got gangsta hoes Kobe Bryant scared to sodomize
And .45's for them suckers y'all idolize
Ya'll yellin my name but y'all soon dyin
Tryin to portray real but they be ly-in
Cuz they want the real niggaz to die so they can gain
But neva that, this ain't Everlast, this the House of Pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

Visit [The Notorious B.I.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.