

Artfull Dodger

"Bring Da Pain"

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Lil Wayne:

Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha

Cash Money, Wha, Wha, Wha

Hot Boy\$, Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha, W-Wha, La

What it be like

Get inside 'fore street lights

17 right

I represent 'til I fall under the dirt boy

I run wit' Juvenile, B.G., and Turk boy

And we the hottest, of the hottest, of the damn hot

In helicopters with my parters over land ha

Now listen, I be wit killaz, guerillas, ridaz and head bustaz

Drug dealers, wig splittaz, and Fed duckaz

Don't be with no false man, haters, or rat niggaz

They come around and I bust 'em in they cat kissers

Ya understand

Blaxuede:

Now I done warned you not to battle me

I leave more casualties, than the dollar bills in your salaries

Snapin' these bitches into reality

Cryin' and pain, blind by the chain

Niggaz can't deny the reign

It's a shame when I cock it back

And it be like chill, on the real

Ain't no stoppin' the black, under attack

Nigga stuntin' and thumpin', all of y'all, the niggaz stuffin

And like Michael Jackson, they always be startin somethin'

Chorus: Lil Keenan (2x)

We bring da pain, with the muthafuckin choppers in hand

504, Cash Money, droppin' niggaz like rain

Bout to leave your body stankin'

Nigga fuck what you sayin'

Lil Keenan, Blaxuede, and Turk, Lil Wayne

Turk:

I'm Quick to put in Work
Put your face on a T-Shirt
Who that be 'bout combat, that be that nigga Turk
Get down and filthy for mine at anytime, wodie
And I slang iron for mine, you're outta line, wodie
A guerilla, once I start ain't no stoppin' it
When i start to cockin' it, bodies gon' be droppin' it
I hit your set with 50 plus 50 more
I catch you down bad and I ain't gon' let you go

Blaxuede:

I done came from the motherland, no other man
standin'
Standin' with the country that be standin' on this planet
>From way back in line, to gettin' recognized
And letti' niggaz know what's ion my motherfucki' mind
>From a karaoke to a trophy
>From not havin' it all to mostly
To Larry king tryin' to host me
And Jay Leno, came from the local in the N.O.
To nationwide with my own ride with tinted windows
>From the 1996 Black Limo Rental
To a private Jet Flyin' me to Sacramento
>From working in Winn-Dixie, to duets with Whitney
>From Mad Dogg and Whiskey
To moet 'til tipsey
>From class to business
That's from rags to riches
Slowin' down from them poes to tryin' to pass them
bitches
>From "Girl he too black" to "Girl, Who that?"
>From a lower 9 shack to where I'm livin' at
I done came a long road my nigga, just peep game
I done came from James Holmes my nigga, to
Blaxuede
And it's like that

Lil Wayne:

W-Wha, Wha, Wha
W-Wha, Wha, Wha
W-Wha, Wha, Wha
W-Wha, Wha, Wha

Chorus: Lil Keenan (2x)

Lil Keenan:

Pain nigga
We bring the pain nigga
We bring the pain nigga

We bring the pain nigga
We bring the pain nigga
We bring the pain nigga
We bring the pain nigga
Blaxuede, Turk, Wayne, bring the pain
That nigga Keenan, bring the pain
We bring the pain nigga (Nigga)
We bring the pain nigga (Nigga)
We bring the pain nigga
Wha, Wha

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