

Bronze Nazareth

"The Pain"

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[Intro: sample (Bronze Nazareth)]

I feel so blue, and I, feel heart broken
What am I living for... my baby...
(Got one shot, that's all it is
It's just a taste of where I bust it, baby)

[Bronze Nazareth]

Yo, one shot in the air, for those whose not scared
To raise they own, and basements stay blown
So much stress, I'mma just up and get a vest
Aim best, hit your rest like a meteorite
Til the media strike and reporters got home
I don't know, maybe it's just me, maybe I'm no good
Go back home, throw on a hood
And get it like they get it, but see we got a problem
I ain't got no conscience, and I ain't got no problems
Layin' niggas down like carpet
Bitches come around like my thirty eight revolver
Actin' like they all, and my queen don't know me
Precious stay deep like a ocean reef
Had the hopes to be, over east, on some ivories
Apartment luxuries, run with me
From the fields of terror, concrete barrier
That's how I feel, that's how I sleep under the moon
Shit is real, pressure bust pipes
Docs talkin' bout blood pressure's up high
Next thing I know, the feds at the door
For a robbery that happened back in 2000
Looking at fourteen years in jail housing
And I ain't heard shit since, but damn a nigga tense
Everytime I pick up the phone, I think it clicks
Paranoid skitz', how the fuck am I saying, how is life
like this
But I past that state like a masquerade
And I'm still here, pour beer on an average day
Now we smoke weed and ain't never got a strategy
Snakes don't rattle me, I put you out my misery
Exquisitely, I hit the trees for my ancestors
Life is a gun fight, test a man's essence
July Black, where June at?
My right hand man must of slid through the cracks

I miss you dog, but for real, you wrong
I guess every man feel like he gotta move on
It's hard as hell, I need a mill' in the bank
For that I need my willing to shank, plus a shell in the
tank
My girls laced, she don't act right, either
For that I hit the sentiment up like a heavy lifter
For my door to yours, it's long distance
Modern day peasants, life is restless
And they don't understand, til I got a gun in hand
On some, yo nigga, run it like Cunningham
Chips on my shoulders, turn to broken bones
Slips by a soldier, turn to broken homes
By a way, I open tombs and last right
See last night, glass pipes reflect from a head lights
In a zoo of dead life, for bread, even the birds fight
Feel like I'm living third strike
And I realized I was a man, when
The headline read 19 year old man dead
Rest for Shawn, peace to my first born
Heart torn, bleed, purple wars on
It's raining cash and we not getting poured on

[Outro: sample]

You don't know, the pain
That's raining in my heart
You don't know, the pain
That's raining in my heart
Let the sun down by you, knocking
Knocking on my front door, hurry now...

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