

Trav "Pain"

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

Hook:

Smoking on this loud won't take my pain away
doing all this drugs, won't see a better day
smoking on this loud won't take my pain away
doing all this drugs won't see a better day
I'm faded, I'm trippin, I'm faded, I'm sippin
I'm faded, I'm trippin, I'm faded, I'm sippin
I'm faded, I'm trippin, I'm faded, I'm sippin
I'm faded, I'm trippin, I'm faded, yeah

What me and all this problems got in common
I can strap before take off and plus I'm marbin
oh yeah I'm a fly nigga, you're fallin you're gonna
die nigga
no if may be a wise nigga, that's why I'll be that live
nigga
that trigger man lean sip the whicks
pull in that M nigga, 32 shots is that fail nigga
fall and ride till the band nigga
riding in that swazy feeling baby oh oh
challenger with dulis keep that tuly
4 4 automatic like a Uzi
get this bitches wet and no jacuzzi
if a nigga try to fuck we make that movie alive

[Hook:]

Smoking all this loud I'll take the pain away
but using all this drugs you'll get me through the day
uh, I'm faded, I'm trippin,
shit I'm bout to say my defence telling you bitches,
my baby mama be tripping, my baby mama be tripping
I tip kay every day ass bitch don't you forget it
okay I admit I'm fucked up, I'm confessing like I
should
I had it baby with one girl why was still with the other
and my kids wasn't involved, kids wasn't involved
you packed up took my son, AGL that's wrong
now I miss my love the nigga, you know where he
belong
and the worst part about it, you know he wanna come

home
you got up and left honey, I was still sending you ran
money
told you the sin that it dressed to me
you act like it was death uh
how you expect me to find that,
I ain't even know my son that
but you know I don't mind bitch I support
you was with me I would chance to port

[Hook:]

Smoking on this weed I won't take the pain away
blaming on the trees I'm in my own world,
..go damn then I slow it all yeah
they tell em yeah I change shit you would have should
every seem the things that I've been through
7..30 in my lockin room,
9 10 with 2 times what you do,
when your sister fucking and niggas snitchin noise,
say damn shame keep ill hoe my knees hang
can bay looking her green out,
rehearse them all more each time, each time
I ain't talking boy I live it,
is this pain I got me driven
and the smoke to cloud my vision fuck them haters.

[Hook:]

Visit [Trav](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.