

Ewan McGregor F/ Jose Feliciano, Jacek Koman "Misery, Pain & Hunger"

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* from the forthcoming "The Drama Begins"

[Infrared]

Uh-huh, yea, yea, uh-huh huh huh huh
huh huh huh, yea, eh yo

I went from hoop schemes to loop dreams
Sellin to untrue fiends to get C.R.E.A.M. is how we do things
If you the king, prepare to get down for your crown
My niggaz go round for round, with the clubs or the pound
Yea, and you know talk is cheap when you walk these streets
You just get caught by the beast and, caught up in beef
But the Blaquesmiths got that shit, make me zone out
Pull the chrome out, blow your bones out
Then again, that's all that I know, I'm guaranteed to blow
Cop a phat lab with acres so my weed could grow
Infrared, Ruthless, that's all you need to know
We straight up, thoroughbred hard head niggaz that don't listen
We comin for yo' po-sition with the fo' spittin
You better off snitchin, fuckin with the cop
Cuz when me copblock your block, we have you thuggin your drops
This for all my hustlin niggaz, stuck in them spots
and all my strugglin niggaz livin the hard knock
To all y'all niggaz, think y'all the shit when y'all not
Let me tell y'all one thing, we comin for y'all spot
All glocks up, life ain't just glitters and gold
When we pop up, y'all niggaz get the jitters and fold
We hold your block up, you can't stop mine
They clock nine, pull more shots then wine
It's our time to shine

[Chorus x2: Blizzard & Sha Gotti together]

Ruthless is the illest, our slugs don't miss
We pistol-whip the thirteenth nigga and blunts we twist
The girls that give us head is the girls you kiss

Come through my hood with a Roly, niggaz'll cut off
your wrist

[Blizzard]

A bastard is a nigga who ain't got no pops
I didn't need him, he wan' half when Blizz' ride to the
top
Never that though, high style, eyes low from hydro
Never pop Crist' or Moe', strictly pop metal
When you beef with Blizz', the beef is never settled
Pops never there, so I gotta struggle just to eat
The beast are tryin to wipe all my hustlers off the
streets
Run up in my crib, to my grandmom's, all types of heat
Wake my grandpop's up out of his sleep, grabbin me
from under my sheets and said, "You comin with me"
Cuz my crews on top, they tryin to bring us to the
bottom
Give it to a hater who try to cross my path, causin
problems
and the lies, who's involved? I write my hunger over
beats and bars
These niggaz wanna see me starve, I gotta get this
cheddar
Can't feed my daughter Wu-Wear and leathers
The Drama Begins, and I'm bringin it to whoever

[Chorus - replace "slugs" on line one with "guns"]
[Chorus]

[Sha Gotti]

Locked in prison, givin niggaz facial incisions
Gettin head on the V.I. floor, from a pigeon
Fuckin nymphos, throwin cocktails through niggaz
windows
An ounce of weed, two glocks on the yacht with yo' bi-
atch
Never kill nothin, makin death threats, bull-ets in doors
of vets
Hot lead melt ya sets, stick ya for ya baguettes
Yo, I blast for this C.R.E.A.M., sippin cash is a dream
Cash Rules Everything Around My team
We extortin niggaz wildin, smilin on Riker's Island
Hot slugs'll burn you, whereabouts don't concern you
Gotti, Black M-O-B, ring on my pinky
Eyes chinky from hydro smoke, guns we tote
Cement on your Wally shoes, throw you off the ferry
boat

[Chorus - replace "slugs" on line one with "guns"]
[Chorus x2]

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