

Frost f/ Don Cisco, Nino Brown**"The Pain"**

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

[Cisco] Wish the pain go away [Frost] Cause it hurts so bad [Nino] You can't stop it Chorus: Nino Brown & Don Cisco I wish the pain Would go away But with money come the fame It's such a dirty game I wish the pain Would go away But sometimes It feels like we livin' in a last days [Verse 1: Frost] Tu sabes, la vida malo, life's a struggle (Son) It's hard growing up Gettin' out the barrio One way or another We gotta make it Everytime I come up Somebody's tryin' to take it Sometimes, I'm shakin' I'm wakin' with a cold sweat Thinking I got hit with six slugs to the chest But homie, I ain't dead yet I guess it's just a bad dream A reoccurring nightmare From all the bad shit I seen A gangsta lean is what I can't seem to escape I can't shake my shadow It's tryin' to seal my fate Who do I trust Where do I turn Don't be concerned when what I earn to avoid being burned Repeat Chorus Twice [Nino Brown] Last day Last day One two Yo [Verse 2: Nino Brown] See, I know they tryin' to hate us (That's right) But you know, I gotta get them papers Thirteen years in the rap game, now take a name, you know the name On the grizzind like daily Stackin' them chips, making 'em hits So please don't ask how I got this platinum rolex on my wrist You gotta know, when y'all known get fed up Not gon' head up With any motherfucker, say he got beef with me Jealousy You don't know me, punk So how the fuck you gon' snitch Like a little bitch, or shall I say, "Batch," like the homie say, Frisco Mac I don't get down like that Bet I got another chrome strap Bet I got another model bitch, now bet she rubbin' up on my lap Cuidado who you fuckin' with, homie And who you talkin' to, homie Cause you know we puttin' that shit down, for real, til I cop another mil And that's real Repeat Chorus Twice [Verse 3: Don Cisco] I wish the pain would go away, but the shit don't stop I guess I'm stuck in the game til my casket drop So tell my moms and my pops that I love 'em What's up To all the G's in the blocks, still thuggin' We keep hustlin' About that money, it can't stop the pain But it can help ya when you hungry, keep ya out the rain Classified as a thug Cash is all I ever loved My crew, never got caught, so dad's got a grudge

Trapped inside poverty Tryin' to escape In pursuit of
luxury Can I find a better way Hey And it's a shame
when the pain hits ya I hope it don't get ya mad when
we get richer {*beat changes*} [Verse 4: Frost] Why's
that dark cloud over my head I think it's gonna rain I
could feel the pain Of all the people that I hurt for
financial gain And bad thoughts got me thinking that
I've gone insane I gotta make the great escape and get
away from it all To a city, where there ain't no Pain at all
Take medicine from the earth to relieve my mind Of all
the pressures that I got from my daily grind Cause
nowadays, it's a trip, you can't only rhyme You gotta to
kill for the scrill and scrap for nickels and dimes And
that's on everything I love, yes, it's a true plain fact
That ever since La Raza still stay packed I roll around in
my low, windows tinted black Slang everythang to
weed Speed and crack My pockets stay swoll and I'm
always tact Stepped away from the scene, but knew I'd
always come back Why ya all played catch up Just tryin'
to match up To the man in the myth, you failed
drastically And plus those record sales spell
catastrophe No way on earth You could ever come after
me So the next time that you catch yourself standin' in
the rain Tryin' to figure out how to take away the pain

Visit [Frost f/ Don Cisco, Nino Brown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.