

Lyrics by Midler Bette

"Pain Inside"

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

[Intro: U-God]

Let me bug out, let me bug out for a second (fucka!)
That's why... (oh! Muthafuckas!)
Mmm-mmm-mmm, it's gangsta, nigga
It's potent (Uh, Six Mill) East coastin', try to hide..

[Chorus: U-God]

All the pain inside
I had to face it that one day I'm gonna die
That's why I try to keep my head up towards the sky
Sit back and watch, let me take you on a ride
Uh, natural high..

[U-God]

Yo, yo, make it rain again, spit flame again
Now, watch how I'm aimin' 'em, my bare hands is
stranglin'
Time to bang again, camera shots anglin'
That's right I got your head piece danglin'
Mic's is tanglin', toast champagne again
Coast to coast now, join the campaign again
I fuck more women than Wilt Chamberlain
It's, U-God, yeah he Back in the Game again
I'm titanium, mixed with uranium
Crack craniums, no tamin' him
Live at palladium (yeah), jam packed stadium (yeah)
Many men, you're afraid of him
Once they weighed him in, he flushed money down the
drain again
Touched vein again, rocks I'm slangin' 'em
Cops can't finger him, SWAT can't bring him in
New millennium, we came to win

[Chorus]

[Black Ice]

I move in silence, and let guns go to my enemies
Bud smoke and Hennessy, the remedy and coke is
violent
Much slugs longer than Mini Me
Cross me, I lay down every one in your vicinity

Keep a fifty cali' or line me in the Akademiks jeans
If I catch a homi', somebody probably run and snitched
on me
Rats, runnin' round talkin' this and that
Some white chicks I spit til your wigs sit back
I grind these cracks, cuz I need cash
G stacks, I lay my game down flat like a Chinese ass
You heard me? Bitches wanna observe me, learn me
My mission is gettin' Ritz like Jersey, chips for
attorney's
Commissary for niggaz that's in the pen thirsty
A big truck, your trick hypnotize by the twirlies
It's Ice, from Shaolin to Crenshaw, dirty
Luv Allah, dump a clip off, at the BX, early

[Chorus]

[Letha Face]

Why ... the angels came down and pushed the devil in
the dirt
Jerked the memory exist on the iron-on T-shirt
Pythons squeeze til your face turns purple
It's a race to murder you and I'm jumpin' the gun
Dump and run, the long nose cuttin' the soldier's
tongue
Your nervous from the burners I'm squeezin'
Without a learner's permit, to carry
The calico stays concealed, if revealead
I must spray this clip through your windshield, it's rea
My whole team reigns supreme, the infrared tech
beams
On my next swing, the heavy chain
Deadly but steady aim, I cry "tears of the sun"
That'll burn the iron hot, as I'm piercin' through your
lungs
It's strung by my drug dealer's doses
Ferocious slang that'll bang up your brains in roller
coasters
Posters in the background ready to clap rounds
And empty up whole magazines up to the last round

[Chorus]

Visit [Lyrics by Midler Bette](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.