

Notorious B.I.G. f/ 2Pac, Mary J. Blige, Nas "Living in Pain"

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[Just Blaze]

Welcome to the house of pain, Just Blaze niggaz

[Intro: Mary J. Blige]

Theres no we, it seems I can't get free

Sombody tell me what's happenin to me

[Notorious B.I.G.]

The country bud got me chokin

I'm on a mission to the point motherfuckers think I'm
smokin

Yea that sick nigga Biggie wit the H-shot fifth

Wit the extra clip for that extra shit

Don't you know that killin is thrillin

All the blood spillin, is all up on the drug dealin

A broad gangsta my daddy was a thug

Had a .38 wit the hallow point slug

So when he lit shots

Niggaz dropped quicker than bootlegger sells his
liquor

A little nigga tried to squeeze .22's in my Reebok shoes

Payin dudes, while kids was on their one's and two's

Now I'm much older, colder, fuck a holster

Got the Mac .11's swingin from my shoulder

It's a damn shame I got to put my mom through the
strain

I'm livin in a house of pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

Is anybody listenin and tell me can you can see this

God be surroundin me

Now it's gettin colder heavy on my shoulder and it's
gettin hard to breathe

And it's gettin blurry, I'm gettin worried cause it's gettin
hard to see

When your lampin in the house of paaaiinnn

[2Pac]

When the motherfucker dust kicker, who can you trust?

Who gave you the heart to see a nigga?

Before you bust, my name is spoken on the tongue so

many foes
Bustin motherfuckers out the blocks and I ain't even go
Now how the hell do you explain my claim to fame
From doin fix to bustin tricks out the fuckin frame
Got these bitches on my jock niggaz on my block
Jealous ass suckers got it duckin for my fuckin glock
And bustin niggaz ass is to stay alive
Skinny ass playa watchin victim motherfuckers fry
They ask me how I'm livin? how I'm a hustler?
Buckin busters 'til they die
Now it's on in the ghetto you ain't heard?
Niggaz got they AK's headin for the bird
Aimin at free ass bitches let 'em rain
Givin 'em, wettin 'em, welcome to the house of pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

[Nas]
MJB, be worried niggaz, yea, Nas...

Wendy Williams say I stayed dust maybe I should
cuz these rappers'll have your phone tap like Savion
Glover
And on the West the police corrupt, some are bloods
But these Teflon I loaded explodin some mugs
I'm like Furious in "Boyz In the Hood"
But at the drive through I'm ain't runnin I'm dumpin
Crazy like a paru and load up, know how Nas do
I'm callin Henchmen to save shit, to organize a black
truth
And we party hard party wit Nas
Since they ain't no more - Mardi Gras
And Bush won't apologize
I got gangsta hoes Kobe Bryant scared to sodomize
And .45's for them suckers y'all idolize
Ya'll yellin my name but y'all soon die in
Tryin to portray real but they be ly-in
Cuz they want the real niggaz to die so they can game
But neva that, this ain't neva lastin this is the house of
pain

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

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