

Pastor Troy F/ Ms. Jade

"Intro"

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[Hook]

I know, I know, I know, I know pain [x 16]

[Verse 1]

Let it be known Gipp love to bury muffins with no stuffin
Problem child to this industry like David Ruffin
155 pounds going straight in your kisser
And take a position [?] I started rollin [?]
Pick up a penny hope it turn into a twenny but the day
end home[?]
A classic in the street like Reebok
Grew up on the human beatbox, I kick the door up off
the hinge
I roll the windows to the ceiling
Been on a mission, dealing with my feelings like Max
Payne
Analytically driven, emotionally living in pain
If I had to do it oversee I do it again
I know

[Hook]

I know, I know, I know, I know pain [x 16]

[Verse 2]

I do this for the kids
I do this for the mommas
I do this for the children that ain't ever had a father
Too many to remember mentally but yo I try
Sometimes I'm blinded by the cataracs up in my eye
Like Little Bo Peep, she standing in the street
And even ain't got no shoes for them mutilated feet
Good Golly Miss Molly, addicted to Bacardi
Don't even know the difference between love and a
party
And old men con young women, thats wrong
Don't they know the 30s and the 40s been gone
Inconspicuously, I slide to the side on
[?] I hypnotize through the voice tone
Already been, confronted myself to transcend
Tales from an adolescent years to young teens
When everything I used to own used to sit on the

dresser
I rode the bus to [?] the train
I know the rain, I know the pain
Construction jobs kept callouses on my hand
I know the pain
Crystalize me to a man
I know the pain
Believe in something higher than man
I know the pain
When it didn't work I fell on my knees and called his
name

[Hook] To Fade

I know, I know, I know, I know pain [x 16]

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