

P.A.I.N

Tory Lanez

Yeah

Shit, felt this shit in my soul, nigga, like
Got me feelin' this shit
Time for niggas to start payin' me
No license, top-down, you still pushin'
Fuck a nigga, we slide the block, they still pussy
12 watchin', but you got kids, you gotta get it
And I gotta put some food up in that kitchen
These niggas can't feel my pain in it, ayy
And all this shit, it took a nigga just to get here
Nigga, try me, I let it bang on him
We came from nothin', never thought that we would get here
And my circle is full of made niggas
You don't bring bread to the table, then you can't sit here
I know these niggas don't feel my pain, nigga, nah, nah
But I promise I'm 'bout to have it rockin' this year, uh-huh
Talkin' packs in diesel, sellin' that liquid by the liter
I ain't go to school today, my nigga, I got holes in my Adidas
I got stains on most of my t-shirts and these niggas that used to laugh
But they can't laugh now that that flow come out them speakers
Nigga, nah
And they thought they caught me slippin'
But I turned around and banged on 'em
Turned around and flamed on 'em
Shit just sound insane, don't it?
Icy on my wrist, you know my jeweler go insane on it
Shooters that'll kill you for a chain with the gang on it
You can't feel they pain on it
You can't feel they pain on it
Snatch a nigga soul and his chain in the same moment
My baby cryin' tears and who the fuck am I finna blame on it?
So I hit that corner, if I die, I'll be a stain on it
Know I'm from that block, I swing a Ox, I do my thang on it
Life is not a game, so I ain't got no time to play opponents
Life is not a game, so I just hit the block and spray opponents
In the pockets, layin' on 'em
In the drop, I'm waitin' on 'em
Sellin' soda, mama worry, I pay dues, baby
Hug the corner, mama worried, I made the news, baby
Back then, did it all for a pair of shoes, baby
Lookin' back at it, I couldn't understand my views, baby
On the come up, and I want icy flashy rings, nigga
Everything we never had as kids drove us insane, nigga
You had it, we had it, but it wasn't the same, nigga
Now imagine niggas havin' fame, nigga
We was on the train, nigga, bust down the chain, nigga
Bust down the jewels like we bust down the thing, nigga
Got rid of some niggas, they moved, I couldn't hang with 'em

Smile at my face but them niggas was hidin' hate in 'em
Oh, no Yeah, we was born champions
We was turned soldiers
Somewhere encaged in the concrete jungle, we all lost touch
Head to the sky, back to the wall
Young and not fully prepared to understand the facts of it all
With starvation in our stomachs and concentration in our eyes
You see niggas deprived of the life we thought was perfect
So what that mean is every scheme, hustle and jug is worth it
Until we murdered, nigga No license, top-down, you still pushin'
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