

P Diddy, Pain *

There's times in my life where I just
I just wanna run away, I just
I just wish the pain would stop
I don't wanna cry no more
I wish the pain would go away
Start a day, bad hands make it hard to deal
Sometimes I wanna pull it, end it all with a bullet
Hard to live life to the fullest with all this bullshit
Mad as fuck, a nigga had enough
From jump street, saw my father murder massacre slain
One shot took half of his brain, I recapture the pain
Twenty-three years, three when it happened
Twenty-six now, still I can't stop the tears
Then my mood switch, thinkin about this sheisty bitch
Kinda funny cause they fake it when they callin you honey
On your dick when they think a nigga, might be rich
That's when I shit, cause I know you fuck with me for my money
Learned the hard way, ain't no correctin the grief
Baby moms starts sexin, my so-called beef
Don't give a fuck if they Marked me For Death like Steven
or relievin your breathin, long as I'm even 'fore I'm leavin
Pain...