

# Yung Ro, What You Know About Pain

(\*talking\*)

Yung Ro, dig these blues black  
One hundred, you gotta do ya math you know I'm saying  
Some niggaz just don't add up, some shit just don't add up  
Keep your math straight, look

(Yung Ro)

Now where I come from you never know, what these people up to  
Do the math on my life, and see what it equals up to  
No cash plus my situation, equaled that  
And that plus access to guns, equalled that  
Now multiply that, times the power of greed  
Pain on my mind, plus killa ass weed  
Now you see I'm dealing with, fucked up mathematics  
Adding up negatives, blindly subtracting  
But something gotta change, cause I'm striving and struggling  
Could be a magician, you see these problems I'm juggling  
It's hard but I'm thugging, I'ma do it to my grave  
Third Coast born, and I'm Texas raised  
I got Texas ways, cause I'm a nigga bout my cash  
By any mean necessary, plus I need it fast  
Put a bullet in your ass, if it's for the right price  
A calm nigga in the day, a cold killer at night  
And it ain't right I know it, but a nigga gotta eat  
And it's the same for me, that's why I'm packing my heat  
But I bet you won't get to, your stash for your piece  
Cause when I catch you I'ma let you, have it in your teeth  
And I don't really ever think, you niggaz heard of my kind  
Cause I don't really think you know, that I got murder on my mind  
And most rappers name theyself, the streets gave me my name  
Call me Mr. Nobody, fuck that Mr. Pain

(\*talking\*)

Ha, you niggaz ain't ready for the real (scared of the real)  
I'm coming (niggaz scared of the real), beware  
Nobody, you can't be what you can't see  
(It's the real), niggaz scared of the real  
They fold under pressure, if they felt the pain I feel  
What you know about pain nigga, what you know about pain  
(The real), niggaz scared of the real  
They fold under pressure, if they felt the pain I feel  
What you know about pain, what you know about pain

(Yung Ro)

You better back-back, pay attention Ro will hurt ya  
And I don't fuck with newcomers, keep my love in a circle  
Cause see I know my situation, and the way it got me thinking  
And you worse off then me, it ain't no telling what you thinking  
But if you try to fuck me, I'ma be the first to attack  
In silence, cause I ain't got roo, for another stab in my back  
My nigga pain hurts, and you can tell it when I bleed  
The blood coming out my wounds, says hate jealousy and greed  
Dear Lord, look what they doing to your soldier down here  
Believe in faith in the sky, but hope is over down here  
We blowing doja down here, we ain't sober down here  
Young niggaz too, we all looking older down here  
We way colder down here, you can make it a bet  
Stick out like a true sherm head, after it take it's effect  
Zombies, sharmed out off wet  
Dip it light it inhale it, one hell of a cause and effect  
And when niggaz need cash, you better lock your do's  
Get a gun motherfucker, if you can't get fold  
Cause ain't no love in these streets, these boys wired up  
No loyalty no love, they just don't give a fuck

