

Bronze Nazareth, The Pain

(Intro: sample (Bronze Nazareth))

I feel so blue, and I, feel heart broken

What am I living for... my baby...

(Got one shot, that's all it is

It's just a taste of where I bust it, baby)

(Bronze Nazareth)

Yo, one shot in the air, for those whose not scared

To raise they own, and basements stay blown

So much stress, I'mma just up and get a vest

Aim best, hit your rest like a meteorite

Til the media strike and reporters got home

I don't know, maybe it's just me, maybe I'm no good

Go back home, throw on a hood

And get it like they get it, but see we got a problem

I ain't got no conscience, and I ain't got no problems

Layin' niggas down like carpet

Bitches come around like my thirty eight revolver

Actin' like they all, and my queen don't know me

Precious stay deep like a ocean reef

Had the hopes to be, over east, on some ivories

Apartment luxuries, run with me

From the fields of terror, concrete barrier

That's how I feel, that's how I sleep under the moon

Shit is real, pressure bust pipes

Docs talkin' bout blood pressure's up high

Next thing I know, the feds at the door

For a robbery that happened back in 2000

Looking at fourteen years in jail housing

And I ain't heard shit since, but damn a nigga tense

Everytime I pick up the phone, I think it clicks

Paranoid skitz', how the fuck am I saying, how is life like this

But I past that state like a masquerade

And I'm still here, pour beer on an average day

Now we smoke weed and ain't never got a strategy

Snakes don't rattle me, I put you out my misery

Exquisitely, I hit the trees for my ancestors

Life is a gun fight, test a man's essence

July Black, where June at?

My right hand man must of slid through the cracks

I miss you dog, but for real, you wrong

I guess every man feel like he gotta move on

It's hard as hell, I need a mill' in the bank

For that I need my willing to shank, plus a shell in the tank

My girls laced, she don't act right, either

For that I hit the sentiment up like a heavy lifter

For my door to yours, it's long distance

Modern day peasants, life is restless

And they don't understand, til I got a gun in hand

On some, yo nigga, run it like Cunningham

Chips on my shoulders, turn to broken bones

Slips by a soldier, turn to broken homes

By a way, I open tombs and last right

See last night, glass pipes reflect from a head lights

In a zoo of dead life, for bread, even the birds fight

Feel like I'm living third strike

And I realized I was a man, when

The headline read 19 year old man dead

Rest for Shawn, peace to my first born

Heart torn, bleed, purple wars on

It's raining cash and we not getting poured on

(Outro: sample)

You don't know, the pain

That's raining in my heart
You don't know, the pain
That's raining in my heart
Let the sun down by you, knocking
Knocking on my front door, hurry now...