

Fiend, Take My Pain

(Master P chorus)

Feel my pain, feel my pain
this ghetto got me goin through some thangs
God feel my pain. (x4)

(Fiend talking)

There comes a time, where uhhh, you have things of yourself, when you lose someone, how you gonna take that feelin away? I got Sons of Funk, an me Fiend, an my people, Master P an Silkk they ready to tell you how I feel, trapped, everyday life.

Verse 1- (Fiend)

Everytime I open my eyes, I thank God for wakin this soldier,
cuz in this cruel world its hard to walk these streets bein sober,
it hurts, tryin to get over all the weight on my shoulders,
mom used to be babysitters buyin boulders,
it's all on me to really except that I lost my brother,
an to be stong an juss to go on since we shared the same mother,
pillows an covers can't smother the pain that I have,
sometimes I feel like I lost my better half, so sad,
but that's the way of the ghetto,
see yo life is already made, it's an accomplishment to pass "grade,
see they hate my city, givin us the pushers an tramps for our highs,
sellin they book of food stamps at night,
I light the porch lamp, until my lil cousin came in,
cuz I can't afford to lose another gender life,
but livin this bend you could lose it if it came today,
it rained away, you be wonderin how to take the pain away.

(Chorus-Sons of Funk)

Tell me what we gonna do? The world ain't the same man,
the way we live is a shame, I can't hide this pain. (x2)

(Master P chorus x4)

Verse 2-(Master P)

UGHHH! Lord the world ain't the same, from the cradel to the grave,
dear mama keep yo head up I'm tryin ta get paid,
these ghetto tears got me out there wantin to scream,
my auntie 35, but bumpin 17 off a dope fiend,
I live my whole life to stack some chips,
an it's a shame when yo own homie, sank yo ship,
an mama cryin.....cuz church's be packed,
an all yo family an friends dressed in black,
an it's a shame, to see homies leave this earth,
some say ball, til you fall, now it's ashes an dirt,
sometimes, I feel like I'm trapped between heaven an hell,
in the ghetto's purgatory, wit fiends an crack cells.

(Chorus x2)

(Master P chorus x4)

Verse 3-(Silkk The Shocker)

You might catch me, walkin wit my head down,
in the pourin rain,
tryin to find answers to questions, no one can seem to explain,
I coulda been born son of a king,
instead I was born son of a, killa, surrounded by dealaz an fiends,

dear God I got some questions, that maybe you can answer,
why my brother got shot, an my grandmother died of cancer,
now through it all I tried to ball an keep it real,
they say they don't feel what I feel,
I guess cuz they don't live where I live,
see my mom tried to be strong, my brother died
didn't wanna see her cry,
but I seen her through the face of the mirror
wipin tears from her eyes,
an my next door neighbor committed suicide, was it cuz of stress,
an if it was, was it that bad that he had to choose death?

(chorus until song ends)
(Master P chorus x4)

(Fiend talking)

Sittin here tryin to take the pain away, see this one here
this for all my ghetto fiends out there
fightin these street wars, to all my No Limit soldiers
to everybody in the penitentiary, I feel yo pain
this ain't nuthin like bein free, tryin to take the pain away
rest in peace
Kevin Bailey, Kevin Miller. Tryin to take the pain away, Fiend