

# King Just, Pain

(Intro)

There's one brain  
There's two halves to one brain  
One half's the pen, the other half's a steel  
Check the story

(Chorus 2X)

Pain, yo, is all I feel  
I'mma die wit my pen, or I'mma die wit my steel

(King Just)

A young shorty on the block, wit no props  
Fightin every day, turn the pot, and crackin beer top  
In the hallway, gettin fucked up, everyday  
You ever thought about goin to school? No way  
I always thought I'd be a big rap star  
Drive fancy cars and travel like far  
Aha, dream didn't come true, now it's 1982  
So what the hell you want me to do?  
I wanna sell drugs and hang wit the thugs  
From the projects, and own a nickel plated tech  
But yet, I still got the skill to rock the crowd  
I guess rappin should just be style  
But now, I can't take it no more  
I'm ready to get my gat and tell you face down to floor  
Give me what you got, nigga, shit is real  
I'mma die wit my pen, or I'mma die wit my steel

(Chorus 2X)

(King Just)

So damn confused, this life just don't seem the same  
Kids on the smelly court, playin the ghetto games  
I reminisce about the shit that I did  
You couldn't be soft and live where I lived  
Cuz only the strong survive, and the weak die  
Well ain't that a bitch, oh, my, my, my  
Momma, why I gotta be like that?  
Face the fact, I want the respect of my ghetto back  
So I dig deep cuz I got a lot to give  
As the world turns, but only one life to live  
So come on my children, let's start rebuildin  
A new foundation for every man's nation  
I try to make a stand, but every stand's a downfall  
I sat on the bench while other kids played ball  
It's not the fact that I lack athletic  
I'd rather grab a pen and pad, and get poetic

(Chorus 2X)

(King Just)

Bow, boom, bang, same to the '90's  
Two-Six Mob, nigga, that's where you'll find me  
Down wit Black Fist, now, my promo's on Kiss  
And everybody around town want's to talk shit  
I guess that's the way life goes, I guess no one knows  
Yo, we all choose our own roads  
So you choose yours, and I'mma choose mine  
Who knows, we just might make it at the same time  
Define, yo, the meanin of jealousy  
And I show you a hundred rappers that can't fuck wit me  
True, so what's the moral to the story?  
The God is on his way to glory, but yet there's more G.  
I became that nigga to the cess

My lifestyle change and now it's headed to the West  
I guess, I have to do some shows out there  
But when I appear, the crowd shook wit fear  
Yo, I can't die wit my steel  
I got a career now, to make at the top of my field  
So you ask, how does the story end?  
One love to Shaolin, we gotta die wit our pen

(Chorus 4X)

(Outro)  
Yo this is a message from the God  
Dreams come true only if you make 'em happen  
One love to Shaolin