

# Tupac, No More Pain

[Intro: Tupac]

Hey DeVante  
Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country  
Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin room  
On the same level  
This shit here, hahahaha  
Please, no more pain  
That's right nigga  
Hey drop that shit boy

[Verse One: Tupac]

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes  
My lyrics explode on contact, gamin you hoes  
Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggaz I'm the one  
Say my name, watch bitches come, now fire  
when ready, stay watchin now figure, increase speed  
Make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker  
Plus all these niggaz that you run with, be on some dumb shit  
Trick on the hoes, I ain't the one bitch  
Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick  
Have every single bitch that came witchu, on my dick  
Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased  
I'm movin you stupid bitches, vicious telekenesis  
Am I reachin your brain? Nigga how can I explain?  
How vicious this Thug motherfucker came  
When I die, I wanna be a livin legend, say my name  
Affiliated with this motherfuckin game, with no more pain

[Chorus: (interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain")]

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain) [variations]

[repeat 4X]

[Verse Two: Tupac]

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight, and fuck your boyfriend  
Bitch, I want some ass tonight, you know my steelo  
Alize and Cristal, weed sure you heard of all the  
sure you've heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh  
Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast  
I dare you niggaz to open fire, I'll murder that ass  
And disappear before the cops come runnin, my glock's spittin rounds  
niggaz fallin down clutchin they stomach  
It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggaz on the rise  
Busters shot me five times, real niggaz don't die  
Can ya hear me? Laced with this game, I know you fear me  
Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me  
My only fear of death is reincarnation  
Heart of a solider with a brain to teach your whole nation  
And feelin no more pain

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse Three: Tupac]

Bury me that's what they all say, it's time to make a killin  
Sure to make a million with DeVante  
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say? Now, watch your eyes  
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie  
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit

Freaky bitch, come give me kiss  
Tell them niggaz from other areas, brothers from here  
So obsessed with this money makin it ain't nothin we fear  
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah  
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya  
Mama made me rugged, baptised the public  
Now you hard thugs, nigga don't you love it  
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must  
Wasn't too sure what you facin so watch the guns bust  
You niggaz'll bleed, fuckin with me you'll be deceased  
Never restin in peace nigga, with no more pain

[Chorus 8X]

[Tupac talking over the chorus]  
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahahaha  
No more pain  
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah  
No more pain  
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit  
Much too much for these bitches  
No more pain  
Feel me nigga? Feel me?  
How you figure you can fuck with me?  
Fully automatic type shit  
No more pain  
Coward ass niggaz, cowards  
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain  
Close your eyes nigga, do it  
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?  
Hey that's DeVante droppin that beat like that BEYATCH  
In case you wonderin  
And jealous niggaz, hahaha, see y'all niggaz  
Motherfuckin niggaz are shit  
Hey

[chorus being whispered in the background]  
Westsiiiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me  
That's on, feel me? Hahaha  
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know what I mean  
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop  
Motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers  
Weak ass niggaz, skanless cunts, fuckin C.E..O.'s  
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Put your mouth on the pistol!  
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain  
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse  
Feel me nigga, haha  
No more pain  
Hey DeVante I'm givin these motherfuckers choices  
Niggaz can roll with us, or they can be rolled under us  
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?  
Last year we was lettin these niggaz kick up dust  
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust  
Thug Life nigga Westsiiiiide!