

Pain

Troy Ave

[Bridge: x2]

When it's on we don't talk, my niggas aimin
Man down, we don't care what the fuck you claimin
Choppa rounds with his teeth, just like it's raining
All my niggas riding round, putting fuckin pain in

[Hook:]

Pain in, my shooters put the pain in
Orders put the pain in, my shooters put the pain in
Orders put the pain in, my shooters put the pain in
And all my niggas riding round, putting fuckin pain in

[Verse 1:]

Young fly nigga, catch me in the coupe
But I keep me a couple youngins that be itching to shoot
See I'm the head of my troupes, I might send em in groups
And tell em run in yo crib and just knock off yo roof
'Cause I'm a boss nigga, but I'm known to let the ratty spray
But keep a shooter on deck like better yay
My young nigga itchin, he just wanna grab the cake
And give you clips early while you tryna catch the matinee
Gun em down, that's what I call a Saturday
When I'm around, it's only real G's with me
A couple brick dealers and killers with no twitters
But one thing that ain't around me is no broke niggas
We get the money and then throw like a fosed nigga
I got the money to make a killa off a nigga
Since Lo died I ain't been the same, I lost it nigga
So when you saw me on play it's like a forfeit nigga

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[Verse 2:]

It's Troy dope boy Ave, BSB slang
Plenty blow and you snow I'm in the murda game
All my niggas ridding round, putting pain in
Two cars, five guns, when ya'll see him flame him
Nigga giving me a headache? Give him headshots
My Nina named Tylenol, get it? Red dots
Sellin half white, 500 grams twice
36 O's, 32 cake price
Erwin Johnson Shack, magic trick a rag
Turn this off the 12-50, ho what just cracked
Coke and uh, I keep a honest smoker
And they gon tell me if it's Friday or order to shoot Misoty
Just enough Cola, I'm raging Ray, I'm rich and fading
I can give me a Benz, all for a day and chefin a J

I don't play in the kitchen, nah my love told me that
I'm from the school of Hard Knox, there's bricks in my backpack

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[Verse 3:]

I'm from a small block these niggas can't ride through
They get a mack in they window, no drive through,
I'm 5-5 but that choppa like 5-2
100 shots, I can't miss you if I tried to
I put a price on yo head, niggas will buy you
I skip you hit but the niggas standing by you
I ain't a street fighter, I'm no Ryu
I sense I'm elite buyer, bullets will fry you
I'm young and thuggin in designer shit
My Fendy Denim kinda slug but the line will fit
My main bitch say I'm buggin but I'm tryna quit
But when niggas start to frontin then the lama spit
Damn, what can I say? I'm just a young bill nigga
We don't squash beef here, we just kill niggas
Free Fats and Lou, young real niggas
A and Beasley too, free my lil niggas

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