

House of Pain (feat. Young Ro)

Chamillionaire & Paul Wall

Exit the realest road, on the highway
It's my block homie, now you headed my way
Ignore her, like nice cars in the driveway
Walk inside, and let your troubles fly away
Hmmm-hmmm-hmm, I feel your pain
I feel your pain, it's the house of pain
Welcome to the house of pain, aaaaaaaaah Walking that hallway where mom say, she get
treated the wrong way
And all day, dude just argue about it all day
And all they, never handle it in a calm way
She throws stuff at him, while he tries to hop out of harm's way
And y'all say, that it ain't no place like home
Which is true, cause home is really like no place I've known
They can't see the light is dark, even with the light bulbs on
But even when the good times day, life goes on
Yeah look in the bathroom, look at this girl throwing up
Naw she's not sick, but she's sick of life cause she knows it sucks
Cause her father's, not around to see her growing up
Her birthday's tomorrow, we know that bastard ain't showing up
Look at him po'ing up, liquor in the kitchen
Daddy got problems, he treat liquor like the prescription
He's broke and he blame mama, cause she can't fix him
Now the neighbors whisp'ring, bout how the family became victims
But don't piss him off, cause you know that he's violent
You know he won't quit, throwing his fist till she's silent
911, can somebody please dial it
Lord please, could you help me put a end to this riot
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmmmm-hmm, I feel your pain
I feel your pain-I feel your pain, welcome to the house of pain Open the door to my home, and
you'll see nobody man
And a sign that says, Welcome to Nobody Land
Now if you take a look around, you will see it's so easy
To notice the pain, and my mother's heart bleeding
Trying to make ends meet, ain't no father to help
But besides the bills she needs some love herself
Now she's screaming her son's name, Lil' Ro come home
Thirty minutes passed, she realized Yung Ro gone
He can't deal with the stress, embedded in his brain
So he takes it physically, but tell me who's to blame
Was it the dope or mama fussing, know his daddy was gone
A bad day, or was it just life alone
He's so stressed on the edge, and his palms are flinching

Now the police trying to warn him, bout consequences
But only God can judge me, so nigga fuck your jail
Cause when I'm dead, my niggas can't bond me out of hell
(*talking*)

Dear Lord, the house of pain is yours
Sometimes I cried, I complained
Cause it hurt so much, I was confused
But then I realized, when I needed you the most
Is when I'm crying, I'm hurt
Or when I'm struggling, thank you
When I'm struggling, baby
And I really don't know, what else to do
I just need a little faith, I need praying
Can't call on no one's help, but you
I know the Lord, gon feel my pain
And I trust that, you gon help me through
Cause I know, you feel my pain

Feel my paa-aaaain
Come inside his brother's in jail, he copes putting drugs in himself
And his mother is well, she's not being a mother cause hell
There's no dinner on the table, he does it himself
With the drugs that he sells, his old man does he need help
Naw-uh look in the living room, there's no surviving
TV images of him, and Osama Bin Loden
They feeding me them images, but I'm really not buying
What them guys in the office saying, quit with the lying
Never ask for the drama, just mash for a dolla
Trying to get a dolla, to buy pampers for his daughter
But then he gotta hear his mama, and baby mama holla
Just cause he ain't got a lot of money, he got nada
Never asked for the drama, just asked for a cama
After the line of zeros, and after the time of
Of patience started buzzing, he blasted your honor
He caught a case, but he was chasing after a dolla

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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