

# So Much Pain (feat. Riddlore & Self Jupiter)

## Aceyalone

So much pain we live through the strain  
So much to gain so I can't complain  
We'll stake our claim our? in the name  
So take this game, let's make this change  
So much pain we live through the strain  
So much to gain so I can't complain  
So much pain it just won't, go awayIt's all foul man; I swear to God trick dice in the game  
If my life is the prize or the stakes too high for the flame?  
And nowadays, this young killer's are nice when they aim  
I'm watching rapper's who died in the flames, am I in the same?  
Both flow? am I gonna change or be repelled by the same catalyst?  
Only if I had a wish, I guess the vital analysts  
Won't be some? and telling me I'm eulogized  
So you decide but right now I gots to ride  
Move aside no sob stories when we swab stories  
Don't cry for me, just see through my eyes, we analyze, each other's philosophy  
Over beat's, sometimes I'll show you the child in me  
But I only can show you what's alotting me  
Allowing me speak clearly without any doubt in me  
Are you doubting me, doubting me?  
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So much pain it just won't, go awayIt's a new day, just crazy as yesterday is  
As lazy as tommorow was I'm as anxious as to get on like people at the chronic bustop  
What the hell took you so long!?  
Lets get this operation moving in the right direction for a change  
By the way, anybody got any spare of change?  
Or think I could get to Australia on a train?  
Or get out the hood alive?  
I'm I good for a five story or count story courtyard drive?  
Now you know I could show up at your house tonight  
Or run up a tab? credit  
Life can get complicated, if you let it  
Roll out the red carpet when I arrive  
Brake out the good plates cups, sallads, bowls, spoons, forks and knives  
Now when I take this shit I want one of those Chinese wives  
Only thing I turned down is my collar, and I'm subject to pop it  
Street scholar in a quarter pocket, Self-Jupiter from the Fellowship

I know you jock it  
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So much pain it just won't, go away I rap everyday, I work everyday  
And it's a full time job knowing what to say  
Blowing the smoke away, and seeing what cha got  
And realizing what you really are and what cha not  
Pulling your line out the water and seeing what cha cot  
Just,? and boots and that can't be alot  
You need different bait if you want to catch a bass  
Gotta have your head straight just to get some cash  
I make this records just to keep me saying  
Cause the world is more crazy than a song can explain  
To make it simple and plain, we not simple and plain  
I'm just not the same, without my thang  
Live and let live on your own Promise Land  
And give rap back to the common man  
The War wasn't over when they bombed Japan  
Rise and stand, devise a plan cause it's. So much pain we live through the strain  
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