

# Hurt Me Soul

## Lupe Fiasco

Now I ain't trying to be the greatest  
I used to hate hip-hop, yup, because the women degraded  
But Too Short made me laugh, like a hypocrite I played it  
A hypocrite I stated, though I only recited half  
Omitting the word "bitch," cursing I wouldn't say it  
Me and dog couldn't relate, til a bitch I dated  
Forgive my favorite word for hers and hers alike  
But I learnt it from a song I heard and sorta liked  
Yeah, for the icing, glamorized drug dealing was appealing  
But the block club kept it from in front of our building  
Gangsta rap-based filmings became the building blocks  
For children with leaking ceilings catching drippings with pots  
Coupled with compositions from Pac, Nas's "It Was Written"  
In the mix with my realities and feelings  
Living conditions, religion, ignorant wisdom and artistic vision  
I began to jot, tap the world and listen, it drop  
My mom can't feed me, my boyfriend beats me  
I have sex for money, the hood don't love me  
The cops wanna kill me, this nonsense built me  
And I got no place to go  
They bomb my village, they call us killers  
Took me off they welfare, can't afford they health care  
My teacher won't teach me, my master beats me  
And it hurts me soul I had a ghetto boy bop, a Jay-Z boycott  
Cause he said that he never prayed to God, he prayed to Gotti  
I'm thinking godly, God guard me from the ungodly  
But by my 30th watching of "Streets is Watching"  
I was back to giving props again and that was bothering  
By this uncomfortable as a untouchable touching you  
The theme songs that niggas hustle to seem wrong but these songs was coming true  
And it was all becoming cool  
I found a condom on the ground that Johns would cum into and thought  
What constitutes a prostitute is the pursuit of profit then they drop it  
The homie in a suit pat her on the butt, then rock it  
It seems I was seeing the same scene adopted  
Prevalent in different things with the witnesses indifferent to stop it  
They said don't knock it, mind ya business  
His business isn't mine and that nigga pimping got it  
They took my daughter, we ain't got no water  
I can't get hired, they cross on fire  
We all got suspended, I just got sentenced

So I got no place to go  
They threw down my gang sign, I ain't got no hang time  
They talk about my sneakers, poisoned our leader  
My father ain't seen me, turn off my TV  
Cause it hurts me soul So through the Grim Reaper sickle sharpening  
Macintosh marketing  
Oil field auguring  
Brazilian adolescent disarmament  
Israeli occupation  
Islamic martyrdom, precise  
Yeah, laser guided targeting  
Oil for food, water, and terrorist organization harboring  
Sand camouflage army men  
CCF sponsoring, world conquering, telephone monitoring  
Louis Vuitton modeling, pornographic actress honoring  
String theory pondering, bullimic vomiting  
Catholic priest fondling, pre-emptive bombing and Osama and no bombing them  
They breaking in my car again, deforestation and overlogging and  
Hennessy and Hypnotic swallowing, hydroponic coughing and  
All the world's ills, sittin on chrome 24-inch wheels, like that They say I'm infected, this is why I injected  
I had it aborted, we got deported  
My laptop got spyware, they say that I can't lie here  
But I got no place to go  
I can't stop eatin, my best friend's leaving  
My pastor touched me, I love this country  
I lost my earpiece, I hope y'all hear me  
Cause it hurts me soul

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