The Truth Hurts

Propain

Put on your hat and coat and take A walk down the street I think you're bound to be surprised By all the bodies you meet The bowels of the melting pot Reeks of shit While a guy does your windows With a sponge and his spit The whores on the highway try to forget That they jeopardized the lives of the guys they met Some will shoot you up and stuff You down a drain pipe hole Cause they wouldn't touch your body With a ten foot pole Stick em up, stick em up, empty the drawer Said the banger to the owner of the liquor store I was purchasing some wine When I heard the pops and a patron started screaming "Someone call the cops" The cops were called, and we were told to wait But the death toll rose because the cops were late The banger ran out, and he was gone in a flash He got away with the murder, And out with the cashThe truth hurts, the truth hurts, And fairy tales are written like a book The truth hurts, the truth hurts Just open your eyes and take a look, son Let's take a little trip to the lower side There's a junkie in a place where the freaks reside He shoots the shit, and gets the rent paid free With government checks and lots of AZT He sees his kids about once a week And his wife's on her death bed as we speak She prays for little ones everyday But the boy is infected and the girl's O.K. Jackin' in the city while the city sleeps You play lor fun and they play for keeps There's a thief in the hood just waitin to pop And a kid in a Cadillac tryin to cop

Herb and couple vials of coke

And he don't sweat it out cause the fine's a joke

In a matter of time it was a real done deal

It's back to the burbs because the shit ain't realBut the truth hurts, the truth hurts,

And fairy tales are written like a book

The truth hurts, the truth hurts,

just open your eyes and take a look, son

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

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/