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.

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