

The Hurt

Aceyalone

Hook: (2x)
The more I look around the more it hurts
My livelihood is poisoned my works
Fall on deaf ears a messenger bringer
With a foreign face and
Tongue and
Slightly
Twisted view of this time and space
Space cadet Ace
Reporting from base
The water hasn't a taste
The time and the place
The paper, the chase the race
Again
Verse 1:
Manifestation, revalation-lution
Retro-bution solution
My people are poor community war
What's the rivalry for?
The poor can't afford
Self genocide
Help 'em aside
He's on your side of the fight
Yep, but unfortunatley
Unproportionately out of order
We have Kaos
Kaos to order they're closing the border
It's a flip of the quarter
For the players, existing in this game
I'm sensing a change
That all will come to pass
Then a movement of the mass
But who am I to tell on who will prevail
And who's fail and who in the hell
Are you going to tell?
You're new to the trail
Your doomed to sail
Away
Keep watching your backs
And cover your tracks
Get up on the facts and relax
And as the dust settles another one bites
He fights but he lost his life device
He's iced my advice
Don't play unless you plan to pay the price
Hook
The more I look around the more it hurts (5x)
I quietly go berserk when I work
Hoping to find that part of my mind
That's mostly confine and blind
Yes pure and refined
Untampered with time
Subliminal sublime
The criminal's crime
I reach and climb
I keep it refined I speak and I grind
Away

Keep watching your back and cover your tracks
get up on the facts and relax
And as the dust settles another one bites
He fights but he lost his life device
He's iced my advice
Don't play unless you plan to pay the price
Hook
We all hurt sometimes. Don't we?
We all get hurt sometimes. Don't we?
We all laugh sometimes. Don't we?
We often pass the time. Don't we?
We all get mad sometimes. Don't we?
We all can flash at times. Can't we?
Have some piece of mind?
Don't we need to seize the time? Don't we?
Life is FUCKED up
But it can be
Some people just lucked up
Because they can see
The shit is chaotic in disguise
Guns and narcotics for or demise
And don't forget the lies
They pump you with
I rise to the occasion without a scratch or abrasion
Just a hop, skip, and jump
Away from a rock hit and a drunk
No loitering here
Aye y'all can't hang out after dark here
Excuse me sir but you can't park here!
I mean tell your dogs that they can't bark here
I mean the world is moving baby
But you gotta just Hold on
But Sometimes you can't just hold on
You gotta just let it go
Let, let, let, let, let it go