

# The Hurt

Aceyalone

Hook: (2x)  
The more I look around the more it hurts  
My livelihook 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, reva-lation-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

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He fights but he lost his life device  
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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