

## Lesson Learned

Pro-Pain

tell me can you feel the heat, from the man on the beat while  
you're pushing on the street, feeling like you're ten feet tall  
well you're looking kinda small with your back to the wall  
is it that you just don't care, that the burden that you bear  
don't compare to the share of the money that you make in a  
day there's a will, there's a way, there's a price that you pay  
for a lessong learned, lesson earned, the streets were stolen  
the tables were turned, lesson learned, lesson earned, the  
streets were stollen, the tables were turned.

workin' two jobs cause money's tight. i get up at six o'clock  
and take it straight through the night. when i walk to work  
it's great cause it's so close to home. but the nights are kinda  
scary and i travel alone.

no one is around but whores and junkies tryin to sell you  
anything they can. people on the block are scared to come  
out, they'd rather leave the fighting to the man. if the pusher  
claimed to be king of the mountain, he'd steal your kids and  
use them for the night. it looks like you're in for one hell of a  
fight.

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tables were turned. used to love the city, now the city is shit,  
and it's hard to keep it clean when we're shittin' on it. the  
corruption is disruption and disruptions unjust, and injustice  
calls for action, any actions a plus, sacrifice a couple of

minutes a day and try to solve the problem with a plan. it's gonna take more than a couple of fists, better ask you

neighbor for a hand. first bell rings, keep on punchin', drive em' outta town with all your might. looks like he's in for one hell of a fight.

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