

## **D-Pryde**

# **"Fallen Tears"**

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It's funny, they say,  
'Treat Others, The Way You Want to Be Treated'  
I don't wanna be treated like this, ya know?  
I had my so-called best friend, stab my back,  
And this is what I fuckin' get.

I tried to be your best friend,  
But you pushed me away.  
You wanted to be cool,  
But too pussy to stay.  
Me and you were fuckin' buddies,  
Now I'm done with the fight,  
Now what do I Get? A fuckin' bitch,  
You fucked up my life.

I woulda died for you homie,  
But you left me alone.  
I had your back,  
And I even welcome you to my home.  
But my back got stabbed, beat down and shattered  
And you left me, all alone,  
Like friendship didn't matter.  
I woulda did anything for you,  
But now i'm worthless.  
And karma aint an excuse,  
Couse' I'm a good person.  
My dreams have been crushed,  
My soul has been stabbed, by this fag,  
A white, carbon copy of my dad.

I hope you get what you deserve,  
In return for my pain  
And learn how to burn a damn nerve on my brain  
I thought I trusted you,  
I even helped for your bitchin'  
I hope you muther fuckin' die  
And burn in hell, in addition, you fuckin' faggot.

[Chorus:  
I count the fallen tears,  
That fall before my eyes.  
Seems like a thousand years,

Since we broke the ties.]

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