

Hammer Bros

"It Hurts..."

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Swallowing poison with your broken words. I'm sick of the lies and that poor excuse that you call hate. You got the world hanging by the tip of your tongue without a care because it's not your problem to bare. Because the money's gonna roll right in! I want to look you in the eyes and make your mind right. I wanna grab you by the ears and make you understand life's hard but you gotta bite the bullet sometimes. We've gotta wake up the youth because I'm losing my mind. Call me a racist, that's your alibi. I didn't give you the gun so stop throwing that shit in my fucking face. Maybe this is too real. Maybe I'm looking for a reason to live. So don't call me a racist because you can't except the fucking truth

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