

Sev "Love Hurts"

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(25% of the couples in this country
are estimated to be in violent relationships)

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(That is a fact)

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[VERSE 1: The Poetess]

Growin up as a kid I never understood the things my
dad did
Like hittin my mother, me and my brother hid
In the parlor from the chaos, the cryin and the cussin
The fightin and the fussin
I used to go to bed holdin my ears tight
Filled with fear when I hear moms and pops fight
I never quite understood what the reasons were
How could he love my mother if he kept on hittin her?
I don't know, but what I do know is this
Love hurts when it's comin from the throw of a fist
And the list goes on from the mental to the physical
Use of verbal abuse, beatdowns, it ain't cool
It's bad enough we got it rough in society
Opression and poverty, no need to be fightin e-
ach other, a brother hits a sister, and he's a bigger
nigga
He ain't nothin if he gotta hit, pick a
Innocent victim three times smaller in size
Head honcho, macho in whose eyes?
Only a fool tries abuse to utilize
Physical force to control, hurt, brutalize
Time for change, to rearrange the chain of thought
Unball your fist and think of the pain was brought
To the hearts of your brother or your sis
Love hurts when it's comin from the fist

[Def Jef]

Now I want you to think of six women that's close to you
And I want you to think if somebody was beatin on em
What would you do?

[VERSE 2: Def Jef]

I wish my step pop would stop hittin on moms
She got bruises on her arm from protectin her face
from harm
Bein done he looks at me and says, "What you're
seein, son
Is me disciplinin my woman
You're gonna hate me for the rest of your life
But this is my wife"
And I'm thinkin I wanna stab him with a steak knife
Too little to interfere, I wish he would disappear
But he won't, so I put the pillow over my ear in fear
Dreamin when I get to be a man I'ma stand up to him
If I see him hit her again I'ma do him
I encourage her to go, she says, "No
I love him, I stay"
"Mom, what you see in that idiot anyway?
He beats you and mistreats you
Daddy wouldn't do that"
But she said: "Your daddy did it too"
Ain't that much love in the world to be gettin bruised for
Used, abused or even singin the blues for
He's addicted to inflictin abuse, he said he'll quit
If he's the one with the habit, then why you always takin
the hit?
A weak later the same shit - I doubt it
I'm grown now, mommy, don't even worry about it

(In 20% of child abuse cases a spouse will be involved
in)

[VERSE 3: The Poetess]

I was twelve years old when daddy started to get rough
Puff in one hand, the other holdin a glass of that 80
proof stuff
He never got enough, I thought he was tough, but it
was all a bluff
I tried to understand and got verbally beat down
But I thought one day he would come around
But man, oh man, was I mistaken
Nothing's right in his life and the abuse I was takin
I was accused of things I never thought of
Good grace got no praise
But I got a lotta negative words thrown in my heart like
a dart
With the point of steel
Killin me softly at his will
The big one came when I got the blame for
Not bein the joy of a boy that he aimed for
One day I came home, he was sittin in the chair by the

front do'
Just waitin to let go
(Where you been all night, out hoein?)
He didn't raise, rolled up in his gut, I got a blow
And that was it, the last hit, he'll ever do
The pearl handle was popped and cocked and it blew
The only thing on my mind was payback, let's say that
I've put an end to that madness and pray that
I can overcome what mentally dad did well
While I count the days in my padded cell

(Several women a day are killed by ah, battering)

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[VERSE 4: Kool G. Rap]

Does he love her or does he hate her?
That's what I'm thinkin as I look at mommy hooked up
to a respirator
It started with a smack
And that smack became a punch and then a kick and
then a broken back
But mommy never dropped dime
Now she's damn near blind, yo, what the hell is on my
pop's mind?
I feel like gettin daddy done in
And put like one in his gun and pull the trigger and
start runnin
Man, I see the walls turnin red
I'm gettin kinda fed so instead of the lead, how bout a
burnin bed?
In order for my mother to last
So while he's laid up, straight up, I be puttin some gas
on his ass
Blow him up like a grenade
And this is for all the times my mother used to wear
shades
Tryin to cover the damage he did her
So when that fire's on your ass you remember how you
hit her

[The Poetess]

This is a special dedication for my sister Dee
and all the sisters out there that have been physically
and mentally abused
I like to send a special thanks to Def Jef
And my sister Almighty
and definitely Mister Kool G. Rap
Peace from the Poetess

