

## Soul Position

### "Look of Pain"

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Chorus: [x4] That's the look of pain You never want to see  
When a ghetto youth finds out His dreams my never be  
Verse One: I've seen crack sales in broad daylight on park benches  
Old folks watch it from the windows in they kitchens  
Convinced the police don't care and won't listen  
Hopin' that they got some under covers takin' pictures  
They ain't tryin' to be the ones that gotta save the system  
For every five thugs, maybe one will go to prison  
The other four are left to intimidate the witness  
Go to trail against them and you might come up missin'  
Lookin' at the odds it's a no brain decision  
Unless you wanna jeopardize your family and children  
And so they keep their eyes closed, continue feedin' kittens  
And open up their blinds again, when the sale is finished  
They hope that dope don't invade their fam  
But how would you cope if your moms was smokin' grams?  
See that's what I be thinkin' when I bump into my man  
Gave him a bear hug and shook his cold hand  
Asked about the future, if he had a plan  
Aside from the hustlin' and corner store scams  
He said, "Life is hard", I said, "I understand"  
The weight of his home life was more than he could stand  
The oldest of four seeds, he's only fifteen  
But everybody lookin' towards him to make the cream  
He said, enroll in college might help him to change things  
Managin' a smile while he spoke so painfully  
Then he started to choke up  
As if he woke up And realized that whatever he made his mom would smoke up  
Chorus Verse Two:  
It's hard to stay optimistic as a ghetto youth  
When you can't anticipate the days ahead of you  
It's like, dope fiend next to you  
Gangs keep stressin' you  
Pharmacists operate the block makin' revenue  
They never get caught cause they know the cops schedules  
And every time you come home it's like your mom questions you  
She don't wanna see you on the street corner gettin' loot  
You told her that was something you would never do  
You concentrate on school  
Your grades exceptional  
You visualize yourself as a black professional  
Plus your girlfriend is in the same class as you  
But it's drama when you walk her home after school  
These knuckleheads on the block they be harassin' you  
You

say, "Chill" That you just passin' through You used to  
be cool with 'em but now they actin' new You crack  
jokes but they gettin' more mad at you Now they puttin'  
up their dukes so they can scrap with you And when it's  
over You leave 'em ALL black and blue Now they talkin'  
about blastin' you Now they got guns chasin' after you  
You didn't think that they would pull it But now you find  
yourself runnin' from the sound of stray bullets You get  
closer to the crib and start smilin' Felt somethin' in your  
back it was a bullet in a spinal column Now you startin'  
to bleed You blackin' out, it's gettin' harder to see  
Chorus

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