

## Mick Jagger % David Bowie "Love Hurts"

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

(Listen to the hit) --> Ice Cube

(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  
Oppression 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)

(Listen to the hit) --> Ice Cube

[ 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

