

# Hurt Me Soul

## Lupe Fiasco

Now I ain't tryna be the greatest  
I used to hate hip-hop... yup, because the women degraded  
But Too \$hort made me laugh, like a hypocrite I played it  
A hypocrite I stated, though I only recited half  
Omittin the word "bitch," cursin I wouldn't say it  
Me and dog couldn't relate, til a bitch I dated  
Forgive my favorite word for hers and hers alike  
But I learnt it from a song I heard and sorta liked  
Yeah, for the icin, glamorized drug dealin was appealin  
But the block club kept it from in front of our buildin  
Gangsta rap-based filmings became the buildin blocks  
For children with leakin ceilings catchin drippins with pots  
Coupled with compositions from Pac, Nas's "It Was Written"  
In the mix with my realities and feelings  
Living conditions, religion, ignorant wisdom and artistic vision  
I began to jot, tap the world and listen, it drop  
My mom can't feed me, my boyfriend beats me  
I have sex for money, the hood don't love me  
The cops wanna kill me, this nonsense built me  
And I got noooo place to gooo  
They bomb my village, they call us killers  
Took me off they welfare, can't afford they health care  
My teacher won't teach me, my master beats me  
And it huuurts mee sooo I had a ghetto boy bop, a Jay-Z boycott  
'Cause he said that he never prayed to God, he prayed to Gotti  
I'm thinkin golly, God guard me from the ungodly  
But by my 30th watchin of "Streets is Watchin"  
I was back to givin props again and that was botherin  
By this uncomfortable as a untouchable touchin you  
The theme songs that niggas hustle to seem wrong but these songs was comin true  
And it was all becoming cool  
I found a condom on the ground that Johns would cum into and thought  
What constitutes a prostitute is the pursuit of profit then they drop it  
The homie in a suit pat her on the butt, then rock it  
It seems I was seein the same scene adopted  
Prevalent in different things with the witnesses indifferent to stop it  
They said don't knock it, mind ya business  
His business isn't mine and that nigga pimpin got it  
They took my daughter, we ain't got no water  
I can't get hired, they cross on fire  
We all got suspended, I just got sentenced  
So I got noooo place to gooo

They threw down my gang sign, I ain't got no hang time  
They talk about my sneakers, poisoned our leader  
My father ain't seen me, turn off my TV  
'Cause it huuurts meee soooul  
So through the Grim Reaper sickle sharpening  
Macintosh marketing  
Oil field augering  
Brazilian adolescent disarmament  
Israeli occupation  
Islamic martyrdom, precise  
Yeah, laser guided targeting  
Oil for food barterin, terrorist organization harborin  
Sand camouflage army men  
CCF sponsorin, world conquerin, telephone monitorin  
Louis Vuitton modelin, pornographic actress honorin  
String theory ponderin, bullimic vomitin  
Catholic priest fondlin, pre-emptive bombin and Osama and no bombin them  
They breakin in my car again, deforestation and overloggin and  
Hennessy and Hypnotic swallowin, hydroponic coughin and  
All the world's ills, sittin on chrome 24-inch wheels, like that  
They say I'm infected, this is why  
I injected  
I had it aborted, we got deported  
My laptop got spyware, they say that I can't lie here  
But I got noooo place to gooo  
I can't stop eatin, my best friend's leavin  
My pastor touched me, I love this country  
I lost my earpiece, I hope y'all hear me  
'Cause it huuurts meee soooul  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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