

Pro-Pain, Pound for Pound

o.k. - lets get it out - enough with the small talk
i can count your lies like cracks on the sidewalk
same old stories of when we used to hang out
down with the crowd we had the whole gain out
nothin' to do with the boys in the crew
we knew we had to start something with you
so we took you down to the ground with a round
pound for pound another win for the hometown
like this: mind over fist and fist over your face
i'll chase you down like the cheese in a rat race
soon you'll regret you ever deceived me -
crush your body like bugs on a t.v.
rhythm of the streets stained with your bloodshed
the hammer of the gods hangs over my head
shoot you down to the ground with a round
pound for pound - let's hear it for the hometown
my god: pray for the city, a moment of silence
let's overcome the guns and the violence
if we give the youth the keys to the mainstream
they won't have to waste their life in a daydream
why? is the question - drugs are the answer
kills in a serial - spreads like a cancer
shoot you down to the ground with a round
pound for pound, yes, grim is the hometown