

Pro-Pain, The Stench of Piss

look, there's hard luck willie
he begs for bucks sometimes
he ain't never bothered nobody
and nobody bothered to hand him a dime
he don't wanna work
cause he looks like a bum and he stinks like a turk
but he'll survive, they say, to urinate where you eat someday

leave this life behind you honey and don't you ever come back
these streets are paved with violence,
broken dreams, and vials of crack
so sick of living in a city where ignorance is truly bliss
mass transit, penn station, ass rancid
with the sentch of piss

why do they call him willie?
and what will he do for money?
will he sell his ass and get cash for sex?
what will he think of next?
got a couple of johns on file
he was willing to serve with a smile
so he sold himself for the price of a fix
and the next day willie called in sick

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these streets are paved with violence,
broken dreams, and vials of crack
so sick of living in a city where ignorance is truly bliss
bus terminal, port authority, portapotty
with the stench of piss

they cry as they lie in their filth, i call it a crime
so drunk they can drown in their puke, of bile and wine
defecation in general can heat seal your nose with a kiss
so don't bother holding your breath - inhale some of this