Fallen Tears

D-Pryde

It's funny. They say;
"Treat others, the way you wanna be treated"
I don't wanna be treated like this, ya know?
I had my best so-called best friend stab my back
And this is what I fuckin' get.

I tried to be your best friend,
But you pushed me away.
You wanted to be cool,
But too pussy to stay.

Me and you were fuckin' buddies
Now I'm done with the fight.
Now what do I get?
A fuckin' bitch, you fucked up my life.

I woulda died for you homie,
But you left me alone
I had your back,
And I even welcome you into my home
But my back got stabbed, beat down and shattered
But you left me all alone, like friendship didn't matter
I woulda did anything for you, but now I'm worthless
And karma ain't an excuse, couse I'm a good person

My dreams have been crushed,
My soul has been stabbed
By this fag,
A white carbon copy of my dad

I hope you get what you deserve,
In return for my pain,
And learnin' how to burn a damn nerve on my brain

I thought I trusted you,
I even helped for your bitchin
I hope you mutha fuckin' die,
And burn in hell, in addition you fuckin faggot.

I count the fallen tears
That fall before my eyes
Seems like a thousand years
Since we broke the ties

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