

This is for the one who helped bring me on this earth,
shut me out since birth, take ya for what ya worth. A
f**k up is what I think of first. Always tried ta
corrupt my mind. Nevertheless I turned out fine. How
come ... how come you never had the time!! No, its
never easy. She always tried to please me. On your
death bed, and ya finally wannna see me. Mama didn't
raise a fool, f**ked up in skool, beat me black and
blue, and where the f**k were you? I must have forgot
my life had nothing to do w/ the ones I never knew.
[chorus] Beat ya like a drum. Ta show ya where I'm
from. Beat ya like a motherf**kin drum. Ta show ya
where I come from. Straight from the E-town concrete!
Donut give a shit. Tired of keeping it in. Right bout
now I need a friend. Someone to help me deal wit it
all. Someone to build me high as the sky, hear my
cries. I can't go on just slipping by. Who can
understand? You wouldn't understand. Mom gets beat by
a grown man. Get wasted. My hatred! [chorus] Beat ya
like a drum. Ta show ya where I'm from. Beat ya like a
motherf**kin drum. Ta show ya where I come from.
Straight from the E-town concrete! Where the f**k did
you come from, and what're you talking bout now?
Suburban punk trying ta play the role, in love with
something you don't know the first thing about. Street
education from a movie. Wake up mothaf**ka, you can't
move me.