Born And Bred

Eamon

Born and bred in the dungeon, ain't it something
I've been fed in abundance pain and suffering
Just when you thought that you were getting on out
On my knees begging, hoping you light this fire

The fifth borough, late night on the corner, mob ties, everybod
y's gotta line of order
Wu-Tang shout when the party jump off
Staten Island struggle on the bridge bodies jump off
It's a whole new world, everybody see the pain, little boy, lit
tle girl
Sunday dinner, old school thinker, everybody know the code when
 the feds linger

It's the land of broken dreams, where the hopeless hide and the
 strong survive whoa
I've been waiting all to long seeing mama cry, if s like if s o
n my life whoa

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Ooh tell me where you get a better slice
Where you get a piece of the pie that's realer than the apple
The last borough to hold the yuppies off, when you mingle with
the people then you feel the old New York.
Jesus Christ will You save this island
I stopped counting how many kids I grew up with are dead foreve
r or dads locked up in penitentiaries doing dimes or better

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