

## 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, everybody'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, little 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 too long seeing mama cry, if s like if s o n my life whoa

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

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 forever or dads locked up in penitentiaries doing dimes or better

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

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