A Puerto Rican father, an Italian mother Born in Brooklyn sometime around the summer With my little baby brother we a family of four Getting by, cause the family was poor And before the family [?], we was all kinda happy Before the divorce, before sadness would grab me An evil in pops [?] kept her smiling Channel 9, Thanksgiving, Monster Island Zombies in front of the TV, a reality escape Mom prays, her morality's at stake Formality of faith was blind, but it saved us From the chaos that awaited in the streets Streets of New York was my pop's playground Sadistic, selfish bastard that never stayed around But it was all for the better though Whenever we was left alone Settle for whatever, mom said we gotta let it go

Oh oh oh, my world It's getting much better There's laughter instead of Tears and sorrow

My world
Really is something
It's making my heart sing
It keeps my smiling

I had a crazy father, an even iller mother Born in Flushing, Queens sometime around the summer With my little baby brother, we a family of four And ain't have jack shit, cause we was poor And honestly, I don't even remember them being cool They fought a lot, I think it taught me how to be a goon And when they got divorced, we stayed with mom dukes And they were better off apart and that's the hard truth Got into music and comic books, a reality escape Mom prays, her morality's at stake Then she violently became religious That's when I rebelled with hate In the projects listening to Hell Awaits And my pops was nowhere to be found, barely around He started a new family across town But it was all for the better though Whenever we was left alone Settle for whatever, mom said we had to let it go

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