

# A Life's Story

## Union 13

I grew up with twisted knowledge  
Very little school and of course no college  
In a broken home there is no role model

My father figure left me for the bottle I had to teach myself to become a man

Never to give in to what I didn't understand  
The truth is out there, out in the street

My first teacher was a bum with no shoes on his feet He told me about his life and where he went wrong

He said, "Son, you promise me you'll never sing a sad song"  
Two weeks later my friend was dead

The knowledge he gave me is still in my head Street soldier life just wasn't for me

Where the purpose is killing over territory, I heard  
My calling it came in loud and clear  
I was to speak my mind and make it my career

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