

E-Town Concrete

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This is for the one who helped bring me on this earth, shut me out since birth, take ya for what ya worth. A fuck 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, fucked up in skool, beat me black and blue, and where the fuck were you? [chorus] Beat ya like a drum. Ta show ya where I'm from. Beat ya like a motherfuckin 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 motherfuckin drum. Ta show ya where I come from. Straight from the E-town concrete! Where the fuck 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 mothafucka, you can't move me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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