

Born With Nothing, Die With Everything

Papa Roach

Fed up, tired, sick and twisted
One-man army I'm enlisted
Trust yourself, trust no one else
Fuck a hero, be yourself
And I don't need your lousy hand out
Clenched fists, I'll fight my way out
Fighting my way out, find my way out
People, wake up and sing along
I trust no one, my trust is gone
Born with nothing, die with everything
Born with nothing, die with everything, yeah
In a daze, these days go by
Faster an' faster, I speed through life
Now I've got to take control
Of my mental and my physical
Never sheltered from life's hard storms
I was cold but now I am warm
But inside I'm warm, now I am warm
People, wake up and sing along
I trust no one, my trust is gone
Born with nothing, die with everything
Born with nothing, die with everything, yeah
Searching an' finding the truth inside myself
Searching an' finding the truth inside myself, inside myself
Searching, finding, truth
Fed up, tired, sick and twisted
One-man army I'm enlisted
Trust yourself, trust no one else
Fuck a hero, be yourself
And I don't need your lousy hand out
Clenched fists, I'll fight my way out
Fight my way out, find my way out
Born with nothing an' die with everything
Born with nothing an' die with everything
Born with nothing an' die with everything
Born with nothing an' die with everything
My soul was starving
I was born with nothing and I'll die with everything, yeah
Born with nothing an' die with everything

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