

Born in the gutter
In the shadow of an alley
I was born in the last state of disaster

Out there can you hear me
Out there can you hear me
Lord, there's so much pain
No, no I can't stand the pain

Can you see fuckers
That try to separate us
The weak from the strong
The worse from better ones
From those who're up
Those who're down
Those who see from those who're blind

Ghetto
You're building up a ghetto

Loud, louder
The scream's getting louder
Can't stand the pain
That I'm keeping under
I face reality, sick, sick reality
False ideas, broken morality

Out there can you hear me
Out there can you hear me
Lord, there's so much pain
No, no I can't stand the pain

Can you see the fuckers
That try to separate us
The weak from the strong
The worse from better ones
Those from the East
And those from the West
Those who don't have
From those who have