

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