He was burn to a world of pain.

left on a doorstep out in the rain.

the first of 7 kids starving in the hood.

he never met his dad and his mom was no good.

The neighborhood swallowed up many soul.

it's hard growing old in a world so cold

but the world keeps turning.

The smart keep learning the strong survive and hit the ground r unning.

WOAH, Another survivor from the bowels of the ghetto.

I didn't know he barely made it alive.

that's why he said "Son, we gotta get out of here, there's no s mile in the ghetto".

He only wanted to give my family a life. that's my father.

His mother married a child molester.

Told me I was a son of a bitch.

He brought an whole new level of fear.

Drugs and rape and shit you don't wanna know.

So He grew up fighting everyday.

A futile attempt to protect his family.

My dad's a rock and I know why. I never saw him break and I nev er saw him cry.

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that's why he said "Son, we gotta get out of here, there's no s mile in the ghetto".

He only wanted to give my family a life. that's my father.

What more could I want to be than a man who would die for his family