

## Pitbull

### "Castle Made Of Sound"

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Chorus (Kelly Rowland)

So you tried, to believe  
in the castle made of sand;  
when it falls, to the sea  
and your feet can't find dry land  
reach for my hand

Verse 1 (Pitbull)

I sacrificed my life to give you my life through  
speakers;  
I tried to do good even though I've been crossed like  
Jesus.  
God knows I gotta good heart, but my bloods filled with  
demons  
I'm fighting myself;  
believe me I'm far from ignorant, far from greedy.  
If you, knew what I've come from, knew what I've been  
through,  
you'd think there should have been another outcome.  
Just like most kids who had a father I, did it without one  
come from the city, would'a X-ed you like Malcolm.  
Then you wonder how come, I can move in a room full  
of wolves, so swift, so smooth.  
Thank you mom, for makin' me a man,  
let a motherfucker knock down my castle made of  
sand.

Chorus:

So you tried, to believe;  
in the castle made of sand.  
When it falls, to the sea,  
and your feet can't find dry land,  
reach for my hand, reach for my hand.

Verse 2:

I lived my whole life with the world on my shoulders,  
so I could care less what this music game throws us;  
I see them looking for what the key to it is but they  
won't find it,  
I come from struggle, I'm a fighter, must she be  
reminded.

My mothers past as a tramp has her blinded,  
but I took her past, I took her pain,  
I made her strength, I fought the game;  
do or die, Pitbull's the name.  
Now all I see is the future, mom I love you; I salute you.  
And no matter what happens, just know you're the  
reason that I'm rappin'.

Chorus

Verse 3 (Jamie Drastik):

Look, I'm from the home of the spitters, the winners,  
the big apple;  
came down to South Beach to build a new castle.  
Everyday I'm hustlin' and everyday you hassle;  
doin' what you can and I'm doin' what I have to.  
Throw me in the jungle and I'll show you I'm a winner;  
I'm comin' out with dinner and wearing a chinchilla.  
I did it for my town to show em the big picture,  
Pit hit the switch, I promise to never switch up.  
This is for my brother, took three and went to jail;  
I'm sending all the pictures of my shows through the  
mail.  
He hit me with a letter said "I know you'll never fail";  
So put me on the beach with a bucket and a pail.

Chorus

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