

## Seanchai

# "Let Me Tell You Where You're From"

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I see you with your friends  
Hanging out  
You're my little man  
No doubt  
And that's the part  
That kinda got me worried  
Kids these days  
Getting old in a hurry  
Everyday gun play  
By some crazy mutha  
Shooting up schools  
For no good reason other  
Than they're scared and confused  
Life's unfair so they choose  
To cock the glock  
And make the six o'clock news  
Which comes on the box  
Right after Jerky Springer  
Waving his finger  
At some studio ringer  
Talk show whore  
Making fun of the poor  
A punch in the jaw  
Crowd roars for more  
Like that wrestling federation  
It's a negative vibration  
Across the nation  
Television's on  
Pushing 'Leprechaun'  
So pull out the plug  
And let me tell you something son  
Let me tell you where you're from

First thing,  
One time we were kings  
Under Brehon law  
Fair to the weak and the strong  
But thugs came in  
So called aristocrats  
Crossed the sea  
Gave us some static  
Have you heard before

About Fiach O'Byrne at Glenmalure  
Picked up his sword  
Showed Lord Gray the door  
But An Gorta M<sup>3</sup>r  
Nearly wiped us out  
So we were poor  
By the time we came out  
To Brooklyn, U.S.A.  
Worked like slaves  
For no pay  
Both my Grandfathers  
Fought for their due  
The I.R.A became the T.W.U.  
But once more  
Thugs knocked on the door  
And once more son  
We went to war  
For five years in Burma  
Da was in the zone  
Uncle Andrew,  
Uncle Hughie,  
They never made it home  
So take some time out,  
Remember what they done  
And let me tell you something son,  
Let me tell you where you're from

I see you on the street  
You make me proud  
Keep your two feet  
On solid ground  
Confrontation everywhere  
You turn your head  
With no foundation  
You'll be easily led  
By all the wrong folks  
For all the wrong reasons  
Leave them on the shelf  
Look within yourself  
And keep it mind son  
You come from a tribe son  
You've got the heart  
Of a lion son  
That's how we've survived son  
So don't be no thug  
But don't be no herb either  
Don't give no one shit  
But don't take no shit neither  
To know where you're going  
You gotta know where you're from  
And let me tell you something son

Let me tell you where you're from

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