

# Holden Avenue, Private Hell

Each day you hunting me  
Like i'm some kind of pray  
I'm afraid to walk alone  
No i don't dare to stay  
Refusing to adapt  
You forcing me to kneel  
I live in constant fear  
I live in constant fear  
Because i love the taste of fight  
Because i do not like your style  
Because you're not the one from here  
Because you know all my fears  
Neither your hommie nor you bro  
I know it well  
This lovely neighbourhood  
Seems like my private hell  
Not looking for a trouble  
Facing it with eyes-closed  
But you still chasing me,  
why are you chasing me  
Because i love the taste of fight  
Because i do not like your style  
Because you're not the one from here  
Because you know all my fears  
Because o came too late!