

Shaka Ponk, My Name Is Stain

I'm Stain, my name is Stain
I don't complain, I won't complain
Do you comprehend' what is the point of being born and being gone there must be a reason

War to the east, Pain to the west
War is at least, What we do 'best
What we do best is sharing guns
and kill for fun there must be a reason

My name is Stain I guess my dad he had the sens of humour
He gamme such a name cause stains they all mix together
If you are red or blue you depend on the trends
but stains is no problem: everywhere you find them

The guy next door, is such a whore
the food I eat is poison or
I eat no food cause I can't find a store

Ma mama says I must be a tough guy, to live out there
I wanna know why ma mama says you got to be bad or beware

oh Mam'
I no more share your point of view
I know that bros are not so cruel
They're not so bad, but just afraid
The best to do is to give some comprehend'

I'm Stain
My name is Stain
So don't complain
And take my hand, you take my hand
So world it needs to shine again
My little friend we've got to start again
and to give some comprehend'