

# Brettell, 3man 4eva

On the twenty-sixth of February, nineteen-eighty five,  
I was born into this world,  
My life had just begun.

People all around me, point and stared at me.  
What was the point, I still have feelings,  
My life had broke into two.

'You can't get rid of me, that easily.'

3man 4eva, thats my moto,  
For the future, for someone.  
Allways try to, be yourself,  
Be yourself, and no one else.

Yes I still remeber, every part of me,  
The colour of my skin, my religion within and,  
This song I love to sing.

Getting on with my life, seems the hardest thing,  
I like to think that, the future within,  
Has something good in for me.

'You can't get rid of me, I'm here to stay.'

Freeman 4eva, thats my moto,  
Like to think that, it makes a point.  
Live your life, to the fullist,  
Don't be pressured, by your friends.

Think I'm all alone now, no one is round me,  
Feeling's untold, they'll never be sold,  
Your secrets safe with me.

'You can't hide things from me, I know everything.'

3man 4eva, thats my moto,  
Everlasting, like my soul.  
Teach a lesson, from your farther,  
Ever wonder, who you are.

3man 4eva, thats my moto,  
Like to think that, it has a point.  
Live your life, to the fullist,  
Don't be pressured, by no one.

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For the future, for someone.  
Allways try to, be yourself,  
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