

Wax**"I Ain't A Real Man"**

Visit "[I Ain't A Real Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I ain't a real man, real men work
Digging, digging, shoveling dirt
The kind of work, that when you get home you're back
hurt
Blood stains cover your shirt, that's real work
I ain't a real man, real men work
Digging, digging, shoveling dirt
The kind of work, that when you get home you're back
hurt
Blood stains cover your shirt, that's real work

Rapping and rhyming, that it isn't grinding
What's grinding, the cats that were trapped
In the mine when the mine cap sized over top of them
And cats couldn't find them
Little kids asking the firemen if dad was alive
In the tragic environment that dad had a task to
provide them with
A little shelter and food to eat
So he traveled deep in the sweltering grueling heat
Moving his feet til' he a mile below
Knowing some workers died there a little while ago
No es nada, people gotta do what they gotta
A man gets a little but "The Man" gets a lotta
Nothing proper, never got an opportunity
To get a bachelor's or a docto-
Rate, pop'll get the opposite
Fire in the hole
Never had a silver spoon so he's mining for the gold
And eventually it gets to a designer and it's sold
And it's worn around the neck of someone rhyming and
we're told
That they got that shit grinding
I don't get that
The dude's grinding climbed in with a pickaxe
And I ain't hating if you spit raps
I'm just saying I admit facts

Backstage I feel nervousness
Hoping that the show reach perfectness
But it feels kind of purposeless

When I think of motherfuckers in the armed services
And man it ain't even right
That what they make in a month, I'mma make it tonight
And when they come home, they gon' wake up late in
the night
What they saw, ain't no shaking the sight
I mean stage fright's something I can deal with
A grenade fight fucker that's some real shit
They say the stage light's bright but it's actually kinda
dark
When it's placed next to your newly missing body part
Or the bullet that hit your friend and stopped his heart
You're eighteen, your life's about to start
But some come home, people like "Who are you man?"
Some come home and they wife got a new man
Some come home and they life fall into shambles
Now they're just trying to keep a soup can full
You can see 'em up in any town
Uncle Sam don't pay per diem in the later rounds
He got a cardboard box sign
"Iraq Vet in need of far more boxed wine"
With his family gone
And some judgmental shit ain't what your man be on
Cause I'mma still look at dude as a champion
We get paid to chant these songs, it's stupid

This is for my DC cats that would sell me a 20 sack
And the migrant workers sending money back
To the fat plumbers who invented plumbers crack
Put your hands up, where you motherfuckers at
Fuck a trucker hat, where the real truckers at
At a rest stop cause they wanna take a fucking nap
Electricians, don't get fucking zapped
Nobody better than y'all just because they rap
To the people work at MacDonalds
Who wanna go to the corporate headquarters and
smack Ronald
Across his face, I hope that stupid ass company falls
from grace
Ayo, McFuck, the McRib
They can, McSuck, my McDick, check it out
McFuck, the McRib
They can, McSuck, my McDick

Visit [Wax](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.