

Justin McBride "Tough"

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You think you're tough with your bass speakers kicking
in the back
And your triple X lyrics blaring from your puke green
Cadillac
You've got your bling bling on
And your tattoos running up and down your arms
Ah ain't you bad with the seat of your britches hanging
down that far
Yeah, I had to break it to you punk
But all that stuff ain't got a thing to do with being tough

Cause tough is your fingers bleeding
It's a hundred degrees and you're gettin no pay
Tough is your old man yelling
Get up out of that bed at the break of day
Keeping on going when you know you've had enough

That's tough

It might seem that I'm comin down a little hard on you
But you think you're a man and you still gotta lot of
growin up to do
I bet you talk a big game when you're hangin' with your
boys in some pool hall
But I wonder how you'd act if you ever had your back
up against the wall
Yeah I'm sure those joints you hang out in get pretty
rough
But you've got a lot to learn about being tough

Cause tough is a single mom workin three jobs so her
kids can eat
Tough is reading bed time stories when your body's
begging you to go to sleep
Given all you've got for what you love

That's tough

See it wasn't very long ago
My little brother was about your age
He joined the Corp and before we knew it they shipped
him away

So far away
And tough is a momma cryin' waving goodbye as her
baby leaves
Tough is a teenage soldier on the front lines fighting
just to keep you free
Prayin for one more day from God above

That's tough

Son that's tough
Pull your britches up!
Take a little pride in yourself

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