

## Craig Mack

### "Lotta Man"

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His life is that blue bike, ball glove an' fishin' pole,  
Tree-house, BB gun and band aid covered knees.  
He does good deliverin' papers,  
An' cuttin' grass for the neighbours,  
Except for Widow Wilson: he cuts hers for free.  
His little hands do a lot for a kid his age,  
He puts one-tenth of his hard earned money,  
In the offering plate each Sunday by his own choice.  
There's a lotta man in that little boy.

Weekdays, he tries to sleep late:  
Weekends, he's up at daybreak.  
Him an' Roy wadin' in Cotton Creek.  
That dog was like his brother:  
You'd seen one, you'd see the other.  
Cut one an' both of them would bleed.  
Tires screamed, but that ol' truck couldn't stop.  
There's the tree that he buried him under;  
He made a cross from scraps of lumber,  
An' on it carved: "God Bless ol' Roy."  
There's a lotta man in that little boy.

There's a house, down where he goes fishin':  
He told his Mom: "Those kids got nothin',  
"And I don't need all these toys."  
There's a lotta man.  
(There's a lotta man. There's a lotta man.)  
In that little boy

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