

Sweatshop Union

"Cut Back"

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[Chorus]

Been away every day

Since June

On the road doing shows

Since June

Half drunk every month

Since June

And honey, I really think I need to

Cut back

Barely slept all week

Cut back

Barely kept on beat

Cut back

Honey I truly think I see

I need to cut back

I need to cut back

I need to cut back

I need to cut back

[Verse 1]

I smoke and drink, I cuss like sin

I smell like hotel linen and Gin

Cause I've been on a binge
Where I just sip and then grin
Stumbling 'round my day from beginning to end
Then repeating again, and repeating again
It's just one long cycle, it's repeating again
And I've been feeding the trend
From evening to AM my friend
I wish I could stop, I'm just so damn dependant
Haven't been home for a minute and I'm wiped out
Getting older by the minute and I'm like wow
I won't admit it but I'm in it for the lifestyle
It can be wicked but I'm sticking with it right now
Deep breath, release out, one more drink, one more
joint
Each time one more thing, then roll up late
In a Super 8 Motel, know this rate I won't rejuvenate so
well
Oh hell don't tell me to slow down, it won't help
I'm in too deep to know how
Know why? We're doing it to get the show live
Besides, it goes hand and hand with the road life
Been away since when (since when)
On the road to no end (no end)
Half drunk since 10AM
Passed out, wake up, repeat it again

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Who really knew the routine

Would lose any way of amusing me

But it ain't what it used to be

It's like a new day, new city, new club new shit

But it ain't news to me

See the same posh hotels

Across the street the same Taco Bells

Same malt lix, and 26 of off sales

McDeaks and benedicts come on now
Same old towns, same old crowds
Same ups and downs, the same old routes now
The same drained feeling for the next few weeks
Same sent of cigarettes on the beds used sheets
Making the same late night calls from hotel rooms
Saying the same broken promises, 'I'll be home soon'
Facing same headaches and woes as those when I left
Taking in every second the alarm ain't set
And it all gets further and further out of control
The further we go begin to worry, I know
It's early but yo, don't want to lose my grip on a whole
And wind up some washed up piece of shit on the road
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Since June
Half drunk every month
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[Verse 3]

Sweatshop pick em off with a tight track

To hit em hard like a Louisville spiked hat

You like that? You can't help but come right back

Grab your lifejack, we're going to wile-out tonight man

If you're with us, put up your right hand, hold up

If you're with us, but up your lights and, hold up

Get em high, gonna rock like a live band

Creative Minds so where the fuck you been holding at?

We keep it all hype, all night, alright

So you put to bed all that dead shit you call tight

Don't want to be like y'all type

Y'all might just be the weakest tripe that ever saw a mic

It's Dusty Melo and my man Marmalade

2 reps from the Sweatshop 7 large brigade

We spit the sickest shit said split in bars of 8

And make it so the number 1 spot is hard to take.

Huu

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