

Sweatshop Union "Oh My"

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Fortunate for me, I couldn't afford to be fortunate
Shit, we're like the kid and misfortune never missed
According to the landlord I'm poor as piss
Trying to get this
But down low, it's only shows supporting this
Which I really don't know how the touring gets
And I didn't just come here to moan and bitch
Grown folks betting on their own kids' benefits, it's
The return of the poor man's rap,
For those who don't own homes off coke rap,
It's not raining enough love so we're showing that
So them old school cats now broke from rap,
Most they see the poor, what most MCs ignore,
While most these MCs were born and grew up poor,
We'll be slaves in the old workforce,
To pay for a government that don't work for us.

(Oh my) oh, just trying to get by, lord I'm
(So tired) fighting to get my, trying to get my,
(Low ride) though it ain't for me lately, it don't phase
me,
(Alright) cause I make money, money don't make me.

Fortunately, I believe that we can all agree,
It is what it is, not what we thought it'd be,
And if what I live ain't what I'm called to be,
I must have mistrained my psychology,
And it's mystery, ain't it, the kids exist among us
miscreated,
History is just like a train without a destination,
We need food, clothes, and shelter,
So we hustle till we're old and helpless,
And if you do only go for the gold and wealth,
You're still alone cause you don't know yourself,
At the end of the day, still gotta eat, still gotta feed
your kids,
Still gotta light and heat the crib,
I understand that, nobody planned that,
And single mother's asking where the fuck their man
at?
But like the man, we do it for love,
From student to dog, from the schools to the clubs, it

goes.

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(So tired) fighting to get my, trying to get my,
(Low ride) though it ain't for me lately, it don't phase
me,
(Alright) cause I make money, money don't make me.

Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh oh my,
(Fade to end)

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