

Wordsworth

"Be a Man"

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[1st Verse]

Hit the play button, got a chance to say something
The pen to the page touching like a paint brushing
Carriages, baby daddies, but we ain't husbands
Marriage is in the future, but we ain't rushing
It's a design we began that's defining a man
Money, women, fights, spending time in the can
A father only shows a boy how to become a man
Not true, single parents showed a mother can
Stepdad tried to show your mom his raising abilities
Was rent free, now she want paying utilities
Your responsibilities was grades, babysitting, no work
Just keeping from those convict facilities
It's cool that, once you were the man of the house
But when your mom finds a man then you should plan
to be out
And I don't want to be a failure neither
Coming to jail to see us, reading mail, using mail to
free us
Finally Ma, I did it, my music's coming
Tell you everything so you know that I'm doing
something
See the shame in my face when I ask you for money
So embarrassed almost had Khadijah asking you for
me
Wanna be a man, but I know my pride will kill me
I'm your son, so if I didn't aks you'd find it silly
In my memory my worst day is
Asking you for money so I can go and buy your
birthday gift

[Chorus]

Probably didn't think I'd make it but I survived
Standing looking at the sky as time would fly
And you knew I'd be a man when I decide
Surprise Surprise, Surprise Surprise
Probably didn't think I'd make it but I survived
Standing looking at the sky as time would fly
Everything's good 'cause you stood by my side
Surprise Surprise, Surprise Surprise

Wave your hands side to side (8X)

[2nd Verse]

Superficial, showing off for the group that's with you
Artificial, yes man in your crew makes you official
And ladies jump in your car, cruising the city
Picking guys how they look so that their children are
pretty
Midguided, but inspired, from our hoods came songs
Buying things to the make up for a childhood that's
gone
Better days now steps away, close to the edge
Went through enough, but it's tough, rougher roads
are ahead
Pledge to good health, long life, we toast and break
bread
Cause we made it past the age we were supposed to be
dead
Fabric of life, what I compose is a thread
Poems I've said go beyond violets blue and roses are
red
When gone they'll have a monumental stone of a
throne
Sculpted of me, chin in my hand, holding my head
The lessons written in these rhymes, like a blessing in
disguise
The fittest survive and real recognize likewise

[Chorus] 2X

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