

Mike Mineo

"Work"

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I come home and I put my shackles on,
I'm tired but I lock the door,
You never know what kinda weirdos wanna come inside
And know one has what I have,

Work like you got nothing to live for
Work like you got nothing to live for

They got us lockin up ourselves in a prison called
home,
Go ahead and dream of bein millionaires as you take
out another loan
Jump in the hole make it your living space
Pick up a shovel made of dollar bills and dig yourself a
grave

And work like you got nothing to live for
Work like you got nothing to live for

Trying to avoid stress but it's stressing me out,
Trying to pick myself up but it's keeping me down,
Trying to avoid stress but it's stressing me out,
Trying to pick myself up but it's keeping me down,

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