

I Can't Call It

Propaganda

I can't call it
Struggling workaholic that married one
Hell of a tug-of-war in my home
I'm not at all a know-it-all, I'm winging it cause
Still ain't got an answer, but I know who does
When you come from a place below the dirt
All you know is struggle work, struggle work
Hard to see the worth of a person's personhood
Would love to see the past end
But the system keeps on proving it's not
And when I say "system" I mean justice economic, social educational
If money talks, then educated colors are bilingual
And I'm the son-in-law of the immigrants'
Legal citizen thanks to Nixon
I'll probably do my best to convince you I'm a victim
But I can't call it
Just a struggling workaholic
And I'm exhausted
And I can't call it

I'm enduring the race, got what it takes
I won't complain, He wrote the pace
Somehow convinced myself sweat on my brow is my wealth
You ain't a real man 'til calluses grow on your hands
But it's all I knew and it's how I grew
And I'm exhausted, my kids are barely new
Sweet sweet found clash, beat beat pound as
We speak loud as a million and one trumpets of pride
Stomach was rumbling louder than music
Saying you hoping that God would use it
Lie to yourself, convince your dome
You only doing this for your home
If you doing this for your home, then go home
Go home, go home
But I can't call it, I can't call it
Just a struggling workaholic
And I'm exhausted