

Eight Hours a Day

Snak the Ripper

I got my Boots on crack of dawn, pack the bong, im out the door
,
my day is long, still sore, from the fuckin day before,
eight to four, maybe more, do twice the work they pay me for,
bills due, crazy poor, never been this way before
Do my best day to day, pray the stress will fade away,
so unfair, no one cares, this is life or so they say,
It's hard to understand, i work my knuckles to the bone,
gotta get my rent paid or ill be stuck without a home,
So I'm out here in the cold rain, no pain no gain,
money on my mind, the only thought inside my whole brain,
No more being nice cause thats the guy that finish last,
tryin to get ahead fast, before I'm dead under the grass,
Check to check, how I live, drinking on an empty gut,
empty tank in my whip, empty bank but you know what?,
I just keep on goin, keep on pushing through the dirt,
feels like I don't got a life cause all I do is work.

I got the music on, crack of dawn, stackin songs, I'm in my zone,
tryin to take it up a notch, watch me make it on my own,
it's in my blood, its in my bones, this is what I'm meant to do
,
sharing my demented views, prayers to god, I sent a few,
A better man I'm tryin to be, ain't no labels signin me,
my family relying on me, I'm hoping one day finally,
I'll find my place, no time to waste, my grinding face is always on ,
I'm tryin to chase a dream and get a taste before I'm dead and gone,
Out here in the thick of it, to ease the stress im stricken with,
nobody makin money off my name no more, I'm sick of it,
every day, same routine, gotta play it for my team,
half man half machine, slayin fuckin everything,
On the road, away from home, excellin in my element,
sellin em hella knowledge, survival of the intelligent,
I just keep on goin, keep on pushing through the dirt,
better find something you like to do if all u do is work man.