

# I Ain't a Real Man (Eom Remix) [Bonus Track]

Wax

[Intro]

Aw, I'm just saying man  
I'm just fucking saying  
Check it out!

[Hook]

I ain't a real man, real men work  
Digging, digging, shoveling dirt  
The kind of work, that when you get home you're back hurt  
Blood stains cover your shirt, that's real work  
I ain't a real man, real men work  
Digging, digging, shoveling dirt  
The kind of work, that when you get home you're back hurt  
Blood stains cover your shirt, that's real work

[Verse 1]

Rapping and rhyming, that it isn't grinding  
What's grinding, the cats that were trapped  
In the mine when the mine cap sized over top of them  
And cats couldn't find them  
Little kids asking the firemen if dad was alive  
In the tragic environment that dad had a task to provide them with  
A little shelter and food to eat  
So he traveled deep in the sweltering grueling heat  
Moving his feet til' he a mile below  
Knowing some workers died there a little while ago  
No es nada, people gotta do what they gotta  
A man gets a little but "The Man" gets a lotta  
Nothing proper, never got an opportunity  
To get a bachelor's or a docto-  
Rate, pop'll get the opposite  
Fire in the hole  
Never had a silver spoon so he's mining for the gold  
And eventually it gets to a designer and it's sold  
And it's worn around the neck of someone rhyming and we're told  
That they got that shit grinding  
I don't get that  
The dude's grinding climbed in with a pickaxe  
And I ain't hating if you spit raps  
I'm just saying I admit facts

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Backstage I feel nervousness  
Hoping that the show reach perfectness  
But it feels kind of purposeless  
When I think of motherfuckers in the armed services  
And man it ain't even right  
That what they make in a month, I'mma make it tonight  
And when they come home, they gon' wake up late in the night  
What they saw, ain't no shaking the sight  
I mean stage fright's something I can deal with  
A grenade fight fucker that's some real shit  
They say the stage light's bright but it's actually kinda dark  
When it's placed next to your newly missing body part  
Or the bullet that hit your friend and stopped his heart

You're eighteen, your life's about to start  
But some come home, people like "Who are you man?"  
Some come home and they wife got a new man  
Some come home and they life fall into shambles  
Now they're just trying to keep a soup can full  
You can see 'em up in any town  
Uncle Sam don't pay per diem in the later rounds  
He got a cardboard box sign  
"Iraq Vet in need of far more boxed wine"  
With his family gone  
And some judgmental shit ain't what your man be on  
Cause I'mma still look at dude as a champion  
We get paid to chant these songs, it's stupid

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

This is for my DC cats that would sell me a 20 sack  
And the migrant workers sending money back  
To the fat plumbers who invented plumbers crack  
Put your hands up, where you motherfuckers at?  
Fuck a trucker hat, where the real truckers at?  
At a rest stop cause they wanna take a fucking nap  
Electricians, don't get fucking zapped  
Nobody better than y'all just because they rap  
To the people work at MacDonalds  
Who wanna go to the corporate headquarters and smack Ronald  
Across his face, I hope that stupid-ass company falls from grace  
Ayo, McFuck, the McRib  
They can, McSuck, my McDick, check it out  
McFuck, the McRib  
They can, McSuck, my McDick

[Outro]

Aw, real men work  
Aw, aw, real men work  
Blood, sweat, tears  
After a couple of years, you might have no hearing in your ears  
A no vision Big WAX say no competition  
Motherfucker listen  
Check it out, it out, it out...  
I ain't a real man, real men work  
Digging, digging, digging, digging, digging, digging, digging, digg  
ing, digging,...