

# Pro-Pain, One Man Army

Beat down like a pile of junk  
Politically incorrect  
We knew he deserved the best But he never got no

respect  
Six kids and an empty wallet  
With a hole the size of a dime  
Not a dollar or a dream to boot  
He thanks God for a hell of a time

Here lies the middle class  
What once was is now past  
Our forefathers spent their lives cultivating

this ?  
One man army born and bred  
Never cared much what no one said  
Worked all dat till his fingers bled  
He was a one man army

One day he bought a shotgun  
And went home and sat on the bed  
He downed more than a couple of drinks  
That put the 's' word in his head  
So the future is not so bright when everything

looks so dim  
Then he thought about who he loves  
But thought more about who loves him

Too much pain and no gain  
Suck the blood from my veins  
I work too hard to have you  
Take it all away

I see red when you see green  
Kill us all when we turn 18  
If oppertunity ever knocked  
I guess we weren't home