

Was Not Was, Knocked Down, Made Small

(Treated Like A Rubber Ball)

My daddy took a look
On the day that I was born
And said he looks like corn
And his feet are made of clay
And then he walked away
And when I began to crawl
He knocked my head against the wall
And said you're much too small
And you don't get no ice cream
Not even if you scream
Don't you know that I was knocked down
Made small
Treated like a rubber ball
On the day I turned sixteen
I drove his car into the river
He stood and watched me shiver
As they dragged me to the shore
Wouldn't look me in the eye no more
When I finally hit the streets
I had my share of hard defeats
Every time I took a step
I felt the shackles on my feet
I was facing odds that I could never beat
Don't you know that I was knocked down
Made small
Treated like a rubber ball
I finally woke up
And put my conscience on the shelf
I turned to crime
Started living for myself
Didn't care about no one else
Don't you know that I was knocked down
Made small
Treated like a rubber ball