

Workin' (feat. Alexander King)

Big Smo

I woke up this mornin', tied my boots up
'Cause I knew it's goin' to be a long day
Fired my truck up, grabbed my coffee
Kissed my baby, got on my way
'Cause I'm workin' 'til it's hurtin'
That's the only way to make an honest day's pay
So I'm workin' even when it's hurtin'
That's the only way to make an honest day's wage Yeah, I'm up early with the birdies, ready to get dirty
This ain't a song for you if you asleep at 7:30
I rise like the sun; I'm the bag of the pounds
A full throttle in the bottle like that home-made shine I'm just tryin' to make a livin', boss man trippin'
My overtime's strong; I don't pay him no attention
Money in the mason jar, country boy pension
No lady, three kids, take a lot to fill the kitchen Fingernails dirty, my back stay hurtin'
You can bet I got to play for every penny that I'm earnin'
I ain't askin' for a raise, but I know the boss heard me
Nobody on this job site's workin' like I'm workin' Thirty below to a hundred degrees
You ain't pushin' hard enough if your hands don't bleed
I'm the first to clock in and the last to leave
I ain't never had a problem rollin' up my sleeves I woke up this mornin', tied my boots up
'Cause I knew it's goin' to be a long day
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That's the only way to make an honest day's wage I'm out the door by the sun up, focused on the come-up
We never sleep in, that ain't how we was brought up
I push it to the limit when the money gets low
And been known to work past when the plant whistle blows Pay check feelin' like a lottery ticket
I might save a couple bucks if my kids don't spend it
It don't matter cause I love it every day of my life
Spent more time on the clock than I do with my wife State to state, never late, puttin' miles on the road
Drop it off, fill it up, get me to my next load
Call my old lady, let her know I'll be late
And I ain't worry cause I know that she goin' to save me a plate I told you
Thirty below to a hundred degrees
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