

# Tough

## Justin McBride

You think you're tough with your bass speakers kicking in the back  
And your triple X lyrics blaring from your puke green Cadillac  
You've got your bling bling on  
And your tattoos running up and down your arms  
Ah ain't you bad with the seat of your britches hanging down that far  
Yeah, I had to break it to you punk  
But all that stuff ain't got a thing to do with being toughCause tough is your fingers bleeding  
It's a hundred degrees and you're gettin no pay  
Tough is your old man yelling  
Get up out of that bed at the break of day

Keeping on going when you know you've had enoughThat's toughIt might seem that I'm comin down a little  
hard on you

But you think you're a man and you still gotta lot of growin up to do  
I bet you talk a big game when you're hangin with your boys in some pool hall  
But I wonder how you'd act if you ever had your back up against the wall  
Yeah I'm sure those joints you hang out in get pretty rough

But you've got a lot to learn about being toughCause tough is a single mom workin three jobs so her kids can eat  
Tough is reading bed time stories when your body's begging you to go to sleep  
Given all you've got for what you loveThat's toughSee it wasn't very long ago

My little brother was about your age  
He joined the Corp and before we knew it they shipped him away  
So far away

And tough is a momma cryin waving goodbye as her baby leaves  
Tough is a teenage soldier on the front lines fighting just to keep you free  
Prayin for one more day from God aboveThat's toughSon that's tough

Pull your britches up!  
Take a little pride in yourself

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