Family Man

Nitzer Ebb

Family manHe's a family man, his wife laments

Never broken any of the Ten Commandments

Either pushing rock, selling for cock

Or rubbing out, rubbing out, rubbing them outSeeing ass fly by in the drive by, fly by night

He'll give you a fright taking out your cash

He'll stuff it in his stash, leaving by the back door

Settling up your old scoreHe's a family man, his wife laments

Never broken any of the Ten Commandments

Either pushing rock, selling for cock

Or rubbing out, rubbing out, rubbing them outHe knows it all so well

From a spell in the cell

Now can't you tell this is hell

But just think of the cash

And the friends you can smashIf they're crossing your path

You'll get the last laugh

As you're driving away

Yes, it's been a good day

To die as you try to get by Buy to get high and he'll lend so that you spend

Your life will depend on your money made friend

Your friend till the end, he knows no wrong from right

Best keep out of his sightHe's a family man, his wife laments

Never broken any of the Ten Commandments

Either pushing rock, selling for cock

Or rubbing out, rubbing out, rubbing them out Yeah, and you know his girls love him too

Even when you're dropping your goo

And you think, "Well, if the judge only knew"

But then, do you really think that he hasn't been there too? With his leather strap, clap trap

And a dolly bird sitting on his lap

Her fingertips trips across him like on a road map

Leading down to his old chapFamily man

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Family man
Yeah, he's a family man

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