

What It's Like

Phora

We've all seen a man at the liquor store beggin' for your change
The hair on his face is dirty, dread-locked, and full of mange
He asks a man for what he could spare, with shame in his eyes
"Get a job, you fucking slob," is all he replies
God forbid, you ever had to walk a mile in his shoes
'Cause then you really might know what it's like to sing the blues
Then you really might know what it's like
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Mary got pregnant from a kid named Tom that said he was in love
He said, "Don't worry about a thing, baby doll
I'm the man you've been dreaming of"
But 3 months later, he say he won't date her or return her calls
And she swear, "Goddamn, if I find that man, I'm cuttin' off his balls"
And then she heads for the clinic
And she gets some static walking through the door
They call her a killer, and they call her a sinner
And they call her a whore
God forbid, you ever had to walk a mile in her shoes
'Cause then you really might know what it's like to have to choose
Then you really might know what it's like
Then you really might know what it's like
Then you really might know what it's like
Then you really might know what it's like

I've seen a rich man beg, I've seen a good man sin
I've seen a tough man cry, I've seen a loser win
And a sad man grin, I heard an honest man lie
I've seen the good side of bad and the downside of up
And everything between
I licked the silver spoon, drank from the golden cup
And smoked the finest green
I stroked the fattest dimes at least a couple of times
Before I broke their heart
You know where it ends, yo, it usually depends on where you start
I knew this kid named Max
Who used to get fat stacks out on the corner with drugs
He liked to hang out late

He liked to get shit-faced and keep the pace with thugs
Until late one night, there was a big old fight and Max lost his head
He pulled out his chrome .45, talked some shit, and wound up dead
Now his wife and his kids are caught in the midst of all of this pain

You know it comes that way

At least that's what they say when you play the game

God forbid, you ever had to wake up to hear the news

'Cause then you really might know what it's like to have to lose

Then you really might know what it's like

Then you really might know what it's like

Then you really might know what it's like to have to lose

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