

Family Man

Nitzer Ebb

Family man

He'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

Seeing 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 score

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He 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 smash

If 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 sight

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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 chap

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Yeah, he's a family man