Get A Job

Body Count

The stress is killing me The pressure is agony Most people work till they break While others just take Stop begging, get a job Get a gun, motherfucker, go out and rob

I'm up at 5 AM, gettin' my work in You sleep all day wondering why you're broke Then you get on the phone and sweat your friends Sob stories, sob stories never end You claim you're fly but always need You're always broke but got money for weed

I got a problem, too I keep feeding you I got a problem, too I keep helping you I got a problem, too I keep feeding you I got a problem, too I keep helping you Get a job, motherfucker Learn to rob, motherfucker Learn to rob, motherfucker

So you don't carry a gun, You still steal You never pay people back and never will And we keep handin' out, you're breaking my balls Till I give the fuck up and block your calls Now I'm the bad guy with a bank account You just move to your next friend and burn him out Everyone knows this guy, this shit's true Or maybe this song's about you

I got a problem, too I keep feeding you I got a problem, too I keep helping you I got a problem, too I keep feeding you I got a problem, too I keep helping you

Get a job, motherfucker Learn to rob, motherfucker Get a job, motherfucker Learn to rob, motherfucker

Get a job!