

Job Song

Consequence

Excuse me I beg your pardon?
Nah, wha-wait hold up hold up hold up hold up
Bitch you don't
I don't get paid enough for you to be talkin to me like
that
Straight up and down
I don't feel like standin the by f**kin front door
aight?
You know what? Matter fact, a year from now
When you at home on your only day off and you watchin
UPN
You see me come up there and get my motherf**kin award
Tell yo' kids I said

How to get stuck in a dead-end job when I can rap
When I call my bill collectors they ain't tryin to hear
that
Matter fact they askin Dexter when I plan the payback
On that long line of credit that they lent me way back
Way back, way back, at the turn of the century
The notice they sent to me is sayin essentially
If I don't pay that balance off along with a extra fee
Penitentiary or criminal charges
Probably soon to follow if you dare disregard this
And that got me nauseous, and feelin precautious
Cause the fruits of my labor, ain't barin no harvest
At least as a artist cause AT LEAST as a artist
You become whoever when your time get the hardest
But who you 'sposed to call when they all think you
garbage
And figured that you washed up, damn they so heartless
Cause when I called the office they act stiffer than
starches

And this just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
Cause this just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't where I'm 'sposed to be
This just ain't, this just ain't

Man... I gotta make my next move my best move
Cause there ain't no food in the fridge SON WHAT YOU
DOIN~? !
C'mon son, we can't be, son we can't be out there like
that
The hold ain't even tight no more, no more
Son WHAT'S REALLY GOOD~! Ahh... man

Now I'm in a situation that I can't pacify
So I'm lookin through the papers skimmin through the
classifieds
When I see an opportunity that can't pass me by
That I can get the job if I give this class a try
Put my pride to the side, go get a 9 to 5

Cause livin check to check's the only way that I
survive
But yo they sorta lied cause the lead's certified
It take more than shirts and ties for the course that
they provide
But the course they would provide, a means of
employment
Which is basically a job that I'll soon be annoyed with
So this unemployment is now subject to change
Cause I'm on these interviews and I'm runnin my game
And I'm bein interviewed by my government name
And I'm Ollie out the crew that we one and the same
So for now I'm out the game and far away from recordin
Cause they left a message sayin that I start Monday
mornin

Hello, this is OCS callin for Dexter Mills
Dexter, we have work for you on Monday mornin
At our Banana Republic, on Broadway and Spring Street
in Lower Manhattan
You are to be there at ten o'clock in the mornin
Please call us back and let us know your availability
Have a good day

[conversation between Consequence and his mom about the
job follows...]
[moms is mad that he still wants to hit the recording
studio at night]