

Don't Wanna Work

Drapht

I never knew what I wanted to pursue as a kid.
Finishing year 12 the world looked bigger than it ever did before,
Its embeded in my forehead.
I wasnt ready to be sent off on this walk, yeah.
Out on the doorstep, as fragile as a war vet,
Force fed every single page of the employment section.
Only direction my rap, and I dont mean rap like the back of a
McDonadls doin ya burgers, nah.
And I don't mean rap like Iraqi women under their burquas.
No purpose in life,
Was only good at sport and drinking like boonie on a flight
Back from UK, new day, new dollar.
Refuse to follow every other blue collar.
Just wanted to break the mould.
Like Maradona all hands on to reach my goal, ha ha.
But the key hole was filled with gum.
I was to come for the kid with the silver tongue.
I had to run for a better day
But in order to do that spun shit on my resumè.
Was the sole inventor of lemonade,
Taught yoga at jenny craig and yoda how to levatate.
And it still didn't generate shit,
Unemployed and already ready to quit. Woah

I dont wanna work,
I dont wanna work for a jerk, shirt, suit, tie.
I dont wanna work,
I dont wanna work for the rest of my life, woah.
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Arrive 5 minutes late and theyre on my back,
Trying to give me the axe like a lumberjack.
Youre lucky that I'm in, knocking up a beginner sweater.
Cause if I'm paid the minimum the minum you're getting. Too right.
In bed never ready for my alarm. Ahh shit.
Forgot I'm not a farmer.
Its too early, hit snooze about thirty times
Before I get up, its like waking the dead up.
Need a chin up, I'm fed up being a broker.
Feel I'm on the wrong track like a go-kart in Formula 1,
You can call it a hunch but I dont think I'll last here more than a month.
Hey why's that?
Lunch is the quickest part of the day
And that half an hour isn't even part of my pay.
I need a heart to follow the cake, I need to break free.
Im a slave to the wage every week.

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Thinking like a business man with his cut backs.
You'd think he's Edward Scissorhands and he'd subtract
The heart, the soul, replace it with the dark, the cold
And the robotic parts that hold him together.
Never better for the girls that get their foot in, ladies.
It's not what you put more what you put out.
And if you're good at your job its an extra,
Nothing sells better than sex does.
No texas tea break, you cheapskate,
No paid holidays or sickleave or days off. What?
If you take them youre laid off.
Like being a slave to adolf
I dont wanna work.

We work, we earn, we die.
It's slaving 9 till 5.
We work while watching the clock,
We work till our hearts will stop. Woahh
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I don't wanna work.