

# Bad Day

Dropout Kings

"Hello?"

"Hey Eddie it's Dave, your manager, uhh I know it's your day off and everything, but I think you're gonna have to come in

Tracy, says she's sick today"

"You can't be serious man"

"I am though, you're gonna have to come in and finish those reports that we talked about okay?"

"Pssh aight"

"Alright, bye"

I got these mothafuckas looking at me sideways  
Still I wonder how I'm gettin' all these migraines  
I got a dollar, with a week, 'til payday  
Stay the fuck away mothafucka been a bad day

Six o'clock my alarm goes off, me? I'm barely fuckin' conscious  
Dealin' with this nonsense, obnoxious  
Barkin' from the dog, enough  
Open up my window, tell the neighbor, shut the fuck up  
Ain't no coffee in my pantry and I'm thirsty and shit  
Up the throttle, crack a bottle of the juice and the gin  
Puttin' on my favorite shirt to wear to work and it ripped  
Get a text from my girl, said she over my shit  
I don't even know the reasons I be goin' through this  
Had to call her and the drama pourin' out from her lips  
I can't even get a word in, and it's making me pissed  
Hang the phone up, "call me back when you're not such a bitch"  
Threw my shit up at the wall, and now I'm outta the crib  
Hit the car, oh my God, ain't no gas in the whip  
Starting yellin' at myself, someone heard and came to help  
They asked me what was wrong and I fed em' a fist

Why's the whole world filled with liars  
Blazin' everything like wildfire  
Swervin' 'cause I'm faded  
On the road, ragin'  
I can't take it and I can't change it  
Fuck it  
Maybe I should throw it all away, I'm gettin' sick of every day  
They work me like a fucking slave  
Barely eatin' off of minimum wage  
Feelin' like I'm trapped in a fuckin' cage

Show up to work with a frown on my face  
Try to smile, act polite, but, it's hard to be fake  
In my aura, there's a darkness that I think they can taste  
When I'm walkin' down the hall, they just get out the way  
And I see there's a stack full of papers to work  
With a note on the top, "Get them done by the 1st!"  
Lookin' over at my boss with his feet on his desk  
A cigar in his mouth, and some ash on his chest  
Start to thinkin' "why he manager? He lazy as shit!"  
When I asked him for some help  
Could I get the assist  
He ain't even answer back  
Just sat there and laughed  
Called me unprofessional 'cause my shirt got a rip

Now I'm thinkin' "maybe I can rig a bomb in his truck?"  
In my mind I got the 9, and I'm loadin' it up  
Gettin' sick of all these people actin' bougie as fuck  
Spent a dollar on a snickers  
The machine got it stuck  
I don't even think that I can keep my temper in check  
No luck, no love, and I get no respect  
Went back to my boss told him, "Suck on my dick!"  
Smacked the papers on the floor, and said, "Fuck you, I quit!"

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It's been a bad day  
Damn, it's been a bad day  
It's been a bad day  
Fuck it, I'mma live it my way

I got these mothafuckas looking at me sideways  
Still I wonder how I'm gettin' all these migraines  
I got a dollar, with a week, 'til payday  
Stay the fuck away mothafucka been a bad day

It's been a bad day  
It's been a bad day  
It's been a bad day  
Stay the fuck away, mothafucka  
Been a bad day