

Day Job

Justin Stone

A-A-A-Averse (Averse)

Woah

Far away, but I'm on
Who gon' miss when I'm gone? Yeah, yeah
Told me stick to my day job
Now this shit is my day job
Finally came up
I could feel the fake love
You don't know 'bout us
You don't know 'bout us

I've been at it, fuck me over, won't allow it
I was working for a break, don't need a break, do it daily
Smokin' loud, smell like gas, baby momma trippin' always
So I smoke another joint
Rollin' up, yeah
Only homies in the clique
I took my songs 'cross the pond, tell that label suck my dick
I did every move independent unlike you
Feel the shit, feel the force, 'nother milly in the booth
Yeah, I like livin' fast, check the dash
Ashes on the seat, joint get passed
[?] to arenas, watch it happen
If you got a dream then let it have it

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