

I Quit

MOUNT WESTMORE

Yeah that's when I said
"You can take this job and shove it all the way up your motherfuckin' ass, b
itch"
'Cause I quit, bitch
(80Seven)

I was lookin' for a job when I found this bitch
Today is the perfect day to quit
Go in the boss bathroom and take a shit
The receptionist, that bitch a witch
I need this lil' money, I must admit
But your dignity is all you get
I treat it like a job, real ho' hum
You just don't know you're fuckin' with the wrong one
Yeah, punk, you's a liar
Send my supervisor straight to Kaiza
Pressin' charges, I'm the largest
Y'all better hope that you ain't my target
Make a track meet out a supermarket
Don't think I ain't down to spark it
Thug Life, Tupac Shakur
Fuck it, I'ma go and be an entrepreneur, bitch

Fuck you, bitch, I quit, I hate this job, fuck this shit
Y'all motherfuckers keep fuckin' with me
You can't take my pride, I'ma dig deep
I don't need to stress in my life
I need a drink and some E so I can smoke tonight
Next time you see me, I be on TV
In my video, with a bunch of hoes with me

I bet y'all miss me when I'm gone
And don't come lookin', I won't be home
I don't want to ever work here again
And if you work here, then we can't be friends
Give me the finger, you know what to do
I guess that's it, so fuck you too
You better act like you don't know me
But you still gotta pay me that money you owe me

Fuck you, bitch, I quit, I hate this job, fuck this shit
Y'all motherfuckers keep fuckin' with me
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Uh, they don't wanna wet your beak (Uh), sweeten the pot (Uh)
Cleanse your palms (Uh), then get the fuck off
He ain't ever try to move you up, he ain't ever gave you no raise
Been workin' for him forever, but, bro, you not his slave
Walk away from that job, it ain't good for your hip
Fuck that nine-to-five, grow a business for yourself (Uh)
Your credit score cool, equal facts and experience
Get a small business on from the back of your street friends
In and out of traffic (Traffic), slide and glide (Glide)

Lookin' transactions ('Actions), worldwide (Wide)
Addin' and subtractin' (Tractin'), multiply ('Ply)
Doin' what you gotta do for y'all to survive
Uh, got a couple hustles, sell weed on the side (Side)
Married to the buck, your street sign is your pride (Pride)
Keep it lumped and locked, loaded, ready to ride
Never know who goin' post, oh, and this is why

Layin' in the bed, a nigga half asleep
Moms want her money, she been on me for the past week
A nigga gotta be at work at three (What?)
But I'm like "Fuck that job, should've quit that shit last week"
So I hops up and get my hustle on
Dippin' through the Eastside (Eastside), gotta get some real paper
Nigga tryna eat right, gain my respect
And work my connections, bang the set
And still change my direction
I want a big house, fancy car, good credit
Ain't nothin' to it but to do it, go get it
Fuck a nine-to-five, I want diamonds shinin' (Shinin')
Fuck burgers and fries, I want a private island
Stackin' up boxes on the late night shift
Can't even get the hook-up from my late-night bitch
For all my real niggas gettin' rich, fuck that, I quit

Fuck you, bitch, I quit, I hate this job, fuck this shit
Y'all motherfuckers keep fuckin' with me
You can't take my pride, I'ma dig deep
I don't need to stress in my life
I need a drink and some E so I can smoke tonight
Next time you see me, I be on TV
In my video, with a bunch of hoes with me

Let's get up out of here
MOUNT WESTMORE
Yeah
Ice Cube, Too \$hort, E-40, Snoop Dogg
Fuck you know about that?