It is insulting Cause I can't rap for my job, job, job, job, job I'd quit this bullshit But I can't live like a slob, slob, slob, slob, slob The way I want to baby Swimming in hip-hop-hip-hop-hip I want to sing for you and show you how I rock My situation's kinda dire Because I'm one of the livest rhymers That's also a nine-to-fiver (I gotta wait until nighttime) To rhyme in ciphers My supervisor's always asking why my eyes are tired I thank God I'm not a firefighter Cause every morning I drink coffee 'Til I'm nice and wired It keeps me up until lunchtime And then I eat but the Niggeritis is unkind I fell asleep at a red light one time In front of middle schoolers on an afternoon bus ride I'm unsigned So that's how it is sometimes Wishing I could punch my card with a punch line It is insulting Cause I can't rap for my job, job, job, job, job I'd quit this bullshit But I can't live like a slob, slob, slob, slob, slob The way I want to baby Swimming in hip-hop-hip-hop-hip I want to sing for you and show you how I rock Every night something's crackin' From regular grungy rapping To underground funk and dancing I put my best foot first On Monday nights with Blaque Whole Suns at the Good Hurt I go to work then I rap at night And so my Tuesday appetite's satisfied at Raggsta Nites I've seen more rump than an ass doctor On Wednesday nights with Tommy Blak at the Grasshopper Or I could roll to the Lower End If I can't pay the toll I gotta ask No again (Thursday's work day) You already knowing kid I'm a J.U.I.C.E. board member and a Blowedian My Friday night yearning hunger Is curbed with serving suckers and herbs at the Urban Underground Hear the sound of a tired rapper (Down the street in Chinatown at the Firecracker) It is insulting Cause I can't rap for my job, job, job, job, job I'd quit this bullshit

But I can't live like a slob, slob, slob, slob, slob

The way I want to baby
Swimming in hip-hop-hip-hop-hip
I want to sing for you and show you how I rock