

Mr. Blue Collar

Rhymefest

Yo Rhymefest, JV, come up here real quick, lemme talk
to these mufuckers
Wild hundreds, whatup
Chi-Town..
GD over here

[Malik Yusef:]

Imagine you was hustlin'
The Romans came in, and somehow you was able to evade the search
This just means your grandmama must've really, really prayed in church
Maybe it's time for you to trade in merch for a blue collar
(Man, I ain't workin' no job)
Cause even if you is hustlin', you gon' need a job a job on the side
And if you are paying part [?] then Peter [?] get robbed on the side
If you've been in perpetual, continuous grime mode
and only been able to get small stacks on
Then you need something to fall back on
But we the people the talk tall smack on
They legislate as IF you HAD a father
Had hot water and electricity and your mom didn't abuse you
So like Tom, let me Cruise you through this here Minority Report
Y'all know we ain't really run this rap shit
And ain't got no REAL authority in sports
And why do them fake media keep feeding you lies and tellin' you that
All the Blacks and Latinos is out here smugglin'
When the vast majority of minorities got two jobs, a career, and family time
They jugglin', strugglin', to keep a [?] from kicking their rear
This here, is for chicken and beer, some kicks and some gear
The money for the whip and tip, we keep over here
Tryna take a trip a year, cause you gon' need a vacation
From all the hatin' and the pigs trynna put a seam in your wig
You got two things, a dream and a gig
Because you have two things, a flow and some kids
You already know what is when you workin' a whole lotta hours
For just a few dollars
So I wanna hear you holler
MISTER Blue Collar!

(man, fuck that, man, get your hands out my pocket nigga)