

Get A Job

Slick Rick

[Slick Rick:]

Well I'm riding round the Benz truck with fake friends
Word, here they come now, yo Ricky lend me couple lenses
For lunch and all of that, I got to listen to this nonsense
What the hell Crumb, don't you have a conscience?
I'll treat the vogue, get the gold, chuck a heat in gear
Don't understand it til the blood sucker beat it
I see my doc, I'm said 'yo, doc, how's the health there'
Don't worry bout these pretzel muthas acting like your welfare
Word to parasites, tell me, hasn't it ever occurred of
Stand on your own two, please, I never heard of
By the window in the bathroom, that one did it
Got a dress like a brother, then both of them will quit it
Potential is intelligent, and it's me you wanna rock
Hey, half cent hookers trynna act like snobs, get a job...

[DJ scratches]

[Slick Rick:]

You want a damn hood? No, here she go, I'm a gonna try, here to try it
Rick, my baby needs pampers; so buy 'em
Come on take me to Pizza Hut, work class cow
What would your man say if he could see your slut ass now
For five bucks, cool, window while she drives, barely missed him
Pissed him, dissed him, turn up the system
You ought of treat, that's the dinner, I'm hungry, said her daughter
She tried to crawl behind home, and heat bread & water
A rich girl, don't like, I said he's always the best
Yea, whatever, no question, project destined
Yo, what the hell is with you people, are you all incoherent?
Fifty years old, and still you living with your parent?
Not a break to breathe, yell on the phone
Take all I own, everything, and leave me the hell alone
Word up, now shorty rock steals her ride
For you half cent hookers trynna act like snobs, now get a job...

[DJ scratches]

[Slick Rick:]

Reserve my hotty, it's the not, used to buying pearls
Please drive me across the whole entire world
My new man still can't work and he ain't too bright in math
Like it's my fault he couldn't manage money like that
Survive with your man, I didn't say grind the strife
And even worse when they never heard of 9 to 5
And you can't be gentle, or they get all sentimental
I don't work for white people, well work for Oriental
Her baby's mother, her friend, that's why plenty get killed
I'm in Peru, kids hurt, and I need twenty mil
On man written traps, deaf, dumb, blind too
I lost my wallet, son, sorry Grams, lost mine too
Lonely on the step, but still I have a cold heart
So on the spot, is one horny old fart
Word thinking he intelligent, it's me you wanna rock
And all you half cent hookers trynna act like snobs, get a job...