

## Low Income

Wyclef Jean

Let um feel the beat first  
I'm bout to come through your stereo  
Should my rhyme start with the hook  
Start with the hook

To my people who don't want to go to work  
Thank God it's Friday  
Cover me she bout to put up her skirt  
Thank God it's Friday

Do Your mom now you act so berserk  
Thank God it's Friday  
What's the track, what's the track girl?  
She don't want to, she don't want to work on Monday  
(I want to thank my hood)

For makin' me a star before I had fast cars  
And couldn't tell the difference between Whoppers and caviar  
Before the fame  
Way before things changed

All I wanted to do was freestyle and get a name  
I used to work at the fast food restaurant  
For minimum wage  
Dreamin' I'm on stage

At 17 I left the house  
'Cause my father was a minister  
And I didn't want the Marvin route  
What's goin' on?

Today to sell a song you need a video with soft porn  
MC's in the industry  
You want to tip?  
Don't let them pimp you like Goldy

And tell Sony they better have my money  
'Cause I play wit the Comodores and be like Lionel Richie  
Low Income, I stay so hungry that if 50 Cent came to rob me  
He'd be part of my charity  
(I want to thank my hood)

To my people cuttin' here in the shops  
Thank God it's Friday  
To the thugs sweatin' up in the chop shops  
Yo, it's Friday

To my people that don't got no job  
Everyday it's Friday  
What's the track, what's the track yo?  
She don't want to, she don't want to work on Monday  
All the Ladies sing

I don't feel  
Like cookin' you no breakfast  
This mornin'  
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say)

You don't have  
To cook me breakfast  
'Cause your girlfriend will  
After you leave  
(I want to thank my hood)

For the love of money  
I know kids who'll slit your throat  
Friday the 13th  
Jason wit a trench coat

But you can't scare Suzie  
Cause her man got so many uzi's you'd think he was Cadivi  
Meanwhile, she's getting her nails done  
Crystal clear so they could shine like wit diamonds

It's such a shame what happened last week  
Man they found her under the sheets with a letter from the Son of Sam  
It said to tell New York I ain't sleepin  
You want to be clubbin then you better pack your heat in

And to my man G Swar Rest in Piece  
I still poor liquor  
I draw on the cocoa leaf  
Inhale, exhale smoke grasses

Polices in the area, but ain't no need to panic  
You wit Wyclef you getting in  
If not, then we gonna make CNN  
(I want to thank my hood)

To my people who don't want to go to work  
Thank God it's Friday  
Cover me she bout to put up her skirt  
Thank God it's Friday  
Do your mom know you act so berserk?

Thank God it's Friday  
What's the track, what's the track girl?  
She don't want to she don't want to work on Monday  
Yo, to my people cuttin here in the shops

Thank God it's Friday  
To the thugs sweatin up in the chop shops  
Yo, it's Friday  
To my people who don't got no job

Everyday it's Firday  
What's the track, what's the track yo?  
She don't want to she don't want to work on Monday  
All the Ladies sing

I don't feel  
Like cookin you no breakfast  
This mornin  
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say)

You don't have  
To cook me breakfast  
'Cause your girlfriend will  
After you leave

(Daddy, play that guitar)