

Veruca Salt

"Lazymuthafucka"

Visit "[Lazymuthafucka](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Boots]

Now when I go to bed it's almost time to wake up
Tryin' not to go to jail, tryin' not to cack up
And even when I serve soda it would be cold as fuck
Chillin' in my sock, servin' ice for ten bucks
And you'd be in the house, all warm and shit
And ya ass got the sweater with the fire lit
And whatever ya want you ain't gotta lift a finger
If ya wanna a glass of water hit the maid on the ringer
Got a job for you under this hot ass sun
Tellin' me to hurry up and get some more shit done
I be so tired when I spit all my word slur together
Got so many calluses my hands are like leather
Watchin' MTV in yo big ass chair
Tryin' out slang words while you combin' ya hair
Ya productivity is wack bring that box here fo-sheezy
Go get some coffee punch out before ya leave
Got cho' feet up on the desk noddin' off to sleep
While I lift, push, pull, dig, sweat, and sweep
I could work hard all my life and in the end still suffer
Cause the world is controlled by you lazy
motherfuckers

[Chorus]

Lazy motherfucker, lazy mother-fucker
You's a lazy motherfucker, lazy mother-fucker

[Boots]

Now you don't wash ya ass, you got a personal bather
If you roll out of bed it's like you doin' a favor
You was born into paper and that behavior
For a midnight snack, you have the bedroom catered
You ain't never learned to drive or tie ya shoe
I got my ear to the street and my eye on you
You got a secretary to write down your thoughts
On how to make us work hard and fatten up your vaults
TV say if ya poor, you must be slow and shiftless
But you pay em' to say that so we don't want it different
Got a cook and a girl to bring the tray for you
You're hearin' this cause somebody pushed play for
you

My head is poundin' now and my hands are shakin'
To keep my eyelids open takes concentration
I don't get no rest it's just a stay alive hustle
Making you stay rich without you moving a muscle
You think of people as your tool
So when your dick salute
You have a butler get the phone and call a prostitute
And say your sex drive's stronger than the engine of a
trucker
But she'll have to be on top cause you a lazy
motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Boots]

A hundred person house there just to sanitize
You know you don't give a fuck but they all despise you
Millions over millions makin' shit for you to sell
But police on alert just in case we rebel
But it's gon' happen captain, hope ya know that's why
I'm rappin'
Want the toasters start tappin' hands and gases start
clappin'
Cause this whole system's waitin' for you to kick it in
Paris
Or roll through Hong Kong in a rich all carriage
So when you spend a dollat that's ten seconds of my
time
And when ya spend a billion that's my life and that's a
crime
Cause to me life is hard like a track that I'm reppin' on
Callin' for the freedom of the backs that you steppin' on
Later for the pull up ya boot strap fastened
Hard work got me to the chiropractor
But we can work hard to take back the bread and butter
Cause all these multi-millionaires is lazy motherfuckers

[Chorus repeated to end]

Visit [Veruca Salt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.