

Trick Daddy F/ Society

"Graveyard Shift"

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"Is night shift okay with you?"

"Yes."

"Hey well you got yourself a job, homie"

[Verse 1]

Graveyard shift ain't never dead
We go to work when people go to bed
We got a tremendous work overload
The boss don't care about the dress code
So if your hair's messed up, come on in
Nobody don't care 3 o'clock in the mornin'
I'm fantasizin' about a six fo'
Broke as hell, moppin' the flo'
I don't know but I gots the hunch (what's that?)
That it's almost time for lunch
Smokin' cigarettes in the parkin' lot
All the homies tellin' lies 'bout the women they got
Nobody gets offended at a racial joke (why?)
Everybody's laughin', tryin' to stay woke (yeah)
We takin' it easy though times are hard
Pullin' practical jokes on the security guard
And if you come late, the boss won't boot ya
Standin' 'round, talkin' 'bout the future
Don't even trip if you feel tired
Take a little nap, you won't get fired
Drink a little beer (beer), smoke you a spliff (spliff)
Nobody cares on the graveyard shift (uh, yeah, yeah
uh, uh)
{*mouth scratches a chicken cluck*}

[Hook]

Paaaaaaaarty (yeah!) on the graveyard shift (paaarty)
Paaaaaaaarty (oh yeah! alright now) on the graveyard
shift
(you don't have to slave)
You don't have to slave too hard (oh!) on the grave-
aveyard

[Verse 2]

hey, yeah, uh

My name is Joseph Foreman, they call me 'Fro (cuz)

I worked at the neighborhood grocery store
We actin' crazy like a bunch of kids
Playin' frisbee with the trash can lids
When the bossman comes, baby we don't run
He's a fool like us just tryin' to have fun
Graveyard shift is a little bit prouder
Play the radio just a little bit louder
DJ playin' that midnight mix (mix)
Dance contest on isle number six (six)
Bumpin' that old school Too \$hort rhyme (uh)
Got the homeboys in a Soul Train line
If you wanna act crazy, go ahead and be wild
If you wanna rap, go ahead and freestyle
Graveyard shift, you just can't beat it
If you get hungry, grab something and eat it (haha)
Drinkin' in the back with my home girl (yeah)
The beer's on the house from the Corporate World
Act like a fool 'til the break of dawn
Yellin' curse words on the intercom
Drag racin' with the fork lift
Nobody cares on the graveyard shift
(you know what I'm sayin', ha!)

[Hook]

Paaaaaaaarty (yeah!) on the graveyard shift
(everyday)
Paaaaaaaarty (alright! yeah!) on the graveyard shift
(you don't have to slave, oh yeah!)
You don't have to slave too hard on the grave-aveyard
(break it down, fellas) ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh

[Verse 3]

I never would work on daytime (daytime)
Graveyard shift is my play time (playtime)
Daytime jobs are flaky (flaky)
Daytime jobs are shaky like (what?) Jello Gelatin
(gelatin)
So I work graveyard shift like a skeleton (yeah)
An afro-classic is what I am
I drive to work without a traffic jam
Everybody on the graveyard is like my brother
Always lookin' out for each other
Speak up fo' ya like I lawyer
If you come late, we'll punch the clock fo' ya
We gots no money but we got pride
If you car break down I'll give you a ride
Cause the Corporate World is oh so cold
To the people at the bottom of the totem pole
Divided we fall, together we stand
What you need? Get it from the Afroman
I'm not a thief but I got the hook up

For the barbeque ribs you wanna cook up
And if you need somebody to get drunk with
Call the homeboys from the graveyard shift
(Dedicated to all the blue collar workers
Strugglin', strivin', throbbin', thrivin')

[Hook]

Paaaaaaaarty (if the boss lookin' for me)
On the graveyard shift (I'm in my car asleep, you know
what I'm sayin')
Paaaaaaaarty (hey so watch my back cuz)
On the graveyard shift (tap on the window or
something, haha)
You don't have to slave too hard on the grave-aveyard
ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh

[Verse 4]

Happiness is hard to find
Happiness is a state of mind
It can't be found in fame or wealth
It's found real deep inside yourself
Brothers, stop singin' the blues
Throw parties and barbeques
Don't destroy your life, enjoy your life
Play with your kids and make love to your wife
Drink a little beer, don't smoke no crack
Have a good time before Christ comes back
Keep your head high, keep your back stiff
I'll see you Sunday night for the graveyard shift

[Hook]

Paaaaaaaarty on the graveyard shift
Paaaaaaaarty on the graveyard shift
You don't have to slave too hard on the grave-aveyard
ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh

[Outro]

(hey, check this out loco)
No dental plan (graveyard!) no medicare (graveyard!)
Said no vacation (graveyard!) the Man don't care
(graveyard!)
Ain't got no union (graveyard!) no respect (graveyard!)
Dirty uniforms (graveyard!) and a short paycheck
(graveyard!)
Workin' minimum wage (graveyard!) everyday
(graveyard!)
We gotta get over (come on man) some kinda way
{*chicken cluck*}

