

8-Bit "Not Workin"

Visit "[Not Workin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sleepin', drinkin', smokin' and tokin'.
Lurkin', overtin', not workin'... Grrr!

Gettin' fired from my job
Seems unavoidable.
The robot race
Is unemployable.
If I'm not late
You know where I'm at since
I'm the poster boy
For sexual harassment.

My only food
From W.I.C..
I got two jobs
And I lost three.
The job market's hard,
That's easy to say.
I can't even spell
401(k).

Sleepin', drinkin', smokin' and tokin'.
Lurkin', overtin', not workin'... Grrr!

Never came home from my
Paid vacation to Saturn.
Past out halfway through
My interview at the tavern.
Now I'm back on the streets
Without a cent to my name.
All bum fightin' got me

Was a dent in my brain.
Spend my life drinkin' alcohol
And smokin' the dank.
Took my job placement test
And it came out blank.
Had my baby piss
For my third drug test.
When it came back positive
I got depressed.

Now I'm lookin' for a job
That I think would be easy.
Thinkin' fast food
But I'm too damn lazy.
Construction be cool
Holdin' that sign,
Where I find myself
The unemployment line.
Food stamps, welfare:
How I earn my keep.
Gettin' drunk all day
And still can eat.
Y'all's got jobs-
Your life's destroyed.
I'll be permanently
Unemployed.

Sleepin', drinkin', smokin' and tokin'.
Lurkin', overtin', not workin'... Grrr!

Visit [8-Bit](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.