

## **Boaz**

### **"9 To 5"**

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What up fool?  
I thought I was the only motherfucker that felt that way  
We workin' though  
This ain't just no hip clock, cocksucker  
Huh huh  
Yea, I'm on  
Yo yo

I'm smokin' sour, sippin' johnny walker  
Thinking I'd probly more hours into kitchenin' than  
benny crocker  
Money comes and money goes  
Plant your tree on the block and see if something grows  
Like a rose in the concrete  
Clean up the council, we can all eat  
This heaven on earth, come elevate to where the gods  
meet  
Come to the city fool and see the way I'm livin'  
The condos and square feet is screamin' lot of engines  
'Member we had to hustle by the benches  
Thank god we made it out the trenches  
With all our 5 senses  
And I did her behind fences  
Run with us or run against us  
My niggas on point like militia  
21 guns salute and we don't took these for play  
You know we got guns that shoot  
And these fellaz needs to fuck to my employment  
But I can't let that fuck with my agenda, I can't afford it  
(ha ha)

You know I grind for mine  
It's the survival of the fit, only the strong survive (you  
know?)  
I mean I never had it 9 to 5  
I want the money and the hoes and nice cars to drive  
I mean it's like get out the way, we got to survive  
I've got c's to look after, hella bills to pay, ya feel me?  
We gotta hustle every day of our lives  
These pretty jobs don't pay enough  
That's why I feel this way

Yo I'm in the coupe, the top is off  
I'm pickin' up, I'm droppin' off  
I'm 'bout to blow the top off like a molotov  
High off the mulli and all I can do is sharp it off  
Picture me and mickey d's takin' your order  
Was on the corner, tryna flip me a 8th to a quarter  
And it was all a dream, I struck gold  
Right on the block 'cause it ain't all the gleams  
I love all the themes, I love all the pushes  
We getting all the money, we fuckin' all the bitches  
You know that good girls like bad guys and bad guys  
like good girls  
The bad girls like good guys and the good guys like  
good girls  
Something to think about before you go to treat it out  
You fall into love, meanwhile the dope boys skeetin' out  
You know that gangstas make the world go 'round  
My homie said a couple dollars make your girl go down  
so I said

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know?)  
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I want the money and the hoes and nice cars to drive  
I mean it's like get out the way, we got to survive  
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I'm 9 to 5, 7 dollars an hour, that's 50 dollars  
Now how I'm supposed to live off that? gets in the  
projects  
Not eatin' steak (not eatin' steak)  
Not smokin' great (not smokin' great)  
I'd rather hustle (I'd rather hustle), ain't no debate (all  
ready)  
And trust the old man that closed the gate  
And hope they'd rule in my favor if I opposed the state  
The worst of times (the worst of times)  
The best of times (the best of times)  
A few my niggas doin' stretches for the second time  
I see the young boy coming up, he makes the lot  
Cupped a set of wheels and pulled his shit up right next  
to mine  
Shine!

You know I grind for mine  
It's the survival of the fit, only the strong survive (you  
know?)

I mean I never had it 9 to 5  
I want the money and the hoes and nice cars to drive  
I mean it's like get out the way, we got to survive  
I've got c's to look after, hella bills to pay, ya feel me?  
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