

## Cam'ron "My Job"

Visit "[My Job](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

### "My Job"

#### *[Verse 1]*

Yo, I hate my boss  
Dude think he know it all  
And I know I know it all  
But I follow protocol  
Hope sit in the casket  
Got me sittin' in traffic (word)  
It's seven AM (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
And I woke up late, didn't even have a shower  
Lunch break? Give me a break, a damn half an hour  
All this bullshit for twelve bucks an hour (I'm ready to  
quit)  
Plug me to Chuck D, wanna Fight the Power  
Instead I light the sour before I go in the office  
Being here eight hours sure will get you nauseous  
Lady across from me, telling me her problems (what  
the fuck?)  
I'm look at her like yo (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
How the fuck I'm gonna solve 'em?  
You know our ethnicity  
Car note, rent, don't forget electricity (that's all due)  
Internet, cable, and the phone all connected  
Food, gas, tolls oh now it's getting hectic  
Brand new clothes? Now you'd rather see me naked  
Yo check it, I got my check, now I'm feel disrespected  
(what the fuck)  
Why am I working here? It ain't working here  
It ain't worth it here, never gonna persevere  
Ain't no money for new shoes or purses here  
Should've done my first career (huh) nursing yeah  
Now I'm sitting here thinking 'bout the work I put in  
This verse from the everyday working woman

#### *[Chorus]*

I put on my pants, put on my shoes  
I pray to God, paid all my dues  
I'm trying to win, seems like I was born to lose  
All I can say (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I say let me through, but they don't let me through  
You want to quit, God damn I'm ready to

Lifestyle I'm living, ain't steady boo (Not at all)  
All I can say (yeah, yeah, yeah)

*[Verse 2]*

Ayo I'm lookin' for a job, ain't nobody hiring  
Then I ask the boss, "when y'all doin' firing?"  
You know I'm admiring nice job, family man  
Car and looking in these want advertisements  
Should've been a fireman, learn to do wiring  
Then get retirement, I blame my environment (it's my  
hood)  
I went in for an interview, for delivery (for delivery)  
"Locked up, felonies?" now the dude's quizzing me  
You working on my future, why you need to know my  
history?  
All he did was Google me, no big mystery  
He ain't digging me, politely he was dissin' me  
"No we're not hiring, but thanks for the visit please"  
He ain't want me, my grandmother warned me  
Them God damn felonies will haunt me, taunt me (I  
told you 'bout them felonies)  
No second chance, back to the same block  
Go home, my baby moms done changed locks (fuck is  
she doing)  
This a game ma? Okay the games over (okay)  
Then she opened the door with the chain on (what's up)  
Said she been reaching out, for several days  
I ain't helping out, we need to go our separate ways (oh  
word?)  
I was just amazed, wanna go another route?  
Let me get my clothes, said she took them to my  
mother's house  
She was pissed off, yeah P.O.'ed  
And said "go head and wild out, I'll call your P.O."

*[Chorus]*

Visit [Cam'ron](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.