

Linda Perry

"Nigga Need a Job"

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(I plan to attend college
and have some kind of job
where I don't have to be around a nigger)

[VERSE 1: T-Isaam]

Damn, a nigga's gotta rob
Cause Bush just sittin on his cush' not makin jobs
My right-hand man got a plan
And he says I can make a few grands
So I listen real closely
Cause mostly the system tryin to roast me
So maybe I should buck it - yeah, fuck it
Let's go and make some ducats
Any way that we can
And even if it means takin from the black man
My own race and kind, cause my mind
Ain't thinkin no straight lines
I'm runnin around blind
Cause it's the same shit that happened to us last time
But I ain't pickin cotton
So I'm out of work and forgotten
Yeah, cause somethin smells rotten
Is it me or the work, crossin t's and i's dotted
Mr. White Collar
Givin plenty of advice but not givin dollars
The ghetto's gettin thick and it's sick
Cause a bitch ain't gettin rich
Can't make ends meet
So many feet walkin bare on the concrete
And it's makin me weak
Cause I hate to see kids have to live in the streets
Gotta make a better life for my daughter
I give love but she needs food and water
So what should I do?
Get a crew and start jackin niggas too?
And then I'd have to end up
Either locked up or maybe even fucked up
So I try to 'do the right thing' but Spike Lee
Ain't doin shit for me
I'm stuck in this hell hole
And every where I go I get chased by 'trol

I need some employment
Not workin up a sweat for police enjoyment
Sign says 'help wanted'
But when I offer my help they don't want it
And I don't wanna rob
But damn, a nigga need a job

[VERSE 2: T-Isaam]

So - I (?) my degree
Two years FMU that have flew
But I have 60 hours
So I figured like Snap I had the power
But it wasn't that easy
Application application made me queasy
Jeezy, I tried and I tried
But I was too young or overqualified (yeah right)
And true, I was rappin
But the shit at the time wasn't happenin
I was just like the next man
Puttin up a front for the next band
And what about my old group?
Started gettin me to do what I used to do
Runnin them streets all night
Doin things when we knew it wasn't right
I'm smarter than that but it's hard
Cause you know a nigga need a job

- So ah, Mr. Brown
I see you applied for a position here
- Sure have
- Ah, you are a little qualified
I see you went to college
- Yeah, I sure did
- Florida... is that a black college?
- Somethin like that
- Hm, let me see... NEXT!

[VERSE 3: T-Isaam]

And because I'm black
Jobs ain't comin in stacks
And I'm young so you know what's up with that
Try a shirt and tie, they tell me
Try speech and bleech, they sell me
But I ain't goin out in a minute
Cause in the black race I'm a lifetime tennant
So renew your lease
Or your whole damn life you'll be livin for the beast
All-out mixture
Cause they paint the ghetto and say it's fixed up
But what about jobs for the homeless
My hair's nappy, cause I'm combless

I can't afford your lifestyle
So when I go wild I fit the profile
Of another po' nigger that pulls the trigger
But what'd you figure when a nigger
Need a job

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