

## Little Boots

### "Last Day"

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[Phonte:]

You know... I'm dedicate this back to the days  
Where I was workin' in the Department store,  
youknowwhatlmsayin?  
Before this rap shit popped off and all that  
I was this lil' nigga workin' in the deparment store  
And you know workin' there  
You see all kinds of things all kinds of races  
You see they behavior, don't get offended at this track  
I'm an equal opportunity racist, I hate all ya'll  
From my man, Mick Boogie

I'm retail's nightmare, young black and just don't  
Give a fuck; I just want my discount, give it up  
Twenty percent off of all slacks and all clothes  
I just took this job just to spice up my wardrobe  
So I come in every morning and I'm walkin' a tight rope  
Smile at the management, wave at the white folks (Hi,  
Bob! )  
Gotta meet a quota, but I don't know how  
And all these broke motherfuckers just tellin' me the  
browsin'  
Till around eleven, that's when you see the soccer  
moms  
Spendin' they husband's money, that's how they roll up  
Got three little girls, steady fuckin' up my store  
And an eight year old, still ridin' in a stroller  
Around one, the Mexicans come in the store  
Coppin' all the shit that rocked five summers ago  
(Yeah, homes! ) They gotta be the realest niggaz alive  
Buy 400 dollars woth of Nautica and pay for it in fives  
Around six or seven, that's when you see the blacks  
The girls wit' big booties that rock they work badges  
They walk through your store just to get to the food  
court  
They ain't buyin shit, homie, ain't no need to ask em'  
Around closin', that's when you see the Indians  
You thinkin' too yourself, they're "oh, so nice"  
Well the fact is, dog, you a nigga to them too  
They in there like (Excuse me, my friend, what is the  
price?)

Nigga, the price says ten, so that means ten brother  
Don't try to talk me down, homie, this ain't Calcutta  
(What? I'd like to see the manager) Nigga I am the  
manager  
Don't make me act a fool for these motherfuckin'  
cameras  
They call me in the office like "I'm sorry Mr. Coleman"  
But your behavior is not befitting of this store  
So I say "I got my fall clothes already, today's my last  
day  
FUCK Y'ALLS

That's just how it went down, man, I swear to god, yo  
And nigga, don't think the nigga didn't get the nice  
polos and shit  
Before he walked out, though, don't think he ain' get  
them  
Don't think he ain't get 20% off the fly timbs and shit  
Don't think he ain't get them, 20% wit' a 50% mark  
down, nigga  
For real, don't think he ain't get that, cuz he damn, sure  
got it  
I swear the god man, I hope this rap shit go on and on  
I hope it gone, cuz I swear I don't ever wanna go back  
to that shit no more  
I'm not lyin', I'm so sincere, I never wanna go back  
Cuz it's like all the jobs that I quit  
I know my managers is waitn' for me to come back  
Sayin, I know they waitin' to rub it in my face  
So if I came back, them motherfuckers would probably  
Be rappin' at me and shit, you know what I'm sayin  
All in my face and shit  
"Oh, can't stop, won't stop, nigga you back  
I thought you were rappin', what happened to that?  
Your album flopped, nigga, now your ass is back"  
You know what I'm sayin, you those white folks be,  
knamsayin?  
The comapny picnic, they want you to be they  
entertainment and shit  
"Oh, Phonte he raps, he doest the rap thing!  
Come on up here, do this rap for corporate!"  
FUCK, Y'ALL and FUCK corporate  
I ain't tapdancin' for you crackers!  
Fuck this shit! I hope this album sells  
Cuz I don't wanna go back to that  
Please but this album, GetBack, 2007  
Little Brother, Mick Boogie, Phontiga, oh!

