

Louis Logic "Postal"

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I'm punchin' a clock, carryin' my lunch in a box
So don't ever assume that my life is something it's not
Shit, I got a 9 to 5, despite the fact that I'm as live
As any jerk-off cat that's signed to Jive
My boss is trying to drop me out my tree house
For at least three hours a day, he's chewin' me out
For two to three thou. a month, they don't pay me
enough
To spend my work day, taking this stuff this jerk say
I ain't workin' over time
I'm tryin' to hear my name on MTV news up, in Kurt
Loader's lines
So I work over rhymes, and I'm behind in my paper
work
I'm late for work, cause I spend my nights chasin' skirts
My measly cheque don't make it worth the stress
That hurts my chest, not to mention I'm emmersed in
debt
To the top of a turtle neck, pissin' an moanin'
But why should anyone listen to me, when I don't listen
to no one
Consider this as an omen, I could go beserk

At any moment, like a mail man fed up with postal work
I went from happy to nasty like a Bi-Polar jerk
To shoot em down the lounge with the fine foldgers
perks
Punch in, Punch out, Lunch in, Lunch out
I've been lookin for a building with nice window to jump
out
Feelin' self destructive? Sick of the daily grime?
Lately I feel disruptive, and I think it's mailman time
beat changes
Day in, day out, It seems like there's no way out
I pulled the twelve gauge out and shot off twenty-eight
rounds
And watch the pellets spread out, killin my associates
My boss is gonna get it now, and find out what Postal is
"Good morning Mr. Schwartz" "Good morning Louis
You've been late three times this month already, I
believe this is the fourth"
"I don't want you misinformed, it's probably more-ac

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