

## Mr. Lif "Live From The Plantation"

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{\*alarm ringing\*

"Oh my fucking god man, ahhh. fucking serious"

Jesus Christ, man. already?

Man, time flies like a motherfucker."

Rise and shine!

Yet another day to toss away

What does my clock display?

It says eight

Shit, I'm late for work again, so then

I dip with my pad and my pen

Step into the work place with my work face

Wince at my time card cuz I'm scarred

Mad cuz I sacrifice my day and gets me

A trifling hourly wage of six fifty, nifty

Now I'm off to slave quarters

With a whole bunch of other people's sons and daughters

Working so they can be mothers and fathers

Laboring real hard, hoping the boss offers

More petty cash to his bums and paupers

Kissing his ass cuz they hoping they prosper

Here's the math:

You work a thirty a day, away

The government takes a thirty a check, correct

You go home and drink cuz you don't get

An ounce of respect, and your spirit is wrecked

Life is a gift to be enjoyed, every second every minute

It's temporary, not infinite

Yet I find myself looking at the clock

Hoping for the day to fly by, so I ask myself "Why?"

I'm doing this remedial work for second graders

I'm an educator with mega-flavor, so

Maybe I should just jump up and get ill

Maybe I should let these people know they're being killed

Maybe I should try my very best to chill, and get paid

Cuz I gotta pay bills, raa!

"Excuse me brother, can you please stop making that noise

so I can talk? Thank you. Now the boss says he wants you to come up

with more copies of these checks, and the last thing he  
wants is you to  
move the desk to the basement, and can I have this  
stapler?"

("Hey there champ, big boss man says you been late  
3 days in a row, better sharpen up")

Aw, this fucking place sucks - same shit everyday  
Like to wring the boss' neck though, if only dreams  
could come true

Dead boss, somebody call Red Cross  
I guess he got caught up in my mental holocaust  
How much did it cost?  
Just a little piece of my mind for peace of mind  
"But he's bleeding!"  
Oh no, leave him. He'll be fine  
He'll heal on his own  
If you just give him some time  
Considering the fact that his face is misaligned  
His legs are over there lying right next to his spine  
"Lunchtime!" Huh? Oh, Jesus, must have been  
daydreaming  
My boss walks by, he's looking just like an asshole  
Smiling because he jerks niggas for minimum cash  
flow  
He's cool to my face but I swear I heard him laugh  
though  
Tickled by the fact that I'm the modern day Sambo  
And just when I think that I'm about to go Rambo  
I call up my man and he says he understands, yo  
We all are being murdered by a similar process  
Whether you work at the candy store  
Or slave at the office  
The purpose of our life is just to serve the economy  
They misinform our minds to paint a picture of  
harmony  
But if you listen then you know that shits out of tune  
Cuz the function of our life is just to work and consume  
Fuck reaching out to help the next, there ain't any room  
Just close your eyes and block your ears and march to  
your doom  
But since I really ain't getting paid for my time  
I pulled out my pen and started writing a rhyme  
Can't you see that I'm busy, jerk?  
Don't you dare approach me with busy work  
Take another step and get hurt  
By the man that embodies mad years of anger  
A cool bro, soon to be the Boston Strangler  
Everything inside of me is about to erupt  
Cuz a righteous individual just likes to corrupt

I knew he'd lock me up if I started a brawl  
So I deaden, and I punch the clock the fuck off the wall

"Yea that's right motherfucker  
You can't keep underpaying people and mistreating  
them all the time  
That's gonna resort to crime.  
As a matter of fact, you know what?  
Faks, yo cut this motherfucker, man."

9-1-1

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