

Afroman

"Hungry Hustler"

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A F R O M A N

Take a pound of bud and flip it like a pancake
Buccock

I quit my job this mornin'
I don't want to work no more
Fuck MacDonald's and Taco Bell
That modern day slavery is knockin' on my front door

(I don't fit in the corporate world, man)
Get you a big fat sack o' yayo
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my doggone life
Hungry hustlas

(Afroman)
Got hired at the dope spot, I'm an employee
Cookin' crack like a black Chef Boyardee
Got Meth, speed, whatever you need
Zigzags come free with a bag of weed

If you want some sherm, ye got to talk to herm
The skinny black dude with the real long perm
Laptop computers, rap CDs
Motorola phones, Sony color TVs

Got the porno tapes in the back of the car
Get it free when you buy a hot VCR
Got gats and D's, car batteries
Getting money with my folks on a hundred spokes

Cops ain't waiters, we don't tip 'em
Treat cars like women, take 'em home and strip 'em
Match the pink slips, get the smog inspection
Put a ad in the paper in the classified section

'Cause I don't want to work no more
(Fuck that shit)
Modern day slavery knocking on my front door
(Fuck that shit)
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife

Can't see a way to control my own life

'Cause I don't want to work no more
Modern day slavery knockin' on my front door
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my damn life motherfucker

I quit my job this morning
I don't want to work no more
Fuck MacDonal'd's and Taco Bell
Modern day slavery is knocking on my front door

Get you a big fat sack of yayo
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my doggone life

Tell the neighborhood watch, tell the neighborhood
listen
Tell the neighborhood ya big screen television missin'
New in my hood, I got to come to ya
Steal ya car battery and sell it back to ya

Then I come back just for kicks
I leave ya car sitin' on four big bricks
All I need now is some vascus homes
'Cause my garage looks just like auto zone

What you say, man? Ya need another beeper?
Buy from me 'cause it's a whole lot cheaper
Got a cellular phone and ya really oughta get it
Fo' a limited time, brother, the chip come wit it

So come to my house, when the times is hard
It's just like Vegas in my backyard
I keep my Afro pick, my khakis creased
And my next door neighbors callin' up the police

'Cause I don't want to work no more
Modern day slavery knockin' on my front door
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my own life

I said 'cause I don't want to work no more
Modern day slavery knockin' on my front door
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my damn life

Rough, reckless, snatch yo necklace
Sell it on the corner and buy myself breakfast
I made 80 dollars in an hour or more
So what the fuck do I want to get job for?

So the yuppies, the guppies can floss their power
My black ass five dollas an hour
And the fact is, after taxes, got to live
Where the Mexicans and the blacks is motherfucker

Crooked police, gangs in Chuck Taylors
Bums sleeping in fuckin' trucks and trailers
Three hundred dollars every two weeks
From the stupid, tired, penny pinching, pencil neck
geeks

Abraham Lincoln told me I was free
So I'ma walk to corner and do what I want to
While you at work, I'll be watchin' cable
Wit ya girl dancin' naked on my new pool table

I don't want to work no more
Modern day slavery knockin' on my front door
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my own life

Said I don't want to work no more
Modern day slavery knockin' on my front door
Can't see my kids, can't see
Ah man, I got to sell like a twenty dollar rock
Y'all keep singing, Ill be right back

I quit my job this morning
I don't want to work no more
Fuck MacDonald's and Taco Bell modern day slave rails
Is knocking on my front door

Get you a big fat sack of yayo
Can't see my kids, can't see my wife
Can't see a way to control my doggone life

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