

Dead Poetic

"W-4"

Visit "[W-4](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]

So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God --
you know, makes me ask

Well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that
I'm in?

Or why is my family going through certain situations

When I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?

Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people
prosper so much?

[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]

[lighter sparking]

Yo

Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard
working folk

Cross this country, cross the world

For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 --
you know how we do it

Hand to hand, whateva...

Yo, yo..

[Chorus - singing]

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

Wanna run up in the white house and kick in the do'

ohhhhh

[Verse 1]

What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?

Work all week let the bossman pimp me?

Can't pay no rent till the 15th

Landlord call the police to evict me

Lookin for a job in the want ads

Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?
I done worked over hot ass stoves
I done picked up trash off roads
Winter time in the streets and the cold
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk
be on dope?
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up
system and that's why we don't vote
Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to
survive?
I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my
bread
Taxes might as well have a toast to my head
Make a nigga wanna wild out
Runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK
CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

[Verse 2]

See where I'm from it's a few ways out
Either rappin or sports either dope or the casket
You can work to the bone but I say ya please don't put
all yo eggs in one basket
We don't never get a piece of the pie
Work 50 years, retire then die
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal
But you don't wanna hear me tho' so
Thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
Runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK
CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

My J-O-Beeee
Is just like a plantation
They owe meeee
But got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee

Is just like a plantation
They owe meeee
And got me fillin' out this application

[song fades]

Visit [Dead Poetic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.