

## Dead Prez "W-4"

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[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 meeeee  
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]

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