

Tr-I **"Day Job"**

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Don't quit your day job

Corporate-crybaby

A bit wiser and a whole lot older, feelin' bolder

Suckin' up to the last stockholder with a

Golden parachute slung over your shoulder

Jacked-up-B-boy

Another fool got stuck in the whirlpool

Lookin' for a fast break, not enough cake to go 'round

Another brother goes down, and he's out of the gene pool

Media-pimp

Day after day, night after night if the money is right

The campaign goes on to make right seem wrong

With computer animation and a hip-hop song

Land of opportunity, this is the

Stop

Don't quit your day job

Cowboy-politician

Suckin' up to the aristocracy

Not even sure if you like democracy

Tryin' to establish an american royalty, a personal dynasty

Priests-of-the-airwaves

Let the buyer beware, it's a jungle out there

So buy my advice and don't think twice

Then me and your money will go someplace sunny

Celebrity-stud-monkey

Kiss and tell, got a book to sell

'Cause you don't excel or do anything well

Since you slipped past thirty, better keep the sex dirty

Mo' money, mo' money, mo' money

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