

Wyclef Jean "Low Income"

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[Intro]

Let um feel the beat first
I'm bout to come through your stereo
Should I rhyme or start with the hook?
Start with the hook

To my people who don't wanna go to work
Thank God it's Friday
Cover me she bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday
Do Your mom now you act so berserk
Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't wanna, she don't wanna work on Monday
(I wanna thank my hood)

[Verse 1]

For makin me a star before I had fast cars
And couldn't tell the difference between Whoppers and
caviar
Before the fame
Way before things changed
All I wanted to do was freestyle and get a name
I used to work at the fast food restaurant
For minimum wage
Dreamin I'm on stage
At 17 I left the house
Cause my father was a minister
And I didn't want the Marvin route
What's goin on?
Today to sell a song you need a video with soft porn
MC's in the industry
You wanna tip?
Don't let them pimp you like Goldy
And tell Sony they better have my money
Cause I play wit the Comodores and be like Lionel
Richie
Low Income, I stay so hungry that if 50 Cent came to
rob me
He'd be part of my charity
(I wanna thank my hood)

[Chorus]

To my people cuttin hair in the shops
Thank God it's Friday
To the thugs sweatin up in the chop shops
Yo, it's Friday
To my people that don't got no job
Everyday it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track yo?
She don't wanna, she don't wanna work on Monday
All the Ladies sing

[Ladies]

I don't feel
Like cookin you no breakfast
This mornin
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say)

[Guys]

Well, you don't have
to cook me breakfast
Cause your girlfriend will

After you leave
(I wanna thank my hood)

[Verse 2]

For the love of money
I know kids who'll slit your throat
Friday the 13th
Jason wit a trench coat
But you can't scare Suzie
Cause her man got so many uzi's you'd think he was
Cadivi
Meanwhile, she's getting her nails done
Crystal clear so they could shine like wit diamonds
It's such a shame what happened last week
Man they found her under the sheets with a letter from
the Son of Sam
It said to tell New York I ain't sleepin
You want to be clubbin then you better pack your heat
in
And to my man G Swar Rest in Piece
I still poor liquor
I draw on the cocoa leaf
Inhale, exhale smoke grasses
Policies in the area, but ain't no need to panic
You wit Wyclef you getting in
If not, then we gonna make CNN
(I wanna thank my hood)

To my people who don't wanna go to work
Thank God it's Friday

Cover me she bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday
Do your mom know you act so berserk?
Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't wanna she don't wanna work on Monday
Yo, to my people cuttin here in the shops
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To the thugs sweatin up in the chop shops
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What's the track, what's the track yo?
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All the Ladies sing

[Ladies]

I don't feel
Like cookin you no breakfast
This mornin
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say)

[Guys]

Well, you don't have
to cook me breakfast
Cause your girlfriend will
After you leave

[Guitar Solo]

(Daddy, play that guitar)

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