

Presidents Of The USA

"Get a Job Bitch"

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[Intro: Freemurder]

Tired of this shit right here
Everytime I come around, man, this bitch
This bitch wanna ask me for everything man
Why don't this bitch go out and get a fuckin' job or
somethin'
Man, this bitch is breakin' me man, this bitch is breakin'
me god
Yo Cronz, man, you gotta help me man, I need some
money or somethin'
I need somethin'

[Hook: Freemurder]

Soon as I see you around the way
Girl, all I got to say is - get a job bitch
You say there's bills that I have to pay
Girl, all I got to say is - get a job bitch

[Freemurder]

Yo, you over there where them goons be barkin'
About nothin', all you want is Gucci Harlems
Air Force One's, ma, your gear gon' come
Go and juke somethin', cook somethin', hear it go
again
Or go to Mickey D's and ask for an application
No, I'm not treatin' girl, I don't wanna have you waitin'
Months and months thinkin', you gon' get a house
The faster I get you in, the faster I get you out
Want me to kiss your mouth, you must be lickened out
Chasin' me down like a, cat try'nna get a mouse
You know she rude try'nna burn my clothes up
Better play road runner, dun, and burn the road up
Go 'head beat your feet, I'd rather beat my meat
Before I fuck this bum bitch, I'd rather feed her to the
streets
Go ahead and get that dough, watch me pimp that hoe
See it got me the six, I had to switch that four

[Chorus: ShaCronz (Freemurder)]

You want some Gucci? (get a job bitch)
You want some rent money? (get a job bitch)

You want your hair down? (get a job bitch)
Get up off your ass and (get a job bitch)
(Get a job bitch, get a job bitch)
(Get a job bitch, get a job bitch)

[ShaCronz]

My year, a different bitch, it has just begun
If your hairs out, can't feel 'em, my wrist is numb
Call your bluff, your man ain't tough, tell him get his
gun
Treat bitches like car crashes, hit and run
Mommy taught me morals, but I can't help myself
Some bitches can't cook, can't clean, nor help
theyselves
Ladies, don't try to send your kids at me
Not them kids, daddy, ain't my job to keep them kids
happy
Know many bitches suck cock for rent
Walk around, hair, nails done, with not a cent
I need a bitch that can talk with lots of sense
Understand the game of start, pitchin' rocks in the
bitch
I take a cute to booty ugly, and coogie rugbies
The groupie suck me, all my jewels be roughly
About ten panties a piece, Cronz love plenty of freaks
That give me head, off and deceased, come on

[Chorus]

[Terra Tory]

All ya'll broke bitches want is money
What you want from me, cuz ma, I'mma leave you
bummy
You gets no ends, for nothin', just keep sluttin'
You gets no clothes and Timbs, just keep struttin'
Terra Tory ain't no slap, got no time for frontin'
It ain't, even a thought, so don't keep discussin'
Ain't nothin' bein' brought, I'mma keep on crushin'
And you won't catch me, I'mma keep on duckin'
You better move on ma, cuz things is done here
Cruise on broad, you gets no ones here
You better get a job bitch, don't run here
You gets no love bitch, so don't come here
Ma, stop askin', all I was doin' was gassin'
It ain't gonna happen, so keep on passin'
You need to get your own girl bring cash in
Cuz fuckin' with me, you wont stay in fashion

[Chorus to end]

[Outro: Terra Tory]

Yo what the fuck is goin' on, bitch
Why the fuck you over there tellin' me that you want my
fuckin' money bitch
You getter ahead with all that before I fuck your ass up
bitch
You owe me money, now bitch, yeah, bitch, come on
now
My whole team right here, they know you owe me
money, bitch
You want me to take you court, do you want that, huh
What you want, you want me to take you court, I will
take you to fuckin' court
Cuz I don't like nothin', you want your hair down
You want me to pay your cable bill, just get up off your
ass

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