

Rhymefest

"Good Ass Job"

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[Mikkey Halsted] That nigga Mikkey.
Kanye. Y'all know Man I was sick of them bill collectors
Callin' my crib And the filthy ass roaches tryin' to
Crawl in my shit (all in a nigga's cereal) Before I
Flip Nigga had to keep callin' them tricks See I spit
Now Now these hoes all on my dick
(Oh you're a rapper!) Like "Mikkey won't you take
Me out?" Chick please It takes more than a rat to get
Cheese You can lick deez I worked hard to get G's You
Can strip tease That's too freaky?
Well bitch leave! I'm a cheap nigga Keep my money
discreet
Nigga Cause chickens keep talkin' in the streets nigga
So I keep itchy With a clip that'll spit fifty Make
Fifty million spittin' over beats nigga please nigga
[Chorus] I just got a good ass job The pay is good
But the work is too hard And I don't want to work
anymore
So I won't stop till I reach the top Now I just bought
A brand new car GS4 but the notes is too high So I'm
Gonna hit the club and pull some hoes Before they re-
posse
My ride [Kanye West] Nigga please You work for UPS
I work for Mickey D's I plotted on stickin' niggas
For at least fifty G's Run up in they crib for the
Safe and the keys Y'all ain't safe around me We done
Made wild stacks Made it to Cadillacs And still get
Pulled over for "drivin' while black" While back bill
Collectors call We ain't answer
("He ain't here") Light company will have to come and
Blow out our candles Now you know I got's to take a
Plane to Jamaica I Dream Cast [cash] like Sega We
workin'
With some paper This spins a lot different than this
Cutlass I was whippin' Y'all niggas still trippin'
Got beef? Pop the clip in Only a bitch would worry
About his obituary Don't worry I got something that'll
Get very Close to that Burn tracks I ain't suppose
To rap Niggas told me that Now bitch kiss my plaques
C'mon [Chorus] [Rhymefest] I used to work at Steak
N' Shake 30 hours a week Niggas ain't even

supervisors,
Tryin' to act like they chief Talkin' bout "Get them
Fries. Naw, turn the meat.
" Soundin' like a bitch Hit him in his mouth then quit
Try to picture this A king on a slave ship Workin'
The grave shift and ain't even made shit?
To my crooked ass somethin' put me up on the lip?
Drop grease, then flip, get insurance,
Take trips Nigga what? Set it up Get with shorty in
The front I've been skimmin' off the register "Now
Che..." "Shut the fuck up and do it my way" Don't get
Caught on camera on your off day Like Ice Cube on
Friday
If I worked in the? I be sellin'?
Out the back Got a gig at Block Buster sellin' movies
Out my 'Lac Any job that I'm at I'm gettin' goofys
For they stacks If the supervisor comes,
Stay cool and relax Y'all be workin' hard I be hardly
Workin' And even though our check small,
Our pockets hardly hurtin' If I was a DJ it wouldn't
Take me long Before drug dealers pay me to play they
Wack ass songs C'mon [Chorus]

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