

## **Slick Rick**

### **"Get A Job"**

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[Slick Rick:]

Well I'm riding round the Benz truck with fake friends  
Word, here they come now, yo Ricky lend me couple  
lenses  
For lunch and all of that, I got to listen to this nonsense  
What the hell Crumb, don't you have a conscience?  
I'll treat the vogue, get the gold, chuck a heat in gear  
Don't understand it til the blood sucker beat it  
I see my doc, I'm said 'yo, doc, how's the health there'  
Don't worry bout these pretzel muthas acting like your  
welfare  
Word to parasites, tell me, hasn't it ever occurred of  
Stand on your own two, please, I never heard of  
By the window in the bathroom, that one did it  
Got a dress like a brother, then both of them will quit it  
Potential is intelligent, and it's me you wanna rock  
Hey, half cent hookers tryna act like snobs, get a job...

[D] scratches]

[Slick Rick:]

You want a damn hood? No, here she go, I'm a gonna  
try, here to try it  
Rick, my baby needs pampers; so buy 'em  
Come on take me to Pizza Hut, work class cow  
What would your man say if he could see your slut ass  
now  
For five bucks, cool, window while she drives, barely  
missed him  
Pissed him, dissed him, turn up the system  
You ought of treat, that's the dinner, I'm hungry, said  
her daughter  
She tried to crawl behind home, and heat bread &  
water  
A rich girl, don't like, I said he's always the best  
Yea, whatever, no question, project destined  
Yo, what the hell is with you people, are you all  
incoherent?  
Fifty years old, and still you living with your parent?  
Not a break to breathe, yell on the phone  
Take all I own, everything, and leave me the hell alone

Word up, now shorty rock steals her ride  
For you half cent hookers tryna act like snobs, now get  
a job...

[DJ scratches]

[Slick Rick:]

Reserve my hotty, it's the not, used to buying pearls  
Please drive me across the whole entire world  
My new man still can't work and he ain't too bright in  
math

Like it's my fault he couldn't manage money like that  
Survive with your man, I didn't say grind the strife  
And even worse when they never heard of 9 to 5  
And you can't be gentle, or they get all sentimental  
I don't work for white people, well work for Oriental  
Her baby's mother, her friend, that's why plenty get  
killed

I'm in Peru, kids hurt, and I need twenty mil  
On man written traps, deaf, dumb, blind too  
I lost my wallet, son, sorry Grams, lost mine too  
Lonely on the step, but still I have a cold heart  
So on the spot, is one horny old fart  
Word thinking he intelligent, it's me you wanna rock  
And all you half cent hookers tryna act like snobs, get  
a job...

[DJ scratches]

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