

**Travis Tritt****"The Repo Man Sings for You"**

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[Del]

It's the Repo Man! Reposeession is my occupation  
It's not my fault you facin foreclosure, I told ya  
I'm just an agent, workin for the man  
and his manuscript say you owe him for this land  
Don't cry to me, and don't lie to me  
Actin like you ain't home, fakin on the phone  
You shoulda thought about that when you bought the  
Benzy  
You missed a few increments  
now we gotta come and get yo' shit  
If you slip on the payments  
I get paid to make sure that you pay rent  
or get out, throw all your clothes in the streets  
Frozen meats, out your refridgerator  
then my boys come back and get it later with the forklift  
Heh, we don't care how hard you worked, we takin yo'  
shit  
It's too late, your payment's way past your due date  
You couldn't hide from me, even with a new face  
or plastic surgery, your debt's outstandin  
I don't care about your family, don't hand me  
no excuses, you know it's useless, no one's stoppin me  
Just get off the property before I bring the cops with me  
Possibly, this could turn into a criminal act  
Gimme your fax machine, PlayStation in the basement  
adjacent, to the big screen television  
You can't tell the system no, we gotta get the dough  
The company want they G's, or the keys  
to the convertible, and hey, nothin personal, okay?  
I'm just doin my job (you know?)  
Collectin on your debts, now you're losin a wad  
Bruisin your wallet, whatever in your pocketbook  
all get took, to my agency, then they payin me  
It ain't phasin me, that's my thing  
When I mob off witcha shit, listen to me sing

La la la la la la la, la la la la la \*repeat 8X\*

[Boots]

\*thck\* One, paycheck from sleepin on the street

\*tchka\* Two/too, many bills my scrill don't meet  
\*tchka\* Three day notice from the landlord on the seat  
Fo-fo', caliber shots ain't discrete  
But motherfuckers still jack frequent, no secret  
cause they shit be delinquent  
And on closer inspection, repossession collection  
motivates birth protection in the brokest section  
In other words, the ghetto  
Repo Man, pullin strings like Giupetto  
Squeeze two at him, let go  
Cause I just gotta be real  
I'm tired of informercials with them five-year payment  
deals  
See I was sleepin on the carpet in my apartment  
when I heard my car ignition cause somebody sparked  
it  
So I run all the way down the hallway full throttle  
Don't give in is my motto, so I bust him with a bottle  
He screamin, "Whatchu gon' pay me with?"  
Then he started laughin singin crazy shit

[Del] La la la la la la la, la la la la la

I said, "SHUT THE FUCK UP," and then I banked him in  
the jaw  
But that was no use, even though he skidaddled  
bill collectors make my phone rattle, tell my kids don't  
tattle  
When you pick up the receiver, I'm sick with a fever  
You don't know where I am either  
Even hillbillies at a party linedancin  
get they Ford trucks with poor financing  
Banks that give the loan figure - damn, in the worst  
case  
we makin money cause we had it in the first place!  
And where was it that they got that cash from?  
You when you deposit it from bustin yo' ass  
Well two weeks after that last altercation  
I noticed my front lock had a slight alteration  
My TV was gone and out the window from my room  
I heard the Repo Man sing his devious tune, it went

[Del] La la la la la la la, la la la la la \*repeat 8X\*

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