

Mr. SOS f/ Chapter 13

"Fuck My Job"

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[Hook] {Old Vocal sample}

Evening is a time of day
Night time, nothing more to say
Don't know what to do
But I can...

[Chapter 13] {Speaking in the background over
beginning sample}

Damn man... Just got out of work
Fucking whipped right now man
Damn I don't even got that much money from this shit,
that's the worst part
(I need a nap)
...You know what, you know what

[Chorus: Chapter 13]

Man fuck my job!
I feel like a puppet that's been stuck in a box
Working for these pig headed Republican slobs
For a bucket to slop
My credits got me indebted whether I want it or not
So fuck my job!
I feel like a puppet that's been stuck in a box
Working for these pig headed Republican slobs
For a bucket to slop
My credits got me indebted whether I want it or not

[Verse 1: Chapter 13]

Hey neighbour! We're you going?
"I gotta go to work to make paper..."
Arn't you tired of being corporate slave labour?
"Huh? I'm not a slave"
Oh I see I've got to explain this to you Bob
See you've been locked in a cage, trapped without
chains
Content with your little spot in the Matrix without ever
stopping to think
'Hey wait a minute, this jobs a pain in my ass'
Everyday I hop on the train, my bus passing
Rush as fast as I can just not to be late
Fuck that! This shit is insane

You're mentally enslaved because you're too busy to
think til the end of the day
But you're still stressing at home even after getting your
pay
cos these bill collectors are on the phone and you need
to split what you made
All you could think to do is pop in a video tape or video
game just to start
drifting away
To forget this senseless pain that you wished you could
change
But isn't strange how you just sit and watch the idiot
box?
Even though you don't want any part of it in any way
You just wish it would stop
But you listen to all the usual talk and misery explained
in the news
And go to work to feel safe, confined in your cubicles
walls
But I'm taking up far too much of your time
You should be off before you're late, Bob
Man, you're doing such a beautiful job!

[Chorus: Chapter 13]

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Chapter 13]

You ever work for an uptight Republican nutcase?
Who kept you up nights plus doubles on Sunday
Til' you, do in your apron and fuck up his fun day(?)
Cos you refusing your wages and cutting your lunch
breaks
The average worker's just a nervous wreck
Who hides from his boss hip hops third cassettes
We're all 9 to 5 slaved, dying to get paid
for the whip, at the crack of dawn cos you ain't trying to
be late
But you're routine commutes and petty office bickering
Sick to your stomach but you can't get a doctors visit in
Overworked, underpaid, you wanna go berserk and run
away
But you need the cheque so you guess you wanna stay,
for another day
to cheap talking and bitching, and constantly wishing
your boss wasn't tripping
So you start to wonder if your job is a prison
Cos you just another number that's lost in the system
If you fit the profile I can offer suggestions
But I need to ask a couple of questions:
Do you spend days in you cubicle? (Yep)

Everyday you would say it's the usual (Stress)
Your life you proclaim is a beautiful (Mess)
So you freak out when your computers broken, bite
down on your cuticles
Then you're just a victim of this capitalist system
Quit your job, move to Vegas and just cash all your
chips in (yeahh!)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: SOS]

Aiyyo, FUCK my job cos it's FUCKING HARD
I don't wanna punch the clock, I should punch my boss
Right in his fucking job cos he sucks and talks
about what I should do, like I don't know what's
involved
I really think my supervisor wants to be murdered
Keeping me and not letting me leave for lunch to get
burgers
Plus it's freezing and these cheapskates hate pumping
the furnace
Goddamn it, I cannot stand customer service!
Cos it's nothing but a bunch of queers flustered and
nervous
I hope my job gets robbed cos these fuckers deserve it
Everyday is a 9 o'clock to 5 o'clock battle
Store manager trippin' off my 5 o'clock shadow
I mic check cos I sweat and can't even afford to buy a
nice bed
No, I don't want to give you a price check!
Cos I quit!
Fuck you! And fuck you! I shout
You're cool, but fuck you! And fuck YOU - I'm out

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