

Ultramagnetic MC's "Get A Job"

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[Ced Gee]

Yo, I gotta correct myself; I said eighty-five
But lookin at the master tape in front of me, that joint
was eighty-four
But uhh, check dis, we gon' run through a bunch of old
joints
And then we gon' sum it up, with a brand new joint at
the end
To bring... this whole thing to an end y'knahmsayin
So check it

[someone doing a high voice]

Yo, yo, yo Kool Keith, yo!
Yo can I borrow a quarter, c'mon?

[K Keith] Yo Ced, what a stupid motherfucker, he's a
asshole

[Ced Gee] Get a job motherfucker, not some bitches
like me to pimp

[Ced Gee] Yo Keith tell 'em about it

[Kool Keith]

Everyday on the block, you sit and wait, you need a job
Eatin corn chips, and lookin nosy as hell
Seekin all of the business, open mouths can tell
Who worked 9 today, who got a 5 today
Who sold a bundle of dope, who else survived today
Now think internal dummy, you walk around like a fool
With your feet on the ground, a quarter beer and
you're cool
But you don't watch me, nobody watch your back
I keep a scope on my prey, an eye behind my back
So I can see when you perpetrate, and talk when I leave
About this man, that man, the Joker or Batman
See these girls with no money, all bummy, hangin with
Catman
Cause they're silly, we're not impressed with gold
It takes a brain and a washcloth, the school even told
ya
mind ya business, and pay your bills and walk
You're mad at neighbors upstairs, because they won't

even talk

They have a job, a day and dollars ahead of 'em
While you paw me and beg me, joke around for fifty
cents
Make it simple and plain, you probably know who you
are
YOU NEED A JOB!

[Kool Keith]

Three o'clock in the mornin you're screamin up and
down the hallway
Can a workin man sleep, you're stupid taggin up his
doorway
Wit'cha radio loud, you're unaware of your scent
So take a piece of advice, and buy your brain the
common sense
Look around on the dirty ground, you're scrapin up
your knees
Always hangin with trash, pigeon female pickin seeds
Steady one by one, they'd rather eat off the floor
They leave their bones in the street, and chew that
meat off the floor
Ain't that a shame - one girl is tryin to diss
Because while her friend's at work, ain't got a pot to
piss
But she insist more, to take a powerful stand
With her new three dumb friends and jack buck in her
hand
With no intention, on ever finding a job
To get a coal out your eye before it turns to glob
It takes time, and such a positive mind
Like you search for a high, a job is easy to find
It's total laziness, go give your mother respect
You wanna live like a roach, and wait around on a
check
But you ain't right bum, you're still foolish and dumb
You're just a fish out of rock, creek and a lowlife scum
So tell me somethin - you get a kick out of sleepin?
Because you're facin the clock, another day on the
block
YOU NEED A JOB!

[voice] Aiyyo Keith I don't need a job I'm down with
Uptown Management

[Ced G] Stop speaking garbage to me man - one more
time Keith

[Kool Keith]

Five o'clock in the evening, Friday payday is sharp
You got your face in my wallet, your feet is draggin the
tar

But you don't see it fool, they go to work and you don't
They like to pay off their credit, they'll wake up early,
you won't
Try to better yourself, and keep a can of pork and
beans
Like a malnutrition, step away when you're dissin
Because your ears are invalid, neither organs will listen
But you insist more, you step up laugh and diss more
The A is for apple, knowin what you can kiss more
the back of the donkey, swing around like a monkey
Out there searchin for needles, in disguise of a junkie
You're just embarassin, a total menace disgrace
I seen you scrapin for residue on that pipe and you
bass
You need to stop it, deduct that habit and drop it
You see my rhymes are like pills, you need to take it
and pop it
And let it float through you blink, let it go through your
brain
It takes a pity to see, you're wastin my time
You think I'm writing for nothing or am I wasting my
rhyme
You're grown beggin for pennies - YOU NEED A JOB!

Get a fuckin job motherfucker!

[voice]

Yo money I ain't gotta get a job I'm LARGE boy
I'm out here I'm runnin shit on the corner
y'knahmsayin?
I got my bitches out here, gettin paid
Yo my bitches gettin money

[Kool Keith]

Yo that bitch ain't workin over there look at Sally man

[voice]

Yo man bitch got a sweet ass, niggaz is clockin her
y'know
CRAZY DOLLARS

[Kool Keith]

Man that bitch need a fuckin JOB!

[voice]

Bust this I got this kilo coming

[Kool Keith]

Man, there go the cops
GET A JOB

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