

Slacker

Tech N9ne

Slacker, a person who shirks his work or duty
A person who evades military service in the wartime
I know one thing, man, I'm gonna have my kicks
Before the whole shit house goes up in flame
You know what I'm sayin'?

Eat, drink and be merry, tomorrow you may die
That's what life's about, man, good times, a little salad
Yo yo, I'm a product of reaganomics, neurotic
They sayin' homage is gone up, inhaling chronic
The oddest I'm stayin' honest, I'm 'bout to make it famous
So you can take that J O B and you can shove it up your anus
I ain't never understood how the world works
But I always understood why the girls twerk
For a baller not a 9 to 5
Barely makin' it with disgust behind your eyes
So I just, grip my piece, rip off fleece
Out to take your lip off chief, with my peeps
We ruthless, if you got money then deuce it
Goofs get toothless, with loose off 2 fifths, we useless
I wanna kick it but ain't got the dough
Sneak in the concert, trip and make 'em stop the show
We gots to go, push me and I sock the po'
Gettin' the bail from my parents is impossible
(I'm a slacker)
Never did I have a lotta dough
(I'm a slacker)
Smoking pot and watching videos
(I'm a slacker)
Go whichever way the wind blows
Those just tuning in, I'm just lettin' you know
(I'm a slacker)
Every time I take a look around
(I'm a slacker)
Stuck up on the faces around
(I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker)
I don't do enough, I just fool around
Y'all can go to hell, how does that sound?
Now you can tell by my everyday fits, I ain't rich
I sneak with a piece when I grit

I'm just another gat man caught up in the mix
Tryna take your dollar and your 15 cents, I grind with a pistol
I stay rid of you lames, y'all gay, I play video games all day
When Kans City Mo brangs, it's gritty slow game
We diddy-bop with really no change, y'all pay
And people holla, "How you do that there
"Why your pants hanging low, and why you grew that hair?"
Lightin' a bleezle or with my people ridin' a Regal
Always in trouble with coppers 'cause we drivin' illegal
I ain't never givin' them lee-way to hear me nay
The judicial assembly's gay hey
I come out at night 'cause I sleep all day
Tryin' get with Def Jam, Loud or MCA
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Y'all can go to hell, how does that sound?
Yo yo check
Get to the party and my homies got to pay for me
Holidays them just be another day for me
Gettin drunk, hopin' I get to the crib safely
Pray for me, 'cause I'm needin' money majorly
Sit at home watchin' MTV with a empty
P O C K E T, I MP3 everything that I hear on the streets
Never buy it, don't deny it, I'm the fear I'ma be
You say get a job? I say hit a knob
'Cause the way you run the world is every bit a fraud
So what you askin' me? You get no tax from me
I got whites, natives, and Mexicans, and blacks with me
I'm tryin' get up there with Master P, pass the D
'Cause that's the way it has to be
We bust to be free, we trust to be G
So fuck who be glee, it sucks to be me
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I don't do enough, I just fool around
Y'all can go to hell, how does that sound?
I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker, yeah
I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker, yeah
I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker, yeah
I'm a slacker, I'm a slacker

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