Low Income

Wyclef Jean

Let um feel the beat first
I'm 'bout to come through your stereo
Should my rhyme start with the hook
Start with the hookTo my people who don't wanna go to work
Thank God it's Friday
Cover me she's 'bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday
Do your mom now you act so berserk
Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't wanna, she don't wanna work on MondayI wanna thank my hood
For makin' me a star before I had fast cars
And couldn't tell the difference between whoppers and caviar
Before the fame way before things changed
All I wanted to do was freestyle and get a nameI used to work at the fast food restaurant
For minimum wage dreamin I'm on stage
At 17 I left the house 'cause my father was a minister
And I didn't want the Marvin routeWhat's goin on today to sell a song you need a video with soft porn
MC's in the industry you wanna tip?
Don't let them pimp you like Goldy
And tell Sony they better have my money
'Cause I play wit the Comodores and be like Lionel Richie
Low Income, I stay so hungry that if 50 Cent came to rob me
He'd be part of my charity
I, I wanna thank my hoodTo my people cuttin' here in the shops
Thank God it's Friday
To the thugs sweatin' up in the chop shops
Yo, it's Friday
To my people that don't got no job
Everyday it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track yo?
She don't wanna, she don't wanna work on MondayAll the ladies sing
I don't feel like cookin' you no breakfast
This mornin'
All my hoodlums say
You don't have to cook me breakfast
'Cause your girlfriend will after you leaveI wanna thank my hood
For the love of money I know kids who'll slit your throat
Friday the 13th Jason wit a trench coat

But you can't scare Suzie
'Cause her man got so many uzi's you'd think he was CadiviMeanwhile, she's getting her nails done
Crystal clear so they could shine like wit diamonds
It's such a shame what happened last week
Man they found her under the sheets with a letter from the Son of Sam
It said to tell New York I ain't sleepin'
You want to be clubbin' then you better pack your heat in
And to my man G Swar Rest in Piece
I still poor liquor 1 draw on the cocoa leafInhale, exhale smoke grasses
Polices in the area, but ain't no need to panic
You wit Wyclef you getting in
If not, then we gonna make CNN
I, I wanna thank my hoodTo my people who don't wanna go to work
Thank God it's Friday
Cover me she's 'bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday
Do your mom know you act so berserk?
Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't wanna she don't wanna work on MondayYo, to my people cuttin' here in the shops
Thank God it's Friday
To the thugs sweatin' up in the chop shops
Yo, it's Friday
To my people who don't got no job
Everyday it's Firday
What's the track, what's the track yo?
She don't wanna she don't wanna work on MondayAll the ladies sing
I don't feel like cookin' you no breakfast
This mornin'
All my hoodlums say
Well you don't have to cook me breakfast
'Cause your girlfriend will after you leave

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