

County Line

Coolio

Seven in the morning, standing in the line
Three fools in front of me, drinking on some wine
Two in the back of me sucking on a joint
And one in back of them beggin' for a Newport
There's four, five suckers way way in the back
Stooped down low with the crowd smoking crack
They looking at me funny 'coz I got a record out
And a nigga with a record out supposed to have some clout
A forth of the people in the line need help
But the other forth betta ask help themself
A forth of the people having good faith
And all of the rest all fucked up in the head
A bald headed stank bitch is about to make me laugh
And a nigga who need a bath is asking for my autograph
Ain't nothing changed but the time
I got to get mine, so I'm standing in the county line
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey
I walked through the front door to fill out my app
Here comes another sap asking if I rap
I don't say a word 'coz he know that I do
I'm down with the mad ass you know who
I take a numer and a seat I'm sweating from the heat
Somebody got their shoes off I smell their feet
My number is 80, it's still on 20
I look up at the clock and now is 10:30
Free butter and cheese oh please, oh please
Can I get my food stamps so I can leave
I got money and a car but they don't really know it
Now they asking me a gang of questions
'Coz I told them I was homeless
I'm living in a car drive back in the alley
But I use to shack up with a hooker named Sally
Line after line Ruff is the time
My life is in a bomb so I'm standing in the county line
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey
I'm sitting at a desk talking to a social worker
She thinks I'm a fool but I know that I can jerk her
Punk ass ho' sitting behind the window all toe up ass tramp
Runnin that old weak shit talkin about,
"You have a penetentry record" I said, "I know that bitch"
She wants to know what kind a work do I do
I said, 'I haven't worked since 1982
I can't find a job though I looked and I looked
Took one hit of the crack and was hooked
She sitting there wondering when i'll get to the point
And the whole time I'm wishin i could smoke me a joint

Job search work the projects whackness
And in a few weeks I'd get my check Now I got to wait for them to call me trough the window
So I can get some cash to pay for the hotel and the bathshow
It's 5:13 by the clock on the wall
Mothafuckez move so I can make a phonecall
Shit is getting late and the time is 29
That why so many niggas standing in the county line This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
You got to have the conned and let them looking funny You got to have the conned and let them looking funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh

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