

# I Rock

## Castro Beats

It is insulting  
'Cause I can't rap for my job, job, job, job, job  
I'd quit this bullshit  
But I can't live like a slob, slob, slob, slob, slob  
The way I want to baby  
Swimming in hip-hop-hip-hop-hip  
I want to sing for you and show you how I rock  
My situation's kinda dire  
Because I'm one of the livest rhymers  
That's also a nine-to-fiver  
(I gotta wait until nighttime)  
To rhyme in ciphers  
My supervisor's always asking why my eyes are tired  
I thank God I'm not a firefighter  
'Cause every morning I drink coffee  
'Til I'm nice and wired  
It keeps me up until lunchtime  
And then I eat but the Niggeritis is unkind  
I fell asleep at a red light one time  
In front of middle schoolers on an afternoon bus ride  
I'm unsigned  
So that's how it is sometimes  
Wishing I could punch my card with a punch line  
Every night something's crackin'  
From regular grungy rapping  
To underground funk and dancing  
I put my best foot first  
On Monday nights with Blaque Whole Suns at the Good Hurt  
I go to work then I rap at night  
And so my Tuesday appetite's satisfied at Raggsta Nites  
I've seen more rump than an ass doctor  
On Wednesday nights with Tommy Blak at the Grasshopper  
Or I could roll to the Lower End  
If I can't pay the toll  
I gotta ask No again  
(Thursday's work day)  
You already knowing kid  
I'm a J.U.I.C.E. board member and a Blowedian  
My Friday night yearning hunger  
Is curbed with serving suckers and herbs at the Urban Underground  
Hear the sound of a tired rapper

(Down the street in Chinatown at the Firecracker)

Lyrics provided by  
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