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 rockMy 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 lineEvery 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)

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