

I Hate My Job (Explicit Album Version)

Cam'ron

Yo, I hate my boss, dude think he know it all
And I know I know it all but I follow protocol
Hope to sit in the casket, got me sittin' traffic, it's 7 am
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah And I woke up late, didn't even have a shower
Lunch break? Give me a break, a damn half an hour
All this bullshit for 12 bucks an hour
Plug me to Chuck D, wanna Fight The Powers Instead I light the sour before I go in the office
Being here 8 hours sure'll get you nauseous
Lady across from me, tellin' me her problems
I'm look at her like yo, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah How the fuck I'm gonna solve 'em? you know our ethnicity
Car note, rent, don't forget electricity
Internet, cable, and the phone all connected
Food, gas, tolls oh, now it's gettin' hectic Brand new clothes? Now you'd rather see me naked
Yo check it, I got my check, now I'm feel disrespected
Why am I workin' here? It ain't workin' here
It ain't worth it here, never gonna persevere Ain't no money for new shoes or purses here
Should've done my first career, huh, nursin', yeah
Now I'm sittin' here thinkin' 'bout the work I put in
This verse from the everyday workin' woman I put on my pants, put on my shoes
I pray to God, paid all my dues
I'm tryin' to win, seems like I was born to lose
All I can say, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I say let me through, but they don't let me through
You wanna quit? Goddamn I'm ready to
Lifestyle I'm livin', ain't steady, boo
All I can say, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Ayo, I'm lookin' for a job, ain't nobody hirin'
Then I ask the boss, "When y'all doin' firin'?"
You know I'm admirin' nice job, family man
Car and lookin' in his walk as a tyrant Shoulda been a fireman, learn to do wirin'
Then you get retirement, I blame my environment
I'm on a interview, for delivery
Locked up, felonies? Now the dude quizzin' me Workin' on my future, why you need to know my history?
All he did was Google me, no big mystery
He ain't diggin' me, politely he was dissin' me
"No we're not hirin', but thanks for the visit please" He ain't want me, my grandmother warned me
Them goddamn felonies will haunt me, taunt me
No second chance, back to the same block
Go home, my baby mom done changed locks This a game, ma? Okay the game's over
Then she opened the door with the chain on
Said she been reachin' out for several days

I ain't helpin' out, we need to go our separate ways
I was just amazed, wanna go another route?
Let me get my clothes, said she took them to my mother's house
She was pissed off, yeah P O 'ed
And said, "Go 'head and wyle out, I'll call your P O"
I put on my pants, put on my shoes
I pray to God, paid all my dues
I'm tryin' to win, seem like I was born to lose
All I can say, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I say let me through, but they don't let me through
You wanna quit? Goddamn I'm ready to
Lifestyle I'm livin', ain't steady, boo
All I can say, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Songwriters

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