

# Quitting

Khary

I've been, working, all damn day,  
for a, bout like, two weeks, straight.  
My boss, is a, fucking, bitch.  
Matter fact you can tell that hoe I fucking quit.  
I just got a dollar for a raise, what the fuck is this. I could make more money on a train doing fucking  
flips. Barely got enough to go on break, eat some fucking chips.  
Then you always wonder why I'm late for my fucking shift.  
I don't smile enough, I know.  
My shirt's never tucked, I know.  
You should write me up, I don't,  
give a fuck about emails, about retail.  
When I'm not at work, and I'm not clocked in, you can spare me them details.  
Don't care about your point of sale, Imma be a rapper. G-gimmie a year, Imma be on, be on.  
I see the signs,  
Yep, neon, neon.  
Don't believe, nigga don't believe.  
So many people Imma shit, and pee on. A  
Folding shirts is not my dream,  
I don't know who you were kidding.  
How about you suck my dick?  
Call that my new position, I swear. I was searching for a place that I can go, I can go.  
A place where I ain't gotta feel no pain no more, pain no more.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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