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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