

# What a Job

## Devin the Dude

Rollin' up another swisha, listenin' to the beat again  
Drankin' but we concentratin', smoke another sweet again  
Steadily rewindin', trying to make some hot shit  
Oh, what a job this is Another all-nighter, tryin' to get it done  
Barely make it home with the morning sun  
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit  
Oh, what a job this is Drankin' yet I'm thinking of another rhyme  
Smokin', hoping that some bad news will come some other time  
'Cause I'm trying to do what I've loved, I love what I do  
This music is something more different than the weed and the brew That's why we mashin', we ain't asking for  
nothing, we working for it  
Push it, peddled it to the people, they can't ignore it, this is for  
All the independents, a few major labels  
The big studios who still give niggas favors On the mixin' and mastering, puzzlin' and  
Plastering the tracks together on tapes, C-D's, wax or whatever  
This is for all the engineers who smoke weed  
Can't forget about the production cost and all the hidden fees For another rhyme written, we spend time spittin'  
in the booth  
Sometimes it's like a pigeon coop  
But it's all for the cause, yeah, so I'm  
Gonna continue to MC and smoke weed, you know I'm Rollin' up another swisha, listenin' to the beat again  
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Barely make it home with the morning sun  
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit  
Oh, what a job this is As easy as it looks to you, I make it look so easy  
With the music I'd be making big impression I'd be leaving  
And a lot of folks, they stop and stare thinking I'ma trickin' off  
I roll another bleezy, puff it, pass it and shake it off Move on to the next phase and it's amazing  
The next generation of rappers, big Snoop Dogg raising  
Hmm, that's 15 years in the game  
Still got the fortune and fame, yeah, I'm doing my thang Check this Devin, somebody said that real Gs to go  
heaven  
So I'ma keep spittin' the truth on these fools like a reverend  
Stay open like 7/11 that's 24/7, when you need some hot shit  
Stop by and get you a beverage, I'm servin' My rhymes like nickels and dimes  
Plug it in, let it play and let me blow your mind  
It's the dominant conglomerate, prominent and I'ma get

What I gotta get, twist another sweet and bob to the beat  
Rollin' up another swisha, listenin' to the beat again  
Drankin' but we concentratin', smoke another sweet again  
Steadily rewindin', trying to make some hot shit  
Oh, what a job this is  
Another all-nighter, tryin' to get it done  
Barely make it home with the morning sun  
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit  
Oh, what a job this is  
We work nights, we some vampires  
Niggas gather 'round their beat like a campfire  
Singin' folk songs but not no kumbaya, my Lord  
You download it for free, we get charged back for it  
I know you're saying, they won't know they won't miss it  
Besides, I ain't a thief, they won't pay me a visit  
So if I come to your job, take your corn on the cob  
And take a couple kernels off it, that would be alright with you  
Hell no, yeah, exactamundo  
But we just keep recording and it ain't to get no condo  
And candy, Bentley, Fanny with no panties in Miami  
And that cute lil' chick named Tammy that you took to the Grammys  
See we do it for that boy that graduated  
That looked you in your eyes real tough and said 'preciate it  
And that he wouldn't have made it if it wasn't for your CD number 9  
And he's standing with his baby momma Kiki and she cryin'  
Talkin' 'bout that they used to get high to me in  
high school  
And they used to make love to me in college  
Then they told me 'bout their first date listenin' to my tunes  
And how he liked her finger nail polish  
I say, hate to cut you off but I gotta go  
I wish you could tell me mo' but I'm off to the studio, gotta write tonight  
Hey, can you put us in your raps? I don't see why not  
Devin is the dude you gon' probably hear him talkin' 'bout  
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Steadily rewindin', trying to make some hot shit  
Oh, what a job this is  
Another all-nighter, tryin' to get it done  
Barely make it home with the morning sun  
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit  
Oh, what a job this is  
Yeah, this life we live, what a job this is, real spit man  
A lot of folks want to walk in these shoes but  
They just don't know man, it's a hell of a job, man  
To be a rapper, MC, whatever you want to call it, man  
We got a lot to deal with, family members  
We gotta always look out for baby momma nagging  
You know I'm saying kids need this and then again  
The public need that, we gotta make hot music  
'Cause if it ain't hot it don't mean shit  
But you know, it's all in a day's work  
What a job this is my nigga  
What's crack-a-lackin' Devin, the Dizzude?  
Snoop D-O dub, J Prince, Jazz Prince  
Yeah, Rap-A-Lot still on top 2007

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