

Low Income

Wyclef Jean

Let um feel the beat first
I'm bout to come through your stereo
Should my rhyme start with the hook
Start with the hook To my people who don't want to go to work
Thank God it's Friday
Cover me she bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday Do Your mom now you act so berserk
Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't want to, she don't want to work on Monday
(I want to thank my hood) For makin' me a star before I had fast cars
And couldn't tell the difference between Whoppers and caviar
Before the fame
Way before things changed All I wanted to do was freestyle and get a name
I used to work at the fast food restaurant
For minimum wage
Dreamin' I'm on stage At 17 I left the house
'Cause my father was a minister
And I didn't want the Marvin route
What's goin' on? Today to sell a song you need a video with soft porn
MC's in the industry
You want to tip?
Don't let them pimp you like Goldy And tell Sony they better have my money
'Cause I play wit the Comodores and be like Lionel Richie
Low Income, I stay so hungry that if 50 Cent came to rob me
He'd be part of my charity
(I want to thank my hood) To my people cuttin' here in the shops
Thank God it's Friday
To the thugs sweatin' up in the chop shops
Yo, it's Friday To my people that don't got no job
Everyday it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track yo?
She don't want to, she don't want to work on Monday
All the Ladies sing I don't feel
Like cookin' you no breakfast
This mornin'
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say) You don't have
To cook me breakfast
'Cause your girlfriend will

After you leave
(I want to thank my hood)For the love of money
I know kids who'll slit your throat
Friday the 13th
Jason wit a trench coatBut you can't scare Suzie
Cause her man got so many uzi's you'd think he was Cadivi
Meanwhile, she's getting her nails done
Crystal clear so they could shine like wit diamondsIt's such a shame what happened last week
Man they found her under the sheets with a letter from the Son of Sam
It said to tell New York I ain't sleepin
You want to be clubbin then you better pack your heat inAnd to my man G Swar Rest in Piece
I still poor liquor
I draw on the cocoa leaf
Inhale, exhale smoke grassesPolices in the area, but ain't no need to panic
You wit Wyclef you getting in
If not, then we gonna make CNN
(I want to thank my hood)To my people who don't want to go to work
Thank God it's Friday
Cover me she bout to put up her skirt
Thank God it's Friday
Do your mom know you act so berserk?Thank God it's Friday
What's the track, what's the track girl?
She don't want to she don't want to work on Monday
Yo, to my people cuttin here in the shopsThank God it's Friday
To the thugs sweatin up in the chop shops
Yo, it's Friday
To my people who don't got no jobEveryday it's Firday
What's the track, what's the track yo?
She don't want to she don't want to work on Monday
All the Ladies singI don't feel
Like cookin you no breakfast
This mornin
(Wyclef: All my hoodlums say)You don't have
To cook me breakfast
'Cause your girlfriend will
After you leave(Daddy, play that guitar)

Songwriters

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