

# Not My Job

Mac Dre

Dre rock the jewellery with the clear stones  
And get on a nigga head like some earphones  
I finna spit it, with a clear tone  
Get yo attention  
The biggest thang since the T.V. invention  
Dope as Zoloft, I'm a big shot, a show off  
Plus I'm a big pimp, I get tow off  
Fuck a good job, she need a good jaw  
To sell BJ's until her mouth get raw  
I'm from the California coast, beaches and riches  
Hit the cot, get ghost  
I don't be sleepin' wit bitches  
I got a coughnut, sittin' on wires  
On Vogues bitch, not Michellin tires  
Can't control my desires  
I buy from Nordstroms not Fred Myers  
I do a lot of weed, love my supplier  
She keep it, fuck the blood out my supplier  
Man I'm bigger than life, I do it Magnum  
And 'bout these broke bitches, I'm through with havin' em'  
Dre bogard, he shove and he push  
And start war for nothin' like G.W. Bush  
We be lovin' the kush, but only in the backwood  
Without a backwood, it ain't all that good  
I'm from the streets, where most need heat  
But I slice a nigga up like some roast beef meat  
I can bust you a rap, but anything else, not my job  
I'll peel ya cap back, but anything else, not my job  
I get ya for racks, but anything else, not my job  
I make you a slap, but anything else, not my job  
Bitch gone ask me to come with her to grocery shop  
I told her straight up like this, "no siree bob!"  
That's not my job, I don't do that  
I'm a pimp slash rapper, I thought you knew that  
And where yo dude at? Should I serve em' the news  
And let him know  
You finna be walkin' in some brand new shoes  
Ooh, you a fool, gotta watch thy self  
One false move, and you could stop thy self  
Sometimes I'm not myself, I'm another man  
I'm a rockstar, in another band

Plus I'm the man with plan in his hands  
Soon we'll all be playing in sand  
Cause to my estimations, and these calculations  
And all the money I made off the Rompalation  
I finna get as many didgets that's on my license plate  
And shit on some of these midgets bitch I can't wait I can bust you a rap, but anything else, not my job  
I peel ya cap back, but anything else, not my job  
I get ya for racks, but anything else, not my job  
I make you a slap, but anything else, not my job

Songwriters

ANDRE HICKS, SCOTT ROBERTS Published by

Lyrics © Roba Music, SHAPIRO BERNSTEIN & CO. INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>