

# The Repo Man Sings for You

## The Coup

It's the repo man, repossession is my occupation  
It's not my fault you facin' foreclosure, I told ya  
I'm just an agent, workin' for the man  
And his manuscript say you owe him for this land Don't cry to me and don't lie to me  
Actin' like you ain't home, fakin' on the phone  
You shoulda thought about that when you bought the Benzy  
You missed a few increments  
Now we gotta come and get yo' shit If you slip on the payments  
I get paid to make sure that you pay rent  
Or get out, throw all your clothes in the streets  
Frozen meats out your refrigerator Then my boys come back and get it later with the forklift  
Heh, we don't care how hard you worked, we takin' yo' shit  
It's too late, your payment's way past your due date  
You couldn't hide from me, even with a new face Or plastic surgery, your debt's outstandin'  
I don't care about your family, don't hand me  
No excuses, you know it's useless, no one's stoppin' me  
Just get off the property before I bring the cops with me Possibly, this could turn into a criminal act  
Gimme your fax machine, PlayStation in the basement  
Adjacent to the big screen television  
You can't tell the system no, we gotta get the dough The company want they G's or the keys  
To the convertible and hey, nothin' personal, okay?  
I'm just doin' my job  
(You know?)  
Collectin' on your debts, now you're losin' a wad Bruisin' your wallet, whatever in your pocketbook  
All get took to my agency, then they payin' me  
It ain't phasin' me, that's my thing  
When I mob off witcha shit, listen to me sing La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la One, paycheck from sleepin' on the street  
Too many bills my scrill don't meet  
Three day notice from the landlord on the seat  
Fo-fo' caliber shots ain't discrete But motherfuckers still jack frequent, no secret  
'Cause they shit be delinquent  
And on closer inspection, repossession collection  
Motivates birth protection in the brokest section In other words, the ghetto

Repo man, pullin' strings like Giupetto  
Squeeze two at him, let go, 'cause I just gotta be real  
I'm tired of infomercials with them five-year payment deals  
See I was sleepin' on the carpet in my apartment  
When I heard my car ignition 'cause somebody sparked it  
So I run all the way down the hallway full throttle  
'Don't give in' is my motto, so I bust him with a bottle  
He screamin', "Whatchu gon' pay me with?"  
Then he started laughin', singin' crazy shit  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
I said, "Shut the fuck up", and then I banked him in the jaw  
But that was no use, even though he skidaddled  
Bill collectors make my phone rattle, tell my kids don't tattle  
When you pick up the receiver, I'm sick with a fever  
You don't know where I am either  
Even hillbillies at a party line dancin'  
Get they Ford trucks with poor financing  
Banks that give the loan figure, damn, in the worst case  
We makin' money 'cause we had it in the first place  
And where was it that they got that cash from?  
You when you deposit it from bustin' yo' ass  
Well, two weeks after that last altercation  
I noticed my front lock had a slight alteration  
My TV was gone and out the window from my room  
I heard the repo man sing his devious tune, it went  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la

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