

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, CDs, 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
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As easy, guess 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 tricken' 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 as 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
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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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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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