

Good Ass Job (feat. Rhymefest, Mikkey Halsted)

Kanye West

[Mikkey Halsted] That nigga Mikkey. Kanye. Y'all know Man I was sick of them bill collectors callin' my crib
And the filthy ass roaches tryin' to crawl in my shit (all in a nigga's cereal) Before I flip Nigga had to keep
callin' them tricks See I spit now Now these hoes all on my dick (oh you're a rapper?!) Like "Mikkey won't you
take me out?" Chick please It takes more than a rat to get cheese You can lick deez I worked hard to get G's
You can strip tease That's too freaky? Well bitch leave! I'm a cheap nigga Keep my money discreet nigga
Cause chickens keep talkin' in the streets nigga So I keep itchy With a clip that'll spit fifty Make fifty million
spittin' over beats nigga please nigga [Chorus] I just got a good ass job The pay is good but the work is too hard
And I don't want to work anymore So I won't stop till I reach the top Now I just bought a brand new car GS4
but the notes is too high So I'm gonna hit the club and pull some hoes Before they re-posse my ride [Kanye
West] Nigga please You work for UPS I work for Mickey D's I plotted on stickin' niggas for at least fifty G's
Run up in they crib for the safe and the keys Y'all ain't safe around me We done made wild stacks Made it to
Cadillacs And still get pulled over for "drivin' while black" While back bill collectors call We ain't answer ("He
ain't here") Light company will have to come and blow out our candles Now you know I got's to take a Plane to
Jamaica I Dream Cast [cash] like Sega We workin' with some paper This spins a lot different than this Cutlass I
was whippin' Y'all niggas still trippin' Got beef? Pop the clip in Only a bitch would worry about his obituary
Don't worry I got something that'll get very Close to that Burn tracks I ain't suppose to rap Niggas told me that
Now bitch kiss my plaques C'mon [Chorus] [Rhymefest] I used to work at Steak N' Shake 30 hours a week
Niggas ain't even supervisors, tryin' to act like they chief Talkin' bout "Get them fries. Naw, turn the meat."
Soundin' like a bitch Hit him in his mouth then quit Try to picture this A king on a slave ship Workin' the grave
shift and ain't even made shit ?To my crooked ass somethin' put me up on the lip? Drop grease, then flip, get
insurance, take trips Nigga what? Set it up Get with shorty in the front I've been skimmin' off the register "Now
Che..." "Shut the fuck up and do it my way" Don't get caught on camera on your off day Like Ice Cube on
Friday If I worked in the ? I be sellin' ? out the back Got a gig at Block Buster sellin' movies out my 'Lac Any
job that I'm at I'm gettin' goofys for they stacks If the supervisor comes, stay cool and relax Y'all be workin'
hard I be hardly workin' And even though our check small, our pockets hardly hurtin' If I was a DJ it wouldn't
take me long Before drug dealers pay me to play they wack ass songs C'mon [Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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