

County Line

Coolio

Seven in the morning, standing in the line
Three fools in front of me, drinking on some wine
Two in the back of me sucking on a joint
And one in back of them ready for a new sport
There's four, five suckers way way in the back
Stooped down low with the crowd smoking crack
They looking at me funny 'coz I got a record out
And a nigga with a record out is supposed to have some proud
A forth of the people in the line be hookers
But the other forth betta ask help themself
A forth of the people having good faith
And all of the rest all fucked up in the head
A bald headed stank bitch is about to make me laugh
And a nigga who need a bath is asking for my autograph
Ain't nothing changed but the time
I got to get mine, so I'm standing in the county line
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
You got to have the conned and let them looking funny
I walked through the front door to fill out my ap
Here comes another sap asking if I rap
I don't say a word 'coz he know that I do
I'm down with the mad ass you know hoo
I take a numer and a seat I'm sweating from the heat
Somebody got their shoes off I smell their feet
My number is 80, it's still on 20
I look up at the clock and now is 10:30
Free butter and cheese oh please, oh please
Can I get my food stamps so I can leave
I got money and a car but they don't really know it
Now they asking me a gang of questions
'Coz I told them I was homeless
I'm living in a car drive back in the alley
But I use to shack up with a hooker named Sally
Line after line Ruff is the time
My life is in a bomb so I'm standing in the county line
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny

This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
You got to have the conned and let them looking funny
I'm sitting at a desk talking to a social worker
She thinks I'm a fool but I know that I can work her
Punk ass ho' sitting behind the window all toe up ass tramp
Rolling that week sheets of mine
You have a penetentry record I said, "I know that bitch"
She wants to know what kind a work do I do
I said, 'I haven't worked since 1982
I can't find a job though I looked and I looked
Took one hit of the crack and mistook
She sitting there wondering what did 'coz I did
And the whole time I'ma watching like I'm smoking me a joint
Job search work the projects whackness
And in a few weeks I'd get my check
Now I got to wait for them to call me trough the window
So I can get some cash to pay for the hotel and the bathshow
It's 5:13 by the clock on the wall
Mothafuckez move so I can make a phonecall
Shit is getting late and the time is 29
That why so many niggas standing in the county line
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