

W-4

Dead Prez

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, goin' out, we light this J up right here
For all the hard workin' folk
Cross this country, cross the world
For everybody on the grind everyday nine to five, eight to twelve
You know how we do it hand to hand, whatever, yo, yo I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Like this world just don't want us to grow I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in the white house and kick in the door, woh ooo oh What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator
empty?
Work all week let the bossman pimp me
Can't pay no rent till the fifteenth, landlord call the police to evict me
Lookin' for a job in the want ads
Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?
I done worked over hot ass stoves, I done picked up trash off roads
Winter time in the streets and the cold
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the floor
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system
And that's why we don't vote
Still payin' niggaz four twenty five, how the fuck we supposed to survive?
I'm close to the edge, government takin' most of my bread
In taxes might as well have this close to my head
Make a nigga wanna wild out
Run up in the white house with the gouge out, click clack
Give me my shit back beeyatch I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

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I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in the white house and kick in the door, woh ooo oh Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W
four form See where I'm from it's a few ways out
Either rappin' or sports either dope or the casket
You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket
We don't never get a piece of the pie, work fifty years, retire then die
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal but you don't wanna hear me tho' so
Thank God it's Friday, ain't it what we live for?
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
Run up in the white house with the gouge out, click clack
Give me my shit back beeyatch I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Like this world just don't want us to grow I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothin' you don't already know
I been workin' all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in the white house and kick in the door, woh ooo oh My J O B
Is just like a plantation
They owe me
But got me fillin' out this application My J O B
Is just like a plantation
They owe me
And got me fillin' out this application What I look like?

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