

# I Can't Quit

## Devin The Dude

(2 guys talking about Devin)

Man. They got him in the office again, man.

Yeah, I know. He's been in there for an hour already.

And ya know, I kinda feel bad for the guy.

Damn, what do you mean. The fucker clocks in drunk.

Man, it's his wife and kids; that's who you need to feel sorry for.

Yeah, I know. And ya know, what are they gonna do if he loses another job.

Fuckin' alcy. Fuckin' pothead.

He owes me \$5 anyway.

Verse 1:

On my way to the job

Drunk than a bitch

I'm late for work again

Damn, boss goin' have a fit

He said, "This shit been going on

For just too damn long

I need to go and find some help

Or take my drunk ass home"

And I really don't want to quit

Because see then I can't sit

Up on my ass and smoke my grass from unemployment checks

And I admit, when I wake up

I hit the drank, I blow up

But in back of the job

I don't bother no one

I stay strictly to myself

Co-workers know I be blowed

So they say my production is throwed

And I'm not carrying my load

So I go, and share my problems

With my friends who be

Just as high as I

As they pass the doobie to me

Who we be, fucked up fool, drunk, blowed, bent

When it's time to pay my rent

My money's damn near spent

I know I'm fucking up my lungs  
My liver ain't 'bout shit  
From all the weed  
And all the alcohol  
But y'all, I can't quit

(2 guys talking)

Man, if it was me dog, I'd say, "Fuck that job".  
Man, here. Hit the weed, man. Fuck a job, man.  
Shit, I'll hit that. Here, I'll hit it.  
Shit, no weed goin' never tell you nothin' wrong.  
I've been tellin' you to quit that motherfuckin' job anyways.  
Yeah, that boss trippin', on my dick anyways.  
Fuck that nigga. Hell fuck yeah.  
Want me to kick his ass for you?  
Fuck it man.

Verse 2:

See, reefer's like a friend  
Who free me from my foes  
Drinking something different today  
But wearing the same old clothes  
I guess weed, wine, and women  
Was the life that I chose  
But it got hard splitting my dick  
Between my wife and these hoes  
So I just smoke  
An ounce a day, nothing less  
Spent so many damn dollars  
That it don't make no fucking sense  
I went to seek help  
Thought I was losing my mind  
The doctor walked in high  
With some brew and a dime  
And said, "It's your life, nigga  
Go ahead and enjoy  
And whenever you need some weed, nigga  
Just hollar at your boy  
'Cause ain't nothing wrong with it, go on on  
Take these, you need at least 3 cups in the morning"  
Drinking all day  
Big chiefting at night  
I keep my eyes red and tight

So that my teeth can look white  
And I can smell it and tell it  
The weed you have ain't shit  
But I'll still take a pull  
And twist the cap on the bull  
I can't quit

(Devin and his doctor talking)

Damn, doctor. Is this shit gonna kill me, man?  
No, no son. No need to panic.  
It's actually quite good for you.  
It slows down the structure of white blood cells  
And cures the flow. It's called nature's illing leaf.  
The more you smoke it the better you feel. Take another hit.  
You ain't bullshittin'. You did good.  
Would I lie to you?

Verse 3:

Just another day  
Another fat sweet to get my head right  
I'm sitting back, my windows cracked  
I'm chilling at the red light  
Minding my business  
But why is this law typing my plates  
I only gotta dime and ain't got time to catch no case  
But still she races up to me  
And stick her nose out in my car  
"Hey bitch, what you looking in my car for?"  
She pointed at the sweet  
Still burning and said, "Aw"  
I had to think quick  
Pulled out my dick  
And shoved it in her jaw  
But like weak times  
I had to hit the gas  
Collect my seeds  
Clean the ash  
Non-stop, evade the cops  
They mad because I'm high they not  
I made the block, screwed up some cop  
Dipped back on the freeway  
Threw my empty 40 bottle out  
When I passed San Felipe

We stay blowed, fucked up, drunk, full, bent  
My kids screaming Astroworld  
But all my time is spent  
And you can tell the way I smell  
My braincells ain't shit  
From all the weed and all the alcohol  
But y'all, I can't quit

(2 guys talking)

That was cool, man. Hey, can I get one of those dranks?

Naw, man. I told you about your beer-hoggin' ass.

Nigga, go to the fuckin' store.

c'mon, man. Can I drink with y'all, man?

I can't hear. Goddamn, I can't hear shit.

(...?...)

Do you have a job? Do you have a job?

Hell yeah, I gotta job motherfucker.

I just spend all my money buying weed.

Ya know, it helps me work longer

So I can make more money

So I can buy more weed

So I can work longer

So I can make more money

So I can buy more weed

So I can work longer

So I can make more money

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