

# Dope, Jobs, Homeless

Obie Trice

Shitted on, ran from it (I did it all) I sold dope, watch fiends crave for rock  
Watch 'em watching me put the stash in my sock (Hey! Yo! Yo!)  
Walkie-talk to niggas from the corner when the Feds 'bout to enter  
Pumped up blocks some of the winter  
Kerosene heaters by feet, takin tops off just so a nigga can eat lunchmeat  
Four days no Z's, from the first to the third  
End of the month to excited to get sleep, I bagged up 2's  
Aggravated by picky motherfuckers who don't know which rock to choose (Picky man)  
Took outta town trips, two seconds in a son of a bitch  
NARCs run in talking shit (who dis?)  
I know about dope, lost my man Lou to the coke  
Pumping over there off of DeSoto  
Any nigga who don't know about this  
I hit ya with the Iron Mike quote "That's Ludicrous"  
Shittin in the tub, pissing in the tub, Hepatitis B inflicted in a thug  
I know about that shit right there  
Hey yo, I know about that shit right there Hey yo, Dope, Jobs, Homeless, I did it all  
Y'all niggas can't tell me shit  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless, did it all  
Who the fuck goin' to tell me shit?  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless...I don't had jobs black  
Boss man yelling at the top of his lungs about a fuckin Fat Burger!  
We damn near fired, restaurant manager who can't manage shit  
Stressed out retired, I'm talking about blacks  
You work all week for Boo, and one day your man Boo just collapse  
Bricks, houses, cars  
A bitch who drops her drawls for a nigger who can really floss  
Five twenty five can make your mouth leak and on top of that shit  
You get a check every week  
You work a week in the hole, with thirty motherfuckers on pay roll  
You work when they want you to  
Equal opportunity? Nigga right, suburban community check stubs always hella tight  
My shit looking like this  
I got a bitch a baby and I need a place to piss  
Pissed off at check time 'cause I was skipped  
That's when obie trice start cockin' back his shit (fuck this) Dope, Jobs, Homeless, did it all  
Y'all niggas can't tell me shit  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless, did it all  
Who the fuck gonna tell me shit I done been homeless, no place to sleep

Moms don't wanna hear it no place to eat  
Pass out on my mans couch just for a week  
Till he get fed up and kick a nigga to the street (Get the fuck outta here, dogg!)  
Black out from cold, freezin' my toes  
Snow fuckin over my boots, my Tims froze  
Face turnin blue, cars ridin by with the little children  
on the inside pointin at you (mommy look at that man)  
Fucked over folks, and they don't wanna see ya  
Baby momma gotta new nigga with a Visa  
Sleepin in cars, abandoned shit  
While the rats eat the wires you be prayin and shit (Please, Lord, please!)  
Close to pneumonia  
Wishin for heat, like damn if only I came up in California  
Plottin on a (?), like stickin your mans  
Damn, you know he got at least a grand in his pants  
Face lookin old, despite the fact your only 20 years old  
Stuck in the cold  
Snot drippin profusely  
Taking the alley route so my ex-cutie wouldn't notice me  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless, did it all  
Who the fuck goin' to tell me shit  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless, I did it all  
Y'all niggas can't tell me shit  
Hey yo, Dope, Jobs, Homeless, I did it all  
Who the fuck gonna tell me shit?  
Dope, Jobs, Homeless, did it all  
Motherfucker, I don't did it all  
Yeah! Shit is real out there, yeah  
Nap Entertainment, 2000  
Fuck nigga

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