

# Hungry Hustler

Afroman

I quit my job this mornin'  
I don't want to work no more  
Fuck MacDonald's and Taco Bell,  
That modern day slavery is knockin on my front door  
(I don't fit in the corporate world man)  
Get you a big fat sack o' yayo  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife  
Can't see a way to control my dog-on life  
Hungryyyy hustlas

Got hired at the dope spot  
I'm an employee  
Cookin' crack like a black Chef Boyardee  
Got Meth, speed, whatever you need  
Zigzags come free wit a bag of weed  
If You want some sure, go talk to her  
The skinny black dude wit the real long perm  
Laptop computers, rap CDs, Motorola phones, Sony color  
TVs  
Got the porno tapes in the back of the car, get it free  
when you buy a hot VCR  
Got gats and D's, car batteries  
Getting money with my folks on a hundred spokes  
Cops aint waiters, we don't tip em  
Treat cars like women take em home and strip em  
Match the pink slips, get the smog inspection  
Put a add in the paper in the classified section  
Cause' I don't want to work no more  
(Fuck that shit)  
Modern day slavery knocking on my front door  
(Fuck that shit)  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife,  
Can't see a way to control my own life  
Cause I don't want to work no more  
Modern day slavery knockin on my front door  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife,  
Can't see a way to control my damn life, motherfucker

I quit my job this morning'  
I don't want to work no more  
Fuck MacDonald's and Taco Bell,  
modern day slavery is knocking on my front door  
Get you a big fat sack of yayo  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife  
Can't see a way to control my dog-on life  
Tell the Neighborhood watch, tell the Neighborhood  
listen  
Tell the neighborhood ya big screen television missin'  
New in my hood, I got to come to ya  
Steal ya car battery and sell it back to ya  
Then I come back, just for kicks  
I leave ya car sitin' on four big bricks  
All I need now is some vascus homes,  
Cause my garage looks just like auto zone  
What you say man? Ya need another beeper?  
Buy from me, cause it's a whole lot cheaper  
Got a cellular phone, and ya really oughta get it

Fo a limited time, brother, the chip come wit it  
So come to my house, when the times is hard  
It's just like Vegas in my back yard  
I keep my Afro pick, my khakis creased,  
And my next-door neighbors callin up the police  
Cause' I don't want to work no more  
Modern day slavery knockin on my front door  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife,  
Can't see a way to control my own life  
I said cause' I don't want to work no more  
Modern day slavery knockin on my front door  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife,  
Can't see a way to control my damn life

Rough, reckless, snatch yo necklace,  
Sell it on the corner and buy myself breakfast  
I made 80 dollars in an hour or more,  
So what the fuck do I want to get job for?  
So the yuppies the guppies, can floss their power  
My black ass five dollas an hour  
And the fact is, after taxes, got to live  
Where the Mexicans and the blacks is mother fucker  
Crooked police, gangs in chuck tailors  
Bums sleeping in fuckin trucks and trailers  
Three hundred dollors every two weeks  
From the stupid, tired, penny pinching pencil neck  
geeks  
Abraham Lincoln told me I was free  
So ima walk to corner and do what I want to  
While you at work ill be watchin cable,  
Wit ya girl dancin' naked on my new pool table  
I don't want to work no more  
Modern day slavery knockin on my front door  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife,  
Can't see a way to control my own life  
Said I don't want to work no more  
Modern day slavery knockin on my front door  
Can't see my kids can't see..  
Ah man I got to sell like a twenty doller rock, y'all  
keep singing, Ill be right back.

I quit my job this morning'  
I don't want to work no more  
Fuck MacDonald's and Taco Bell, modern day slave rails  
Is knocking on my front door  
Get you a big fat sack of yayo  
Can't see my kids can't see my wife  
Can't see a way to control my dog-on life