

Get A Job

Body Count

The stress is killing me
The pressure is agony
Most people work till they break
While others just take
Stop begging, get a job
Get a gun, motherfucker, go out and rob

I'm up at 5 AM, gettin' my work in
You sleep all day wondering why you're broke
Then you get on the phone and sweat your friends
Sob stories, sob stories never end
You claim you're fly but always need
You're always broke but got money for weed

I got a problem, too
I keep feeding you
I got a problem, too
I keep helping you
I got a problem, too
I keep feeding you
I got a problem, too
I keep helping you
Get a job, motherfucker
Learn to rob, motherfucker
Get a job, motherfucker
Learn to rob, motherfucker

So you don't carry a gun, You still steal
You never pay people back and never will
And we keep handin' out, you're breaking my balls
Till I give the fuck up and block your calls
Now I'm the bad guy with a bank account
You just move to your next friend and burn him out
Everyone knows this guy, this shit's true
Or maybe this song's about you

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I got a problem, too
I keep feeding you
I got a problem, too
I keep helping you

Get a job, motherfucker
Learn to rob, motherfucker
Get a job, motherfucker
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Get a job!