

## 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

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  
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Get a job!