

## What A Job

Devin the Dude

Rollin' up another swisha listenin' to the beat again  
Drankin' but we concentratin' smoke another sweet again  
Steadily rewindin' trying to make some hot shit  
Oh what a job this is

Another all nighter tryin' to get it done  
Barely make it home with the morning sun  
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit  
Oh what a job this is

Drankin' yet I'm thinking of another rhyme  
Smokin' hoping that some bad news will come some other time  
Cause I'm trying to do what I love, I love what I do  
This music is something mo' different than the weed and the brew  
That's why we mashin' we ain't asking for nothing we working for it  
Push it peddle it to the people they can't ignore it, this is for  
All the independents, a few major labels  
The big studios who still give niggas favors  
On the mixin' and mastering, puzzlin' and plastering the tracks together  
On tapes, CDs, wax or whatever  
This is for all the engineers who smoke weed  
Can't forget about the production costs and all the hidden fees  
For another rhyme written, we spend time spittin' in the booth  
Sometimes it's like a pigeon coop  
But it's all for the cause so I'm  
Gonna continue to MC and smoke weed, you know I'm

As easy as it looks to you I make it look so easy  
With the music I be making the impression I be leaving  
A lot of folks they stop and stare, thinking Im'a trick it off  
I roll another bleezy, puff it, pass it and shake it off  
Move on to the next phase and it's amazing  
The next generation of rappers, big Snoop Dogg raising  
Mmm, that's 15 years in the game  
Still got the fortune and fame, yeah I'm doing my thang, check this Devin  
Somebody said that real Gs to go heaven  
So I'ma keep spittin' the truth on these fools like a reverend, stay open  
Like 7-11 that's 24/7  
When you need some hot shit stop by and get you a beverage, I'm serving  
My rhymes like nickels and dimes  
Plug it in, let it play and let me blow your mind  
It's the dominant conglomerate prominent and I'ma get  
What I gotta get, twist another sweet and bob to the beat

We work nights, we some vampires  
Niggas gather round the beat like a campfire  
Singin' folk songs, but not no Kumbaya my Lord  
You download it for free, we get charged back for it  
I know you're saying, they won't know they won't miss it  
Besides, I ain't a thief, they won't pay me a visit  
So if I come to your job, take your corn on the cob  
And take a couple kernels off it that would be alright with you  
Hell no! Yeah, exactamundo  
But we just keep recording and it ain't to get no condo  
And Candy Bentley fanny with no panties in Miami  
And that cute lil' chick named Tammy that you took to the Grammys  
See we do it for that boi that graduated

That looked you in your eyes real tough and said 'preciate it  
And that he wouldn'ta made it if it wasn't for your CD number 9  
And he's standing with his baby momma Kiki and she cryin' talkinbout  
That they used to get high to me in high school  
And they used to make love to me in college  
Then they told me 'bout they first date, listenin' to my tunes  
And how he, like to finger nail polish  
I say hate to cut you off but I gotta go  
I wish you could tell me mo' but I'm off to the studio, gotta write tonight  
Hey, can you put us in your raps? I don't see why not  
Devin it's the Dude you gon' probably hear him talking 'bout

Yeah, this life we live. What a job this is. Real spit man  
A lot of folks want to walk in these shoes but they just don't know man  
it's a hell of a job, man  
To be a rapper, MC, whatever you want to call it, man  
We got a lot to deal with. Family members we gotta always look out for  
Baby momma nagging, you knowImsaying kids need this,  
And then again the public need that, we gotta make hot music  
Cause if it ain't hot it don't mean shit  
But you know, it's all in a day's work

What a job this is my nigga  
What's crack-a-lackin' Devin the Dizzude?  
Snoop D-O dub, J Prince, Jazz Prince  
Yeah, Rap-A-Lot still on top. 2007