

Live From The Plantation

Mr. Lif

"Oh my fucking god man, ah. fucking serious"
Jesus Christ, man. already?
Man, time flies like a motherfucker."
Rise and shine!
Yet another day to toss away
What does my clock display?
It says eight
Shit, I'm late for work again, so then
I dip with my pad and my pen
Step into the work place with my work face
Wince at my time card 'cause I'm scarred
Mad 'cause I sacrifice my day and gets me
A trifling hourly wage of six fifty, nifty
Now I'm off to slave quarters
With a whole bunch of other people's sons and daughters
Working so they can be mothers and fathers
Laboring real hard, hoping the boss offers
More petty cash to his bums and paupers
Kissing his ass 'cause they hoping they prosper
Here's the math:
You work a thirty a day, away
The government takes a thirty a check, correct
You go home and drink 'cause you don't get
An ounce of respect, and your spirit is wrecked
Life is a gift to be enjoyed, every second every minute
It's temporary, not infinite
Yet I find myself looking at the clock
Hoping for the day to fly by, so I ask myself "Why?"
I'm doing this remedial work for second graders
I'm an educator with mega-flavor, so
Maybe I should just jump up and get ill
Maybe I should let these people know they're being killed
Maybe I should try my very best to chill, and get paid
'Cause I gotta pay bills, raa!

"Excuse me brother, can you please stop making that noise
So I can talk? Thank you. Now the boss says he wants you to come up
With more copies of these checks, and the last thing he wants is you to
Move the desk to the basement, and can I have this stapler?"
"Hey there champ, big boss man says you been late
3 days in a row, better sharpen up"

Aw, this fucking place sucks - same shit everyday
Like to wring the boss' neck though, if only dreams could come true

Dead boss, somebody call Red Cross
I guess he got caught up in my mental holocaust
How much did it cost?
Just a little piece of my mind for peace of mind
"But he's bleeding!"
Oh no, leave him. He'll be fine
He'll heal on his own
If you just give him some time
Considering the fact that his face is misaligned
His legs are over there lying right next to his spine
"Lunchtime!" Huh? Oh, Jesus, must have been daydreaming
My boss walks by, he's looking just like an asshole

Smiling because he jerks niggas for minimum cash flow
He's cool to my face but I swear I heard him laugh though
Tickled by the fact that I'm the modern day Sambo
And just when I think that I'm about to go Rambo
I call up my man and he says he understands, yo
We all are being murdered by a similar process
Whether you work at the candy store
Or slave at the office
The purpose of our life is just to serve the economy
They misinform our minds to paint a picture of harmony
But if you listen then you know that shits out of tune
'Cause the function of our life is just to work and consume
Fuck reaching out to help the next, there ain't any room
Just close your eyes and block your ears and march to your doom
But since I really ain't getting paid for my time
I pulled out my pen and started writing a rhyme
Can't you see that I'm busy, jerk?
Don't you dare approach me with busy work
Take another step and get hurt
By the man that embodies mad years of anger
A cool bro, soon to be the Boston Strangler
Everything inside of me is about to erupt
'Cause a righteous individual just likes to corrupt
I knew he'd lock me up if I started a brawl
So I deaden, and I punch the clock the fuck off the wall

"Yeah that's right motherfucker
You can't keep underpaying people and mistreating them all the time
That's gonna resort to crime.
As a matter of fact, you know what?
Faks, yo cut this motherfucker, man."

9-1-1