

# Quit Your Job

## Thundamentals

My B.O. double S ain't  
Nothing but a S.O.B  
He ain't nothing but a S.O.B  
Fuck a J.O.B  
Till I'm R.I.P  
Hey yo

You make me want to quit my job, but I can't  
So instead I wrote this song about you  
So when you hear it I hope, you understand  
The whole world now knows you're a fool

You gotta go, I gotta go  
Go, go, still you gotta go  
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Go, go, still you gotta go  
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Yo I couldn't give a toss, about my shitty job  
Wrote a letter to my boss "Man you really are a slob"  
Definition of a dog, wishing I was gone  
Kicking back with a six-pack, sitting on the lawn  
But I'm not, 'stead I'm here feeling overtired  
Cause I don't get no shine for my overtime  
I got no desire to be busting for the loop  
You're lucky I don't hustle for industrial dispute  
For now I'm in the backroom, puffing on a doob  
While you're bludging in your office, scuffing muffins by computs  
Thinking who the fuck are you, to tell me what to do  
I want to say it to your face but I'm afraid I'll get the boot  
You're annoying as they come, and I don't give a fuck  
If the toilet needs a scrub, I ain't employee of the month  
Sucker, fuck a job, I might throw in the towel  
Middle finger to my boss till he's throwing me out

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Picture me, as a little pipsqueak  
With a one-way ticket to Sydney

Equipped with a CV  
Pristine, super fly, with a suit and tie  
Try'na be a big shot  
Score a slick job, in the big smoke  
Gets locked in to a shit box office  
Making money for the rich folk  
Feeling pretty ripped off  
Was only ever meant to be a pit-stop  
Now spend my days with you  
Hey yo, I ain't no saint myself  
You sir, got a long ways to go  
Go to hell, make that place your home to dwell  
By the way you smell like  
Ashtrays and Listerine  
You act strange like Mr. Bean  
And, probably gonna miss the point  
It's a damn shame  
You're the reason I dis this joint

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