

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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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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