

Your Life's A Cartoon

Digital Underground

I said your life's a cartoon

You woke up, threw on a striped yellow tie
Threw down a cup of coffee, kissed the wifey goodbye
Leave the office each day around eleven o'clock
Then you drive, stop, park, walk about three blocks
To a peep-show booth and meet a girl named Ruth
Wasn't sweating the shame, didn't use your real name
Booked a hotel room, suite paid until June
Get home and tell wifey that you're not in the mood
But then the game got stale and your face grew pale
When you came home early that day feeling ill
Stepped through the door, dropped your brief and your beeper
Your wife is getting down with all your housekeepers
You was mesmerised, how could you be surprised?
Only gave it to her Christmas and the fourth of July
Oh, you had it going on, with ease you really worked it
Let's review the scene just to see if it was worth it:
Okay, last fall's when you started it all
October to when you caught your wife bending over
Broke up your home now you're on your own
You lost your dignity; your self-respect is gone
I got to laugh though, cuz, cause you thought you was slick
At least she got it free, but you? Youse a big trick
You helped the pimps get paid, took a shot at catching AIDS
And got your wife turned out by the butler and the maid

Your life's a cartoon

Try to take a nod on the bus, put your ear in a blob
Left by a moisturiser overdoing slob
Nice and wet down your neck with the jheri curl drip
Couldn't see out the window cause the drip was so thick
Walking through the mall with the house shoe lag
Greasy doorag, sour jheri curl bag
Loud talking and walking jerking your neck
It's the first of the month, you got your welfare check
Storekeeper johns, they're rubbing their palms
Cause they know you never read the words in the Koran
Where it tells you don't be jealous 'bout what you don't have
Support the brother who opens up a shop on the Ave.
You want slack cause you're black but if it ain't dirt cheap
You're quick to say I'm finna go cross the skreet
And that's another thing, man, the way you're talking is played
You got to know the language if you wanna get paid
Oh, you got a few ends, you might be driving a Benz
But it's the credit man who wins out in the end
He's got your car loan, interest on your mother's home
He's got your daddy paying off shit he don't even own
That's what I'm talking 'bout, man, what's the deal
But just listen, I ain't dissing, this shit is for real
Get yourself a nose job, yeah that's down
Trying to look like a white man, you brainwashed clown
You're up on European fashion and Japanese cars
But if Wong pulled his market off the block you'd starve