

No Real Job

Wax

Fuck that sweating for a pay stub
I just wake up and then make love
I'm at a dive bar not a rave club
I'm light-headed like your boy just gave blood
I got a podcast, dollar shave club
And I broadcast when I wake up
I say stuff that I make up
That don't mean shit
I got a dream bitch

I love it when I get this high
Love it when the bass get low
She just wanna get this dick
I just wanna get this dough
I just wanna live my dream
Oh my god, oh my god, oh
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Y'all should know it ain't all she wrote
I took a break for a minute never lost it though
Cause I'm a boss with dough like I was Ross Perot
I like a chick kinda thick not a crossfit ho
I wanna, spark a bowl before I start a show
I spit arctic cold like I'm a Coke de la RC Cola
Ain't a really need to argue though
It's all love in L.A. call me Art Laboe
The king of rock that run without the shoelace
On any given night a new crowd, a new place
A pile of kush from fresh out the suitcase
We roll it up like we was out of toothpaste
And when I grill I throw down a few steaks
And then I chill and ask how the food taste
They probably say, "succulent"
So tell Bobby Flay, suck a dick

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Cause I don't wanna take that mess
Working down at UPS
I don't wanna take it no more
Bagging at the grocery store
I don't wanna take that stress
Working down at CVS
I don't wanna take that fall
Working at the goddamn mall

No offense if you work at the mall but I can't do that shit anymore man I ca

n't have a regular job, cause I have to write raps, like the following:

I'm going in, I'm going in I'm finna storm the gates
And when I finish I'mma win in any more debates
I got a million different women that got Mormon traits
They get stabbed in motels, I'm Norman Bates
And I ether all of 'em, Nas reference
Urethra, balls, and my vas deferens
My speech is all about teaching y'all about breath control like Lamaze lessons
Ain't nobody fuckin' with Wax
I take a muscle relaxer
Sip a couple of Pabst's
Get to fuckin' with tracks
And think of one of them raps that no one other can match
Probably because of the fact they're like a puppet attached to a string that
's at the end of a stick
A negative prick
I lay in bed with your chick
And then I get her to lick upon the head of my dick
And then I get up in the box like a penalty kick
Not just speakin' with a conscious ego
Don't got the need to feed my libido
The plot's to reach up from my finest dream goal
To constantly be in a posh gazebo
Brazilian broads feeding me acai bowls with lots of trees and sippin' Casamigos
Philosophies do not stop, I keep going
So be on guard because he go hard
I'll leave your ego scarred if you be low par
I'm at the vino bar sippin' some Pinot noir
Til' I'm drunk in Italy like cappuccinos are
Yeah I'm drunk and high but never undecided
When it comes to rhymin' I'm above defining
And it's judgment time and this is Pontius Pilate
And you'll come down fast like a man who just punched his pilot
On a fungus diet
I'll trip way out in a wooded region
So future me thinks it sucks to die
But I did whatever I could while breathing
So tell your boss to eat a dick today
Matter fact tell him go eat at a dick buffet
In the meanwhile I ain't doing shit today
Like it was Sunday and I worked at Chick-Fil-A

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