

Black President, Ask Your Daddy

My friends have jobs that they hate
But they show up anyway
Your friends complain about the help in their estates
My friends got stories to believe but there's no one listening
Your friends never shut up but they ain't saying anything
Ask your daddy
Why we look at you the way we do
With pity and disgust
Ask your daddy
What it's like
To angry, to be hungry, to be us
My friends do shit to feed their kids they ain't too proud to admit
Your kids get spray-tan absentees who can't commit
My friends are downsized, ostracized and unionized
And are we self-righteous? Goddamned straight we got a right
Ask your daddy
Why we look at you the way we do
With pity and disgust
Ask your daddy
What it's like
To angry, to be hungry, to be us
You got no business doing business with us
You got no business doing business with us
You got no business doing business with us
You got no business doing business with us
Ask your daddy
Why we look at you the way we do
With pity and disgust
Ask your daddy
What it's like
To angry, to be hungry, to be us