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

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