

# Tech N9ne, Slacker

Intro:

Slacker: a person who shirks his work or duty

A person who evades military service in the wartime

Hehehehehe.. I know one thing man

I'm gonna have my kicks before the whole shithouse goes up in flame

You know what I'm sayin? heheheheh..

Eat, drink, and be merry, tomorrow you may die

That's what life's about man, good times, a little salad

Haha...

(Verse One: Tech)

Yo yo

I'm a product of Reaganomics, neurotic

They sayin homage is gone up, inhaling chronic

The oddest I'm stayin' honest - I'm bout to make it famous

So you can take that J-O-B and you can shove it up your anus

I ain't never understood how the world works

But I always understood why the girls twerk

For a baller not a nine-to-five

Barely makin it with disgust behind ya eyes

So I just, grip my piece, rip off fleece

Out to take ya lip off chief, with my peeps

We ruthless - if you got money then deuce it

Goofs get toothless, with loose off two-fifths, we useless

I wanna kick it but ain't got the dough

Sneak in the concert, trip and make 'em stop the show

We gots to go! Push me and I sock the po'

Gettin' the bail from my parents is impossible

(Chorus)

(I'm a slacker) - never did I have a lotta dough

(I'm a slacker) - smokin' pot and watching videos

(I'm a slacker) - go whichever way the wind blows

Those just tuning in, I'm just lettin' you know

(I'm a slacker) - everytime I take a look around

(I'm a slacker) - stuck up on the faces around

I don't do enough, I just fool around

Y'all can go to hell, how does that sound?

(Verse Two: Tech)

Now you can tell by my everyday fits, I ain't rich

I sneak with a piece when I grit (grit)

I'm just another gatman caught up in the mix (mix)

Tryin' to take yo' dollar and yo' fifteen cents (I grind with a pistol)

I stay rid of you lames (y'all gay!)

I play video games (all day!)

When Kans City mo' brains, it's gritty slow game

We diddy-bop with really no change (y'all bang!)

And people holla "How ya do dat dere"

"Why ya pants hanging low, and why you grew that hair?"

Lightin' a bleeze or with my people ridin' a Regal

Always in trouble with coppers cuz we drivin' illegal (drivin illegal)

I ain't never givin them lee-way to hear me nay

The judicial assembly's gay hey!

I come out at night cuz I sleep all day!

Tryin' to get with Def Jam, Loud, or MCA!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Tech)

Yo yo check

Enter the party and my homies got to pay for me

Holidays, it just be another day for me

Gettin' drunk, hopin' I get to the criller safely

Pray for me, cuz I'm needin' money majorly  
Sit at home watchin' MTV with a empty P-  
O-C-K-E-T; I MP3 everything that I hear on the streets  
Never buy it, don't deny it, I'm the fear I'ma be  
You say get a job? I say hit a knob  
Cuz the way you run the world is every bit a fraud  
So what you askin' me? You get no tax from me  
I got whites, natives, and mexicans, and blacks with me  
Huh! I'm tryin' to get up there with Master P  
Pass the D, cuz that's the way it has to be  
We bust to be free, we trust to be G  
So FUCK who be glee, it sucks to be me

(Chorus) - 2X

I'm a slacker (doo) I'm a slacker (doo-doo-doo-doo) yeah (doo-o)  
(repeat until fade)