

Damir, Woe Whoa America

I can't get a job you see
Is there something wrong with me?
Who said life is fair
I don't wanna be on welfare
I'm contemplating live or die
Push or pull do or die
Knock knock trick or treat
Dirty deeds and thunder cheap
I wanna make money now
Minimum wage wow
I could do something illegal
I could work under the table
I got student loans you see
I'm 40 years old I be
I could join the army military
Navy cub scouts brain wash me
I saw the new stamp you created
With the native dream catcher you painted
You're just an entrepreneur too
I'm making big money now
Minimum wage wow
I could climb the corporate ladder
And embezzle every dollar
I still walk the streets eh
Cause I wear a suit and tie yeah
You give me so much love
Cause I wear stars and stripes
So I could sit still and think
About my four years time
Not in jail you see
It was University
To get a piece of paper for me
So you could brainwash me
I like America beer that rocks
You buy the next round of shots

1st Edition American Slang
F## the world
Do your own thing

Then goes the bang

I'm not a beggar I got my pride
I'm a go getter I'm gonna get what's mine
You got me thinking what's the matter
I learnt a lot and now my brain is a scatter
I can't stop now my school just robber me
Mother#### did it in front of me
Wasted years the time I spent
Studying those books that didn't help
I took notes and read the abstracts
It's my turn my turn to back stab
The wall is back its time to a wall
The truth is now and not on paper
I read about poverty shit
It was about me f## damn
Read in-between the lines
School is just a bullshit con
My brain is full of words unwanted
I passed the classes still no jobess
When in doubt choose F the answer
Cause f## all is what you get
Call me a trader so why don't you oust me

Put it in the books that I hung me
Took pills and I shot me
O.D. (Overdosed) on knowledge, now that's more like me
Student turned bad now im a killer
Friends of SATAN and of HITLER
Flip the page and see my picture
Title reads im D.O.A. (dead on arrival)
Get a ghostwriter rip out the chapter
Reprint the book and burn the master
Words are weapons I gotta say
Hate the kid who knows your way

My edition American Slang
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