

# 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 it's 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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