

Dead Prez, W-4

[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]

So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God -- you know, makes me ask well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that I'm in?

Or why is my family going through certain situations when I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?

Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people prosper so much?

[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]

[lighter sparking]

Yo

Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard working folk cross this country, cross the world

For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 -- you know how we do it

Hand to hand, whateva...

Yo, yo..

[Chorus - singing]

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show

Wanna run up in tha white house and kick in tha do' ohhhhh

[Verse 1]

What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?

Work all week let the bossman pimp me?

Can't pay no rent till the 15th

Landlord call the police to evict me

Lookin for a job in the want ads

Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask

Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?

In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?

I done worked over hot ass stoves

I done picked up trash off roads

Winter time in the streets and the cold

Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'

What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?

Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system and that's why we don't vote

Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to survive?

I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my bread

in taxes might as well have this close to my head

Make a nigga wanna wild out

runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!

GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

[Verse 2]

See where I'm from it's a few ways out

either rappin or sports either dope or the casket

You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket

We don't never get a piece of the pie

Work 50 years, retire then die

Stay po', rich folks is the criminal

but you don't wanna hear me tho' so

thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?

Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
but got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
and got me fillin' out this application

[song fades]