

Devin The Dude, I Can't Quit

[2 guys talking about Devin]

Man. They got him in the office again, man.
Yeah, I know. He's been in there for an hour already.
And ya know, I kinda feel bad for the guy.
Damn, what do you mean. The fucker clocks in drunk.
Man, it's his wife and kids; that's who you need to feel sorry for.
Yeah, I know. And ya know, what are they gonna do if he loses another job.
Fuckin' alcy. Fuckin' pothead.
He owes me \$5 anyway.

[Verse 1:]

On my way to the job
Drunk than a bitch
I'm late for work again
Damn, boss goin' have a fit
He said, "This shit been going on
For just too damn long
I need to go and find some help
Or take my drunk ass home"
And I really don't wanna quit
Because see then I can't sit
Up on my ass and smoke my grass from unemployment checks
And I admit, when I wake up
I hit the drank, I blow up
But in back of the job
I don't bother noone
I stay strictly to myself
Co-workers know I be blowed
So they say my production is throwed
And I'm not carrying my load
So I go, and share my problems
With my friends who be
Just as high as I
As they pass the doobie to me
Who we be, fucked up fool, drunk, blowed, bent
When it's time to pay my rent
My money's damn near spent
I know I'm fucking up my lungs
My liver ain't 'bout shit
From all the weed
And all the alcohol
But y'all, I can't quit

[2 guys talking]

Man, if it was me dog, I'd say, "Fuck that job".
Man, here. Hit the weed, man. Fuck a job, man.
Shit, I'll hit that. Here, I'll hit it.
Shit, no weed goin' never tell you nothin' wrong.
I've been tellin' you to quit that motherfuckin' job anyways.
Yeah, that boss trippin', on my dick anyways.
Fuck that nigga. Hell fuck yeah.
Want me to kick his ass for you?
Fuck it man.

[Verse 2:]

See, reefer's like a friend
Who free me from my foes
Drinking something different today
But wearing the same old clothes
I guess weed, wine, and women

Was the life that I chose
But it got hard splitting my dick
Between my wife and these hoes
So I just smoke
An ounce a day, nothing less
Spent so many damn dollars
That it don't make no fucking sense
I went to seek help
Thought I was losing my mind
The doctor walked in high
With some brew and a dime
And said, "It's your life, nigga
Go ahead and enjoy
And whenever you need some weed, nigga
Just hollar at your boy
'Cause ain't nothing wrong with it, go on on
Take these, you need at least 3 cups in the morning"
Drinking all day
Big chiefting at night
I keep my eyes red and tight
So that my teeth can look white
And I can smell it and tell it
The weed you have ain't shit
But I'll still take a pull
And twist the cap on the bull
I can't quit

[Devin and his doctor talking]

Damn, doctor. Is this shit gonna kill me, man?
No, no son. No need to panic.
It's actually quite good for you.
It slows down the structure of white blood cells
And cures the flow. It's called nature's illing leaf.
The more you smoke it the better you feel. Take another hit.
You ain't bullshittin'. You did good.
Would I lie to you?

[Verse 3:]

Just another day
Another fat sweet to get my head right
I'm sitting back, my windows cracked
I'm chilling at the red light
Minding my business
But why is this law typing my plates
I only gotta dime and ain't got time to catch no case
But still she races up to me
And stick her nose out in my car
"Hey bitch, what you looking in my car for?"
She pointed at the sweet
Still burning and said, "Aw"
I had to think quick
Pulled out my dick
And shoved it in her jaw
But like weak times
I had to hit the gas
Collect my seeds
Clean the ash
Non-stop, evade the cops
They mad because I'm high they not
I made the block, screwed up some cop
Dipped back on the freeway
Threw my empty 40 bottle out
When I passed San Felipe

We stay blowed, fucked up, drunk, full, bent
My kids screaming Astroworld
But all my time is spent
And you can tell the way I smell
My braincells ain't shit
From all the weed and all the alcohol
But y'all, I can't quit

[2 guys talking]

That was cool, man. Hey, can I get one of those drinks?
Naw, man. I told you about your beer-hoggin' ass.
Nigga, go to the fuckin' store.
C'mon, man. Can I drink with y'all, man?
I can't hear. Goddamn, I can't hear shit.
(...?...)
Do you have a job? Do you have a job?
Hell yeah, I gotta job motherfucker.
I just spend all my money buying weed.
Ya know, it helps me work longer
So I can make more money
So I can buy more weed
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So I can make more money
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