

Little Brother, Last Day

[Phonte:]

You know... I'm dedicate this back to the days
where I was workin' in the Department store, youknowwhatlmsayin?
Before this rap shit popped off and all that
I was this lil' nigga workin' in the deparment store
And you know workin' there
You see all kinds of things all kinds of races
You see they behavior, don't get offended at this track
I'm an equal opportunity racist, I hate all ya'll
From my man, Mick Boogie

I'm retail's nightmare, young black and just don't
give a fuck; I just want my discount, give it up
Twenty percent off of all slacks and all clothes
I just took this job just to spice up my wardrobe
So I come in every morning and I'm walkin' a tight rope
Smile at the management, wave at the white folks (Hi, Bob!)
Gotta meet a quota, but I don't know how
And all these broke motherfuckers just tellin' me the browsin'
Till around eleven, that's when you see the soccer moms
Spendin' they husband's money, that's how they roll up
Got three little girls, steady fuckin' up my store
And an eight year old, still ridin' in a stroller
Around one, the Mexicans come in the store
Coppin' all the shit that rocked five summers ago
(Yeah, homes!) They gotta be the realest niggaz alive
Buy 400 dollars woth of Nautica and pay for it in fives
Around six or seven, that's when you see the blacks
The girls wit' big booties that rock they work badges
They walk through your store just to get to the food court
They ain't buyin shit, homie, ain't no need to ask em'
Around closin', that's when you see the Indians
You thinkin' too yourself, they're "oh, so nice"
Well the fact is, dog, you a nigga to them too
They in there like (Excuse me, my friend, what is the price?)
Nigga, the price says ten, so that means ten brother
Don't try to talk me down, homie, this ain't Calcutta
(What? I'd like to see the manager) Nigga I am the manager
Don't make me act a fool for these motherfuckin' cameras
They call me in the office like "I'm sorry Mr. Coleman";
But your behavior is not befiting of this store
So I say "I got my fall clothes already, today's my last day
FUCK Y'ALLS

That's just how it went down, man, I swear to god, yo
And nigga, don't think the nigga didn't get the nice polos and shit
Before he walked out, though, don't think he ain' get them
Don't think he ain't get 20% off the fly timbs and shit
Don't think he ain't get them, 20% wit' a 50% mark down, nigga
For real, don't think he ain't get that, cuz he damn, sure got it
I swear the god man, I hope this rap shit go on and on
I hope it gone, cuz I swear I don't ever wanna go back to that shit no more
I'm not lyin', I'm so sincere, I never wanna go back
Cuz it's like all the jobs that I quit
I know my managers is waitn' for me to come back
Sayin, I know they waitin' to rub it in my face
So if I came back, them motherfuckers would probably
Be rappin' at me and shit, you know what I'm sayin
All in my face and shit
"Oh, can't stop, won't stop, nigga you back
I thought you were rappin', what happened to that?
Your album flopped, nigga, now your ass is back"
You know what I'm sayin, you those white folks be, knamsayin?
The comapny picnic, they want you to be they entertainment and shit

"Oh, Phonte he raps, he doest the rap thing!
Come on up here, do this rap for corporate!"
FUCK, Y'ALL and FUCK corporate
I ain't tapdancin' for you crackers!
Fuck this shit! I hope this album sells
Cuz I don't wanna go back to that
Please but this album, GetBack, 2007
Little Brother, Mick Boogie, Phontiga, oh!

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