

Sweatshop Union, I Got News

I've got news for you

Yes man...I've got some news
you know, there's a lot of things being said...

People talkin' this, and people talkin' that
people talkin' this, and people talkin' that
people talkin' this, and people talkin' that
people need to shut up, and listen to the track

The sandman robbed me of my sleep
I dragged a brush across my "deek"
the alarm clock's a god damn thief
he's always stealin' my hours from me

Now Monday is the patron son of death
and eight in the morning is a time of nothingness
see, something isn't as efficient as it should be
and life's not as easy as it could be to me

When I'm livin' breathin' readin' writin' sweatin' bleedin' even cryin'
tryin' to find a sign that I'm alive and I should keep fightin'
avoid the lyin' just a star on the horizon like orion I'ma rise hitchhike and ride the lightnin'
something's what I gotta be
but my boss says to stop the daydreams
she says "dumbly there's no money in your labor"
I say "newsflash, kiss my ass, pass the Funny papers"

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I got news

My lady-friend loves to question me
about my life and my immaturity
she wants to know if there will ever be security
I'm like "sure there will baby, you'll leave me certainly"
relationships are nothing but a headache
'cause when you're not getting head yes it's a headache
could you please make love to me, for my bed's sake
help take away the loneliness a bed feels when you're awake
give me reason help my breathin' and my sleepin' free my semen see me as a he-man not a demo
as the sun is beamin' baby you're the only easin' that I get so let me sweat and sex you 'till I hear y
Kip you'll never get a scream
so stop with your foolish wet dreams
she says "you're not worthy of a girl's affection"
so try to find a boyfriend in the classified section

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The industry talks behind my back
and the backpacker rappers thing I'm wack
I can't find a DJ to spit my wax

'cause I speak like this when I rap but I'm black when I rap
hey shorty, it's my birthday, you don't care, but it's my birthday
I got (????) caps, crack pipes, guns, funs, thug life, bling bling, money ain't a thing, it's my birthday
Let me sing my song you sing along I'm right or wrong I ride up in a tighter rappers sippin' drinks and
I'ma, get it on, get it before it is gone
let it meditate or innovate better be good for goodness sake
I quit rap to sing the blues
'cause I'm tired of gettin' taken out by crews
if you believe anything in this song to be true
then motherfucker I got news for you

I've got news for you
I got news for you
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I got news for you
I've got news for you
I got news for you
I've got news for you
I got news

(Mix between "I've got news" chorus and "People talkin' this" verse for the re