

# Tech Nine, Slacker

## SLACKER LYRICS

(talking)

Slacker: a person who shirks his work or duty  
A person who evades military service in the wartime  
Hehehehehe.. I know one thing man  
I'm gonna have my kicks before the whole shithouse goes up in flame  
Youknowwhat'msayin? heheheheh..  
Eat, drink, and be merry, tomorrow you may die  
That's what life's about man, good times, a little salad  
Haha...

(Verse One: Tech)

Yo yo  
I'm a product of Reaganomics, neurotic  
They sayin' homage is gone up, inhaling chronic  
The oddest I'm stayin' honest - I'm bout to make it famous  
So you can take that J-O-B and you can shove it up your anus  
I ain't never understood how the world works  
But I always understood why the girls twerk  
for a baller not a nine-to-five  
Barely makin' it with disgust behind ya eyes  
So I just, grip my piece, rip off the fleece  
Out to take ya lip off chief, with my peeps  
We ruthless - if you got money then deuce it  
Goofs get toothless, with loose off two-fifths, we useless  
I wanna kick it but ain't got the dough  
Sneak in the concert, trip and make 'em stop the show  
We gotta go! Push me and I sock the po'  
Gettin' the bail from my parents is impossible

(Chorus)

(I'm a slacker) - never did I have a lotta dough  
(I'm a slacker) - smoking pot and watching videos  
(I'm a slacker) - go whichever way the wind blows  
Those just tuning in, I'm just lettin' you know  
(I'm a slacker) - everytime I take a look around  
(I'm a slacker) - stuck up on the faces around  
I don't do enough, I just fool around  
Y'all can go to hell, how does that sound?

(Verse Two: Tech)

Now you can tell from my everyday fits, I ain't rich

I sneak with a piece when I grit (grit)  
I'm just another gatman caught up in the mix (mix)  
Tryna take yo' dollar and yo' fifteen cents (I grind with a pistol)  
I stay rid of you lames (y'all gay!)  
I play video games (all day!)  
When Kans City mo' brains, it's gritty slow game  
We diddy-bop with really no change (y'all bang!)  
And people holla 'How ya do dat dere'  
'Why ya pants hanging low, and why you grew that hair?'  
Lightin' a bleeze or with my people ridin' a Regal  
Always in trouble with coppers cuz we drivin' illegal (drivin' illegal)  
I ain't never givin' them lee-way to hear me nay  
The judicial assembly's gay hey!  
I come out at night cuz I sleep all day!  
Tryna get with Def Jam, Loud, or MCA!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Tech)

Yo yo check

Enter the party and my homies got to pay for me  
I look dazed, it just be another day for me  
Gettin drunk, hopin I get to the crib safely  
Pray for me, cuz I'm needin money majorly  
Sit at home watchin MTV with a empty P-  
O-C-K-E-T; I MP3 everything that I hear on the streets  
Never buy it, don't deny it, I'm the fear I'ma be  
You say get a job? I say hit a knob  
Cuz the way you run the world is every bit a fraud  
So what you askin me? You get no tax from me  
I got whites, natives, and mexicans, and blacks with me  
Huh! I'm tryna get up there with Master P  
Pass the D, cuz that's the way it has to be  
We bust to be free, we trust to be G  
So FUCK who be glee, it sucks to be me

(Chorus) - 2X

I'm a slacker (doo) I'm a slacker (doo-doo-doo-doo) yeah (doo-o)  
(repeat until fade)