

Wyclef Jean, Low Income (Feat. Beast And 718 C

intro

To my people who dont wana go to work, thank god it's Friday!
Cover me, she bout to put up her skirt. Thank god it's Friday!
Do your Mom no you act so bizerk. Thank god it's Friday!
What's the drive, what's the drive. Girl!
She don't wana, she don't wna work on Monday!

I wana thank my Mom!!!

For making me a star, before a had fast cars.
And couldn't tell the difference between whoppers and Caviars.
Before the fame, way before things changed.
All I wanted to do was freestyle and get a name.
I used to work at the fast-food resturant for minimum wage.
Dreaming I'm on stage.
At 17 I left the house coz my Father was a Minister and I was on da Marvin grout!
Wot going on, today to sell a song, you need a video with soft porn!
MC's in the industry, you wana tip, don't let them pimp you like Goldie!
And tell Sony they beta have my money coz I play with the Commadors.
Lay me like Linonell Richie.
Go and Come.
I stay so hungry that if 50 cent came to rob me he'd be part of my charity.

I wana thank me Mom!

Yo, to my people cuttin here in da shops, thank god it's Friday!
To the thuggs swearin up in the chop-shop.
Yo, it's Friday!
To my people that don't got no jobs everyday it's Friday!
What's the drive, what's the drive. Girl!
She don't wana, she don't wana work on Monday!

All the ladys say:
I don't feel like cookin' you no breakfast this mornin'

All my hoodlums say:
Well you don't have to cook me breakfast coz your girlfriend will after you leave.

I wana thank my Mom!

For the love of money.
I know kids who slit their throats.
Friday the 13th, Jason with the trench coat!
But you can't scan Suzzie coz da mans got so many oozies you'd think he were gona die for the m
she's gettin her nails done. Crystal clear so they can shine with her diamonds.
It's such a shame what happened last week,
Man, they found 100 odd sheets with the lead from the underground.
He said to tell New York I aint sleepin, yyou goin be clubbin beta pack you heat then.
??
Inhale, exhale, smoke groundage.
Police in da every but there aint need to panic.
you were Wyclef you'd get a name.
If not we gon make CNN.

I wana thank my Mom!

To all my people who don't wana go to work, thank god it's Friday!
Cover me, she bout to put up her skirt, thank god it's Friday!
Do your Mom no you act so bizerk.
Thank god it's Friday!
What's the drive, what's the drive. Girl!
She don't wana, she don't wana work on Monday!

Yo, to my people cuttin it here in the shops, thank god it's Friday!
to the thuggs swearin up in the chop-shops.
Yo, it's Friday!
To my people that don't got no job, everyday it's Friday!
What's the drive, what's the drive. Girl!
She don't wana, she don't wana work on Monday!

All the ladys sing:
I don't feel like cookin you no breakfast this mornin'

All my hoodlums say:
Well you don't have to cook me breaaakfast coz your girlfriend will after you leave!

Daddy play that guitar!

(indtrumental)

Ending(shout out)