

What a Job

Devin the Dude

Rolling up another Swisha, listening to the beat again
Drinking but we concentrating, smoke another Sweet again
Steadily rewinding trying to make some hot shit
(Oh what a job this is)
Another all nighter trying to get it done
Barely make it home with the morning sun
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit
(Oh what a job this is)Drinking yet I'm thinking of another rhyme
Smoking, hoping that some bad news will come some other time
Cause I'm trying to do what I love, I love what I do
This music is something mo' different than the weed and the brew
That's why we mashing we ain't asking for nothing we working for it
Push it, peddle it to the people they can't ignore it
This is for all the independents, a few major labels
The big studios who still give niggas favors
On the mixing and mastering
Puzzling and plastering the tracks together
On tapes, CDs, wax or whatever
This is for all the engineers who smoke weed
Can't forget about the production costs and all the hidden fees
For another rhyme written, we spend time spitting in the booth
Sometimes it's like a pigeon coop
But it's all for the cause, so I'm
Gonna continue to MC and smoke weed, you know I'm
Rolling up another Swisha, listening to the beat again
Drinking but we concentrating, smoke another Sweet again
Steadily rewinding trying to make some hot shit
Oh what a job this is
Another all nighter trying to get it done
Barely make it home with the morning sun
Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit
Oh what a job this isAs easy as it looks to you I make it look so easy
With the music I be making the impression I be leaving
A lot of folks they stop and stare, thinking Im'a trick it off
I roll another bleezy, puff it, pass it and shake it off
Move on to the next phase and it's amazing
The next generation of rappers, big Snoop Dogg raising
That's fifteen years in the game
Still got the fortune and fame, yeah I'm doing my thang
Check this Devin
Somebody said that real Gs to go heaven
So I'mma keep spitting the truth on these fools like a reverend

Stay open like 7-11 that's 24/7
 When you need some hot shit stop by and get you a beverage
 I'm serving, my rhymes like nickels and dimes
 Plug it in, let it play and let me blow your mind
 It's the dominant conglomerate prominent and I'mma get
 What I gotta get, twist another sweet and bob to the beat
 Rolling up another Swisha, listening to the beat again
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 Another all nighter trying to get it done
 Barely make it home with the morning sun
 Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit
 Oh what a job this is We work nights, we some vampires
 Niggas gather round the beat like a campfire
 Singing folk songs, but not no Kumbaya my Lord
 You download it for free, we get charged back for it
 I know you're saying, they won't know, they won't miss it
 Besides, I ain't a thief, they won't pay me a visit
 So if I come to your job, take your corn on the cob
 And take a couple kernels off it that would be alright with you
 Hell no, yeah exactamundo
 But we just keep recording and it ain't to get no condo
 And Candy Bentley fanny with no panties in Miami
 And that cute lil' chick named Tammy that you took to the Grammys
 See we do it for that boi that graduated
 That looked you in your eyes real tough and said 'preciate it
 And that he wouldn'ta made it if it wasn't for your CD number nine
 And he's standing with his baby momma Kiki and she crying talkinbout
 That they used to get high to me in high school
 And they used to make love to me in college
 Then they told me 'bout they first date, listening to my tunes
 And how he, like to finger nail polish
 I say hate to cut you off but I gotta go
 I wish you could tell me mo' but I'm off to the studio, gotta write tonight
 Hey, can you put us in your raps
 I don't see why not
 Devin it's the Dude you gon' probably hear him talking bout Rolling up another Swisha,
 listening to the beat again
 Dranking but we concentrating, smoke another Sweet again
 Steadily rewinding trying to make some hot shit
 Oh what a job this is
 Another all nighter trying to get it done
 Barely make it home with the morning sun
 Baby mother thinking that you on some other shit
 Oh what a job this is Yeah, this life we live. What a job this is. Real spit man
 A lot of folks want to walk in these shoes but they just don't know man
 It's a hell of a job, man
 To be a rapper, MC, whatever you want to call it, man

We got a lot to deal with. Family members we gotta always look out for
Baby momma nagging, you know I'm saying kids need this
And then again the public need that, we gotta make hot music
Cause if it ain't hot it don't mean shit
But you know, it's all in a day's work What a job this is my nigga
What's crack-a-lacking Devin the Dizzude
Snoop D-O dub, J Prince, Jazz Prince
Yeah, Rap-A-Lot still on top. 2007

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