

# Not My Job

Mac Dre

[Verse 1]

Dre rock the jewelry with the clear stones  
And get on a nigga head like some earphones  
I finna spit it, with a clear tone  
Get yo attention, the biggest thang since the T.V. invention  
Dope as yola, I'm a big shot, a show off  
Plus I'm a big pimp, I get tow off  
Fuck a good job, she need a good jaw  
And sell BJ's until her mouth get raw  
I'm from the California coast, beaches and riches  
Hit the cot, get ghost, no more sleepin' wit bitches  
I got a coughnut, sittin' on wires  
On Vogues bitch, not Michellin tires  
Can't control my desires, I buy from Nordstroms not Fred Myers  
Do a lot of weed, love my supplier  
She keep it, fuck the blood out my supplier  
Man I'm bigger than life, I do it Magnum  
And bout these broke bitches, I'm through with havin' em'  
Dre bogard, he shove and he push  
And start war for nothin' G.W. Bush  
We be lovin' the cush, but only in the backwood  
It ain't a backwood, it ain't all that good  
I'm from the streets, where most need heat  
But I slice a nigga up like some roast beef meat

Chorus:

I can bust you a rap, but anything else, not my job  
I peel ya cap back, but anything else, not my job  
I get ya for racks, but anything else, not my job  
I make you a slap, but anything else, not my job

[Verse 2]

Bitch gone ask me to come with her to grocery shop  
I told her straight up like this, "no siree bob!"  
That's not my job, I don't do that  
I'm a pimp slash rapper, I thought you knew that  
And where yo dude, should I serve em' the news  
And let him know you finna be walkin' in some brand new shoes  
Ooh, you a fool, gotta watch thy self  
One false move, and you could stop thy self  
Sometimes I'm not myself, I'm another man  
I'm a rockstar, in another band  
Plus I'm the man with plan in his hands  
Soon we'll all be playing in sand

Cause to my estimations, and these calculations  
And all the money I made off the Rompalation  
I finna get as many didgets that's on my license plate  
I shit on some of these midgets bitch I can't wait

Chorus

[Verse 3]

When I dip, they trip off what Furl dressed in  
Plus I got a mouth full girl's best friends  
I'm a back to the future new game kind of nigga  
Y'all lames is plain, drinkin' the same kind of liquor  
Wearin' the same kind of clothes, fuckin' the same kind of clothes  
And you bedrock pimpin', meanin' yo games kind of old  
You don't want it with me, I'll bother ya  
So get lost pal, before I clobber ya  
I got golden gloves, I give ya a new look  
With stiff left and a sharp right hook  
Niggaz know snitches, they ride and they go with them  
It's all gravy, as long as they don't tell on them  
Me and my team, see we a machine  
Fuck with my mans, and I'ma have to intervene  
I'ma sparco, and a sancho  
Always lookin' out for Benny Blanco

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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