

Slim Pickings

Sometimes I wonder just what keeps me tickin'
Working hard every day, all day
See, I'm sick and tired of them mental slave ways
And on paydays all we ever reap is slim pickings

We're scratching the bottom of the barrel like some funky chicken
Kickin' up gravel, desperate for a fix and half dead
Fed up with these afflictions
So real it almost feels like a piece of mad fiction
Check the big shots struttin', finger-lickin'
Champagne-sipping, kicking back watching while we be pickin cotton
Candy on the outside and inside it's rotten
Funky and swell but always melts down to nothing
Now that is my definition of hell
Corruption of our lives with all that trouble and strife
24/7, not just from nine to five
Around the clock, on the spot cuz we gots to survive all of the time
We cannot ever be slippin'
Working hard every day, all day
See, I'm sick and tired of them mental slave ways
And on paydays all we ever reap is slim pickings

□ Nya