

My friend's got a girlfriend, man, he that bitch
He me every day
He, "Man, I really gotta lose my chick
In the worst kind of way"
She on her ass, he works his hands to the bone
To give her every payday
But she more dinero just to stay at home
Well, my, you gotta say
I won't pay, I won't pay ya, no way-ay-ay-ay
Na-na, why don't you get a job?
I guess all his money, well, it isn't
To the bill collectors at bay
I guess all his money, well, it isn't

'Cause that girl's got taste
Well, I guess it ain't doing nothing at all, oh yeah
But, hey man, rides just don't come along every day
(Let me tell you about my other friend now)
My friend's got a boyfriend, man, shethat dick
She me every day
He more dinero just to stay at home
Well, my, you gotta say
I won't give you no money, I pay
Na-na, why don't you get a job?
Say no way, say no way-ah, no way-ay-ay-ay
Na-na, why don't you get a job?