

ITT Tech

Speak

[Intro: [?]]

No one is available to take your call
Please leave a message after the tone
(beep)

Seriously speak, I'm so over this shit
Like I'm so sick of you sitting on the couch all day, fucking eating cheetos and watching soccer
Like you're some kind of fucking mexican god
Who the fuck do you think you are?

I'm not your goddamn maid, so you need to get off your ass and get a real fucking job
You think selling your ugly ass t-shirts on twitter is gunna fucking pay your bills?
Because it's not
So how 'bout you hashtag this?
You ain't shit

[Chorus: Speak and [?]]

Put your hands in the sky, if you still get high
Even though you ain't got no job (no job?!)
All your bills past due and your pocket's on E
But still you [?] badass [?]
Sing with me now
My phone's off (your phone's off)
I can't text (you can't text)
It's all good (no it's not)
I got [?] (no you don't)
And I'm broke (and your broke)
And I'm stressed (and your stressed)
It's all good (no it's not)
I still flex, I still flex, I still flex

[Verse 1: Speak]

Heart beat slow, I blame the damn promethazine
My eyes lower than I fat teen's self esteem
Used to hit the Shoulder Lean, thinkin' I was Young Dro
[?]
Trigger finger ithcin', better scratch it like a chicken pox
Barrel chested, tough guy
[?]
Let your birdies talk
Chicken, hens about to roost
Plus, that ratchet pussy's good for you, just like some Jamba Juice

(hey! what you doin?)
Bitch, you know I'm gettin' paid
(okay, I see you)
Okay, I lied, I'm flippin' that financial aid
(what else?)
And that EBT, copped it from the county service
(that's cool)
You know it's better than applying at the postal service
(it is)
The nine-to-five jobs hardly ever get respect
And I'd rather die than go to [?] or ITT Tech
My ex-girl hate me, and she want me to fail
But I'm like, fuck you and your life
You goin' die workin' some retail, bitch

[Chorus: Speak and [?]]
Put your hands in the sky, if you still get high
Even though you ain't got no job (no job?!)
All your passed due and your pocket's on E
But still you [?] badass [?]
Sing with me now
My phone's off (your phone's off)
I can't text (you can't text)
It's all good (no it's not)
I got [?] (no you don't)
And I'm broke (and your broke)
And I'm stressed (and your stressed)
It's all good (no it's not)
I still flex, I still flex, I still flex

[Verse 2: Speak]
Make some noise if the job you work is such a bore (yee)
And you hate your boss, so you took twenty dollars out his drawer (fuck him)
Make some noise if you stoned and always show up late (yee)
But took your baby momma on that Little Caesar's Pizza date (fuck her)
The things that we do just to get by (like what?)
Hit the Good Will, boss up, and get fly (fun)
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, you ain't gotta fake it (okay)
But Jadakiss said that We Gonna Make It

[Chorus: Speak and [?]]
Put your hands in the sky, if you still get high
Even though you ain't got no job (no job?!)
All your passed due and your pocket's on E
But still you [?] badass [?]
Sing with me now
My phone's off (your phone's off)
I can't text (you can't text)
It's all good (no it's not)

I got [?] (no you don't)
And I'm broke (and your broke)
And I'm stressed (and your stressed)
It's all good (no it's not)
I still flex, I still flex, I still flex

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>