

Afroman, Graveyard Shift

(Is night shift okay with you? Yes. Hey, well you got yourself a job, homey.)
Graveyard shift ain't never dead. We got to work when people go to bed.
We got a tremendous work overload. The boss don't care about the dress code.
So if your hair's messed up, come on in. Nobody don't care 3 o'clock in the morning.
I'm fantasizin' about a six four, broke as hell moppin' the floor.
I don't know but I gots the hunch that it's almost time for lunch.
Smokin' cigarettes in the parking lot, all the homies tellin' lies about the women they got.
Nobody gets offended at a racial joke. Everybody's laughin' tryin' to stay woke.
We takin' it easy, though times are hard, pullin' practical jokes on the security guard.
And if you come late, the boss won't boot ya, standin' round talkin' bout the future.
Don't even trip if you feel tired. Take a little nap, you won't get fired.
Drink a little beer, smoke you a spliff, nobody cares on the graveyard shift.
Buc-wuci-wuci-wooci-woo. Buc-buc-buc-buci-buccoooc!
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift. (Yeah!)
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift. (Yeah!)
You don't have to slave too hard, on the Graveyard.
My name is Joseph Foreman, they call me Fro. I work at the neighborhood grocery store.
We actin' crazy like a bunch of kids, playin' frisbee with the trash can lids
When the bossman comes, baby, we don't run. He's a fool like us just tryin' to have fun.
Graveyard shift is a little bit prouder, play the radio just a little bit louder.
DJ playin' that midnight mix. Dance contest on isle number 6.
Bumpin' that old school 2-short rhyme. Got the homeboys in a Soul Train line.
You wanna act crazy, go ahead and be wild. If you wanna rap, go ahead and freestyle.
Graveyard shift, you just can't beat it. If you get hungry, grab something and eat it.
Drinkin' in the back with my home girl. The beer's on the house from the Corporate World.
Act like a fool til the break of dawn, yellin' curse words on the intercom.
Drag racin' with the fork lift. Nobody cares on the graveyard shift.
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift. (Yeah!)
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift. (Yeah!)
You don't have to slave too hard, on the Graveyard.
(Break it down, fellas.)
I never would work on daytime. Graveyard shift is my play time.
Daytime jobs are flaky. Daytime jobs are shaky.
Like Jello Gelatin, so I work graveyard shift like a skeleton.
An afro-classic is what I am. I drive to work without a traffic jam.
Everybody on the graveyard is like my brother, always lookin' out for each other.
Speak up fo' ya like I know ya. If you come late, we'll punch the clock fo' ya.
We gots no money, but we gots pride. If you car breaks down, I'll give you a ride.
Cause the Corporate World is oh, so cold to the people at the bottom of the totem pole.
Divided we fall, together we stand. What you need? Get it from the Afroman.
I'm not a thief, but I got the hook up for the bar-b-que ribs you wanna cook up.
And if you need somebody to get drunk with, call the homeboys from the graveyard shift.
(Dedicated to all the blue collar workers strugglin', strivin', throbbin', and thrivin'.)
Paaaaaaaarty! (If the boss lookin' for me)On the graveyard shift. (I'll be in my car asleep.)
Paaaaaaaarty! (Hey, so watch my back.) On the graveyard shift.
(Hey, cuz, tap on the window of something.)
You don't have to slave too hard, on the Graveyard.
Happiness is hard to find. Happiness is a state of mind.
It can't be found in fame or wealth, it's found real deep inside yourself.
Brothers, stop singin' the blues, throw parties and bar-b-ques.
Don't destroy your life, enjoy your life. Play with your kids and make love to your wife.
Drink a little beer, don't smoke no crack, have a good time before Christ comes back.
Keep your head high, keep your back stiff. I'll see you Sunday night for the graveyard shift.
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift.
Paaaaaaaarty! On the graveyard shift.
You don't have to slave too hard, on the Graveyard.
(Hey, check this out loco.)
No dental plan. (Graveyard!) No medicare. (Graveyard!)
Said, no vacation. (Graveyard!) The Man don't care. (Graveyard!)
Ain't got no union. (Graveyard!) No respect. (Graveyard!)
Dirty uniforms. (Graveyard!) And a short paycheck. (Graveyard!)
Workin' minimum wage. (Graveyard!) Everyday. (Graveyard!)
We gotta get over some kinda way.
Bucccooc!

