

You Don't Work U Don't Eat

WC and the Maad Circle

"This afternoon we want to talk about"
"Now I want you brothers to dig where we coming from" Five yers ago when I was in high school
No bills to pay, I used to say to myself "Life is cool"
I had a roof over my head and a part-time job
Slanging at OB's birdstand
Washington High was the school I attended
Til '87 graduation came and I wasn't with it
Kicked out the house at the age of 18
No money for college, mmm, how should I handle things?
I tried to go the so-called right way
And went to a JC but I wasn't getting paid
I'm working at a chicken stand now with the chicken
With a spring at the top of my hat getting clowned
I gotta pay my rent but my job ain't cutting it
So now I'm drinking gin saying "Here's my alternative"
To either keep doing what I'm doing, don't trip
Or go and buy gats y'all and come up on a grip
So like anybody else I went and bought a gun
Pulling burgs at night and now I'm counting my funds
Three times a day and I drive a coup on danas
Cruising through the alley bumping on "Hi" to players
Yo, you can say what you want but I was taught on the streets
That if a brother didn't work, then he didn't eat
"You don't work, you can't eat" Peep this, something kind if for weakness
Focus on the park and watch how I freak this
Subject for survival, got to stay alive
I gotta eat so I do or die
Not a full-time crook but I was born right
So if I want to eat, sometimes I got to jack
So jack I will and go get some presidents
A foot in the ground and the other on an oil slick
Money ain't everything but either is brokenness
Give me a knife cause I can't live off happiness
Once a brother said I can't work for the white kind
Standing on the corner in a soup line
Said he's too black, too strong, ain't done nothing yet
Waiting on the fifth for his government relief check
Humming and bumming, most hate to see him coming
And every first and 15th, these strongs on his life

But a hustle is a hustle and a meal is a meal
That's why I'm real and I ain't afraid to steal
Straight from the street, backed up by a funky beat
If you don't work, OG, then you don't eat
"You don't work, you can't eat" Ayo, I want y'all to meet a nigga from the Lench Mob
He gaffled for his meals (McDonald's is my spot)
Ayo Jay Dee, kick some shit for the Maad Circle, GIf you don't work, you don't eat, need I say more?
Cause I'm a kick my rhymes in abundant while you stay poor
Since I was 14 I raised myself
I built a roof over my head and then I went for self
I sold cooked-up rock, made my way through school
I'm not saying you should do it cause it ain't too cool
Kicking???, playing to start your back
Talking about that bullshit prize, you slay me right?
And you other motherfuckers out here banging for change
Need to wise up and seek personal gain
Or maintain some type of pain
Cause they don't give away hot lunches out here in L.A.
Yo peace to the Dub and the Maad Circle
For giving me the chance to let the rhyme just flow
So you can (So you can either sell dope or get your ass a job)
Jay Dee (I'd rather roll with the Lench Mob)"You don't work, you can't eat" Eiht is stepping from the city down
under
And I'm robbing more punk fools blind like Stevie Wonder
Ain't no punching a clock, I ain't with it
For a quarter an hour I make the shit every minute
And please, don't even let me catch a brother slipping
He'll be short, shorter than short
With my hands around his throat
Fool, come off the chain and bracelet
I know it's wrong but face it
A brother like me won't win the lottery
Ain't no faking when it's time to bring home the bacon
Cause I was taught get what you're gonna get quick
And don't get gaffled in the mix
So I guess I'll keep stacking, breaking the law
Checking a fool, wrecking and breaking his jaw
Gyeah, that's life in the Compton streets
Homeboy you don't work, homeboy you don't eat" You don't work, you can't eat" This record was put together
by Jay Dee, Coolio, and the W
Eight, Chilly Chill, and DJ Crazy Toons
Sic brothers out to get paid cause
Nowadays you got to go for yourself or go broke
I'm living day by day cause you see the future ain't promised
So save that drama for your mama

And make sure you're out of my path when I'm on the creep tip
Or have your first name changed to R.I.P."You don't work, you can't eat"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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