Work Hard

The Game

(feat. Get Low, JT)
[JT]
Get Low Records motherfucker
Bringin the best to the table
Bluechip, Nina be, {?}, what it is
JT Get Low motherfucker that's what it is motherfucker
Yeah, who fuckin with us nigga
Now (what goes around comes around)
I'm puttin this clique up nigga against all you niggaz
Now get it right

[Verse One: Bluechip]
Hey yo, this is where I see me in this game
Benz Coupe, Maserati, plus I got your bitch all in the Range
And y'all niggaz ain't gon' do shit, soon as your crew spit
My tool spit, metal to your side, watch you lose hips
And I ain't want to take it there but fuck it we can bang
My Cali headbusters'll show you how to throw them things
I'm too connected like John Gotti and Nino
For a small fee they find your body wreakin out in Reno
I know the niggaz that sell weight, and niggaz that stick the niggaz
That sell weight, hammer close behind me like when you tailgate
I know you a snitch, I can see it in your eyes
Shackled up, D.O.C.'s, all my niggaz on that ride
You can, stunt if you wanna, Chip is a gunner
Been reignin/rainin since ninety-six now it's time for the thunder

[Verse Two: Nina B]
In your mind you can blame me but open your mouth and name me
I'm runnin you out of office you're softer than Bush and Cheney
Go 'head, and try to play me I do you like I was Amy Fisher
Smokin a Swisher like I wish a bitch would
Listen and use your vision cause livin in this - hood
And sinnin in your division you think it's all - good
Got niggaz on (Death Row) and it ain't about Suge
Niggaz that stay home they scared to come out shook
Mothers with five kids and all of 'em got took
It's right in these niggaz face, but they just will not look
I'm tired, of the B.S. I'm cheatin {?} some rejects

Even though we make the best of what little respect, we get
This is the life, that was given to me
A rich-ass bitch that's what I'm fittin to be
Brooklyn to Bangkok I'm beggin to be
And don't nobody write, what I'm spittin but me
Nina be

[Chorus: JT]
We 'bout to blow this bitch
Niggaz work hard in the game so they notice this, what
We 'bout to blow this bitch
Niggaz work hard in the game so they notice this, what
Underground with it, poppin collars now
Bust yo' shit nigga, put them guns down
Put yo' knuckles up, catch you slippin dawg
That's how we do it independent now we 'bout to ball

[Verse Three]
For years niggaz sold me dreams that got me gassed
Made me want to get revenge or get the hockey mask
Got beef? Yo the burner's in the lobby stashed
Get your crew if you want, all them niggaz is probably ass
I take the long way, fuck takin the shortcut
Now we got corporate sponsorships wrappin our tour bus
A quick 32, yo them shits is like warmups
It ain't coincidental in the hood we was born tough
You chump or get chumped, punk or get punked
Save your lil' craps homey, fuck it get drunk
Was one at the top, but now I'm back at the bottom
Most 'em hate to spit with me cause when I rap I surprise 'em
Shit is real, that's why I stay strapped with a condom
I keep 31 flavors just like Baskin & Robbins
I'm here now, y'all supposed to be stressed, scared to death
That you gonna be next, record labels, promote the rejects
While starvin artists is closest to sets
And certain niggaz duckin me because they owe me a check
I spit more heat, than a bowl of chili, y'all niggaz know the deally
So turn the music up and roll a Philly

[Verse Four: JT]
Yeah, roll the Philly or Swisher Sweet
And I ain't trippin while you niggaz just stand on your feet
Figgaro done walked in the building, it's time to expand
Comin with hundreds of grands and hundreds of plans
You see this Black Wall Street is for the po' broke and hongry

None of my niggaz on the corner never be lonely
Stuck in the gutter mayne, coke packs like Tony
Bricks and pounds of weed half the city owe me
My shipment too big, frontin out the homies
I ain't even trippin mayne my pockets never lonely
Benjamin Franklins and Grants stick together like
Boys in tough weather makin noise forever, ahhhh
Yeah mayne, it's real shit nigga and we independent nigga
Fuck what'chu heard dawg, independent is where the money is at nigga
Fuck all your major labels nigga, that's what it is
JT the Bigga Figga, Nina be [fades out]

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