

# Work

## Naughty By Nature

Car wash sample  
Hey, Butter, one of us, right away  
Work, uh, where all my hustlers?  
(Where them thugs at?)  
All my ballers, what? Let's do it like this  
(Get up)  
Uh, what?  
(Indiana, Indiana)  
Work, Mag in this muth, yo  
Killa Castro from Queens, trigga Treach  
(New Jeru, Dirty Jerz)  
Well, can you get it like I get it? I got to get my blood  
Known for slangin' yayo and part the lick with my thugs  
Fuck you, fuck your crew fool and all that shit  
Bitch, it's a new nigga on the premises, work  
Ah, puttin' it down like I knows to, what?  
Splittin' these hata's wigs like I'm supposed to  
Whenever you wanna act the fool and come and test  
Get that AK slug through your vest  
Forget your dog, get bucked  
Wind up and see you with all the garbage stuck  
Now you in the depths of Hell, feel like damn it ain't my lucky day  
Never shoulda looked my way, motherfucker  
Don't trust your bitch ass fool as far as I can thrust you  
Don't make no sudden moves fool and I won't have to bust you  
Trigga Treach, he got his pistol do  
We puttin' in work from here to Russia fool  
So what the fuck y'all here to do, work  
Huh, and it's on like that motherfucker and it's on like that  
I puts in work and it's on like that  
Yo dog, I hope you cleaned your strap  
Uh, huh, 'cos I puts in work  
Fatal how the hood'll hate you, caught up in drama  
Colors and ganja like black auto totes for armor  
Millies and macks never the same pocket  
Kept his Phillies and crack how the streets rock it  
Switch 'em, B cases like he fathered the system  
Organized block cinemas away from the prison  
With souls, lost rows and so on

Fall victim to the streets and so much can go wrong

Rebels meet crumble and majesties for salaries  
Out of towners and goose downers introduce pounders  
A lay loot for power evil roots shoot through cowards  
Lettin' other niggas just regulate they hours  
Coke or chronic, Philly roll Millie by his scrotum  
Barrel X to G packs, never got along with cops  
Like it was Brett Favre and D backs  
It's how rap cats believe that  
Just puttin' in work and it's on like that  
Castro, you know it's on like that, huh, huh, huh, huh, work  
And it's on like that, yeah, y'all we gettin' it on like that  
Puttin' it in y'all, puttin' it in y'all  
Check it, I get deep voice like Barry  
All you keep, naw you keep, forgot I got permit to carry  
All you sleep, look at me, his face I'll bury  
I look at you and say that's what happens when cousins marry  
Work, hate that funk shit, don't show up  
Tore up from the floor up  
My gat's so fat it needs to loose weight like hold up  
On the run, huh, it might be bailin' in a Bronco  
I be layin low from Rocko  
In a condo outside of Toronto  
How I feel about y'all poppin' shit  
Like a constipated port a lot of noise but you ain't droppin' shit  
This is me here, it ain't no other man  
Always into somebody's business like you was [unverified]  
Work, nigga, I puts in like ten men  
Kick up more dust than dirt, drinkin' more gin than Vin  
Well, see no El Nino or ghetto tsunami  
Couldn't drop up on me so we got to fuck over Tommy  
I puts in work, I puts in work and it's on like that  
Motherfucker with them snakes and rats  
I puts in work, work and it's on like that  
Hope you motherfuckers watch your back  
'Cos I puts in work, work  
New Jerus, y'all Dirty Jerz, y'all  
Work, ah, ow, Indiana comin' on through  
Work, oh, what it mean y'all comin' from Queens  
Work, hey, put it down for my town

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>