I Go to Work

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm the dead body creepin' through the streets on the East side
Took about 3 shots, victim of a homicide
Do a drive by in a second
Leave ya all bloody, and tattered lying on the pavement
Nothing can save ya, when I'm in a homicidal rage
Nut up, and then start unloading the 12 gauge
Sawed off pump in your ass bitch
Say your prayers bitch
Cause your headed to the casket
Then to the graveyard
A lil advice, never perpetrate and act hard
Cause when you are dead, muthafucka aint shit to loseStill gettin my hustle on, and payin helly dues
Aint got shit to prove to you marks and you bustas
Always stay strapped cause you know I cant trust ya
Lights out, before I put ya in the dirt
It's ya dead homie Blaze, bitch I go to workI go to work everyday
Baggin up yagClockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide
I go to work everyday
Baggin up yagClockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicideI go to work in my neighborhood
Puffin' on blunts, baggin up yag and always up to no good
Cause I'm a gansta, been to the grave and back
So stop on my corner, and get your fuckin' car jacked
Cause I don't play like my homies always say
We runnin' with a hatchet Psychopathic ay yayEvery day ya homie Blaze, is on the streets
Bouncin' downtown, brandishing heatUntil just the other day when I was walkin on my own
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone

Tried to play me G, till he got a peek of my pitch black eyes
Right before I shattered his teeth, and broke his jaw
Then watched him fall, lifelessYou should have seen his face it was priceless
Just another lesson hoe, with disgression hoe
Cause through the streets I lurk, I go to workI go to work everyday
Baggin up yayClockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide
I go to work everyday
Baggin up yay
Clockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches ridesDoin hella drive bys just another homicideNow I'm rollin in the jacked up bucket
Bumpin' Twiztid, puffin herb like fuck it
Make a left on the one way, thats when the boys in blueGot behing me with they lights and sirens
30 seconds of silence, then I unloaded the clip
Pumpin' on pigs wit the hollow point tips
So don't trip, I still gots to get my gripRollin down the street, leavin em bleedin' by the scene
Then a right, left then a right, to a chop shop
Sold the bucket and a rock
To a smoked out bitch in a '92 Ranger
That's the way it is in the life of a gangsta
Or a hustla, quick to dust ya
I could lose an arm, and still murder 40 of yaWatch ya back when Blaze get his smirk on
You could be the next muthafucka I go to work onI go to work everyday
Baggin up yay
Clockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide
I go to work everyday
Baggin up yayClockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper rollI go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide

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