

## **Cheech Marin And Tommy Chong**

### **"Work That Thing"**

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[Chorus]

Work that thing  
Twerk it fast  
Go on about that ass  
If you wanna make some cash  
On them things  
And that's glass  
Wood across the dash  
Lookin good when we pass  
Swang and Bang  
And mash on  
Don't make this be a song  
That we whip your ass on  
What you claim?  
Then throw it up  
On a drank, pour it up  
On a smoke, roll it up

[Slim Thug]

I'm Don bread  
A young hogg, shaking the feds  
I was led, to put lead  
In these fake, haters head  
I'm 100% about my bread  
Show a dollar and I'll follow  
Ben Franks my role model  
So I'm no freestyler  
If it's free ain't me  
Money talk, shit walk  
And since, my time cost  
I can't afford to be bought  
Cash for everything around me  
It's on the ground, you found me  
I can't let my people down me  
Ain't nothing but stars around me  
I had to ball, or stay broke  
Get a job, or sell dope  
I choose dope  
Cause I don't look good in hallowed ropes  
I'm trying to shine  
I promise I can't get left behind

I keep that money on my mind  
At all times  
I do what I wanna  
Might fly to Daytona  
To get in a sauna  
If it ain't sticky marijuana  
Take it back to the corner  
It's your life, ya happy?  
Well do what you do  
Don't let nobody knock ya hustle fool  
Do what you do  
Ha.

[Chorus]  
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[ESG]  
Now ESG be shinning  
Top on recline  
G Riding with a dime piece  
Smoking on some pine trees  
You can find me  
On Giavoni's and Kiss  
Now what really turn me on  
Is some Tina Thompson lips  
Ha, Com-ets flip  
We on fire!  
Trying to bust  
Like a set of ol' Firestone Tires  
Organize the franchise  
That was destined to rise  
Gotta keep my mind on the prize  
I look at my lil' son's eyes  
Player, you know, and I know  
That we gotta get green  
Hit the scene, like Outkast

So fresh, and so clean  
Wanna make a million dollars  
Let me spend sixteen  
Give me one big machine  
And a ???  
Candy green, TV screens  
We thought of that codine shit  
That pinky ring and byzletine  
And all that bling, bling shit  
This song for rappers, and jackers  
Strippers, and brick flippers  
Everybody about that money  
We goin to representin with ya!

[Chorus]  
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[Slim Thug & ESG]  
It's me, the Slim T  
And that ESG  
Northside  
Southside  
Bringing heat to the street  
You got beef? beat your feet  
Cause my click ain't weak  
We gotta new logo  
You seen the platinum piece  
We goin back to back  
And wreckin track for track  
We went from crack to ??  
Just to make our stack  
A TTS Cadillac  
A crooked braids to the bag  
A ball fade Escalade  
Where my Gucci shades at?  
Me and Slim goin shine

We reading Rolex time  
ninety-nine gotta mind  
On the million dollar grind  
Let my fifth recline  
Let my top down  
We smile at the same time  
And lave the whole world blind  
Ha

[Chorus]  
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That we whip your ass on  
What you claim?  
Then throw it up  
On a drank, pour it up  
On a smoke, roll it up

Bounce playa, bounce playa  
Where my soldiers at?  
Bounce playa, bounce playa  
Where my soldiers at?  
Bounce baby, bounce baby  
Make that ass clap  
Bounce baby, bounce baby  
Make that ass clap  
Bounce playa, bounce playa  
Where my thugs at?  
Bounce playa, bounce playa  
Where my thugs at?  
Bounce baby, bounce baby  
Make that ass clap  
Bounce baby, bounce baby  
Make that ass clap  
Ha

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