

## **E-40**

# **"I Got Dat Work"**

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### **"I Got Dat Work"**

(feat. Turf Talk)

*[E-40 - repeat 2X]*

My folks on the block man they got dat work  
Man they got dat work? (Don't it smell so sweet?)

*[Chorus: Turf Talk - repeat 2X]*

(I got dat work!) Yola, cavi, cream  
Fuck the law, charge it to the triple beam  
(I got dat work!) Young riders run the block  
Bosses cook it up, chop it up and dish it out

*[E-40]*

Yo, what it is, what it was, what it ain't (ain't)  
Pimp containers, let's put some paint where it ain't  
Block boys, tycoons, big ballers (big ballers)  
Young hustlers mayne, shot callers (shot callers)  
Get off into this real shit (real shit)  
There's a shortage on this real shit, I'm still here  
And my heard don't pump Kool-Aid, my heart pump  
beer  
Malt liquor, 211 Steel Reserve  
Got'cha potnah hella perved, slidin through the turf like  
What that is, family? What it look like?  
How much you tryin to spend? What you hustlers need?  
I got it all day pimp, weed hop speed  
I ball like Spalding, I'm from the game  
I keep my mouthpiece loaded ready to iron {?} tame  
I'm so damn gone, I'm off the hanger, full of  
excitement  
Run a credit check on ya, front you some candy on  
consignment  
My designated riders got my back like a car seat  
Got 24 inch tires on my GMC, EXT  
Or should I say, ESV, extended sports utility  
Black on black, SUV, fifteen inch screen TV

*[Chorus]*

*[Turf Talk]*

Self-reliant, benefits off drug-related environments

Crack pipes, needle fiends, appliances  
Alcohol intake, overdose of the big quake  
Overdose of that dopness make the bridge break  
V-Town, central walk  
Serve dope instrumental, me and my folks  
Lil' homey on the handlebars  
Mean mug hard like a thug on the yard  
Throw my weight around mark, don't call it the boul'  
I call it the bully-ward, THICK powder to snort  
Turf talk won't smoke gotta dip the new cars  
Materialistic, Jordans and gold watch (I got dat work!)  
You want it you gotta buy dope from us  
Swallow rocks through my belly that pass a rush  
Throw it up, pack it in, I got dope to push  
Tennis shoe pimpin back and forth to my {?} bush

*[Chorus]*

*[E-40]*

Oooh! My crimey's doin a dove on the yard (on the yard)  
Know all the latest developments on the boulevard (on the boulevard)  
Before he went down he gave out some credit stories  
Sent his enforcers and skullcrushers to go collect it  
But you know how this new generation is, man they ain't havin it  
Ain't no more rules, it's dirty pool  
Ain't no more dudes that can tell me I'm right or wrong  
As far as I'm concerned, MOTHERFUCKER I'M GROWN  
I got my Sidekick, I got my T-Mobile phone  
I'm talkin hella shit (hella shit) shit to my broad, she at home  
I'm like where you at? (Where you at?) She said I'm layin on the flo'  
She said the El-roys there, they done kicked in my do'  
For those that don't know, kinda slow, need to be creased  
The Elroys, that's what we named the police  
I got my d-boys, hood famous {?} suit us  
The ghost clears, we right back at it again  
Man I keep my parchment paper bail money out of incarceration  
And my lawyer too case I need some legal, representation  
I'm a warrior like you be listenin to, music you can relate to  
Like E-40 and them and the Sic Wid'It crew

*[Chorus]*

I got dat work!

*[E-40 - repeat 4X]*

My folks on the block man they got dat work

Man they got dat work? (Don't it smell so sweet?)

I got dat work!

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