

Glorya Gayner

"Work"

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* also appears on the _Butter_ Soundtrack and Mag's "Hustlaz Heaven"

[Mag] (Castro) "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.)

[Mag]

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 premissis

"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 ya

Don't make no sudden moves fool and I won't have to
bust ya

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, cuz I puts in work"

[Castro]
Fatal how the hood'll hate you, caught up in drama
Colors and ganja like black autototes 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 huuuh 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"

[Treach]
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 (?)
"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
Cuz 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"

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