

## La The Darkman

### "I Work"

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[La the Darkman] I'm the black Stephen King, I write my horrors through a pen Every song from my album, tell how, what and when I live like an orphan, cuz I didn't have much Kill a nigga, put some crack, in a pistol in my clutch I'm still here today, it's the American way Ask Jed and George Bush, see what they say How they took the presidency, the barrel of a gun How we took Iraqi oil, with the same one Analyze that, La the Darkman, play to win Recently, I shot a nigga that I called a friend Cuz he was foe, tried to steal some of my blow Oh well, snakes in the grass, I chopped the head off they ass Need an instant replay, I make it happen so fast Til then, I'm getting all this money, fucking all these bunnies Laugh a little bit, but ain't a damn thing funny You dig? I got kids, and brothers to feed Not to mention, my life, my bitches and what I need Three story condos, carbon truck, combos Bang hammers at niggas like Africans on congos That's how my song goes, drugs, money and murder Check and see if you can handle it, 'fore you take it further, it's La [Chorus 2.5X: La the Darkman] I work, I'm real, I shoot, I kill [La the Darkman] Pops left, moms had a habit, aunt raised me Kicked me out of high school, teacher said I was crazy Then I caught a CCW, didn't amaze me Then I caught a tenth and one, they tried to lay me All through the trial, proves I'm natu-ral Had lawyer money then, same as I do now Youngster, it's all about guns and butter My first large sum of cash, I took care my mother Bout her a crib, in the 'burbs, got her out of the gutter Imagine my stress, cursed at birth, trynna get blessed Slip infederal indictments, seems to be my hardest test I'm the best, when it comes to flipping ten to twenty Twenty to forty, forty to eighty, my shit is gravy Double my condoms, keep my bitch from having babies Ain't that crazy, hell nah, I see the big picture Baby momma child support, keep a nigga from getting richer I'm slicker than the average, want something, I grab it Get money like junkies smoking crack, it's a habit Move O's through traffic, ball like Tim Duncan Fundamental whips, no chrome, rims or nothing Everything's true, getting money up at the scoop With bitches that party

by sniffing a line or two This ain't rap, this what I do,  
like Japanese and kung fu You understand, yeah?  
[Chorus 3X]

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