

Lfo

"Dirty Work"

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[Mr. III]

I beat repeat offenders, they end up with they back
split
And ass-backwards, when I let the mac click
And "Aww shit" is what they say
Three strikes you're out apparently, you thought I was
playing?
But I weigh in at a ton
A scuffle left you muffled cause I had to get my gun
And Mr. Snuffalufugus couldn't snort this
Cause Oakland, California got funk like shit
And it hits just like a Tyson blow
Well can't you see that Mr. III's got the nicest flow?
Well now you know, that hoes get crept up on to
So what you gonna do when I creep up on you?
Cause if I keep a few to myself, you'll never know
Repeat offenders get bent like fenders when I'm on the
go, hide your dough
Or I'm a get my stab on, huh and leave you bloody
buddy like some tampons
So get your ass on before I turn the gas on and get my
smash on
Niggas better dash, holmes, before I get my blast on
Cause open arms will be waiting
Sin's my friend, and I'm kin to Satan, I'm debating
Whether or not you can keep your weight in, and
tasting
MC's like bloods for dinner, I beat repeat offenders
They end up hurting for perping, so throw the fucking
curtain
Cause it's straight Dirty Work, man

[Seagram]

Straight from the East Bay, home of the AK spray
Make way for the S-E-A
G, O.G. Baller
Late night night crawler, 69th shot caller
Body hauler, so label me the grim reaper
Play your dome, see the game
Lead it with the 60-shot heater
The Seagster is back, you can't knock it

Here to straight tax, you niggas that's outta pocket
Clocking a grip is a must, and living plush
Check me as I rush another buster to the dust, plus
My crew has more Braves than Atlanta
Uzi's got diarrhea, can't be stopped with Mylanta
Not from Tampa, but from the Bay
And I'm a Buccaneer, AK spray, so duck when I'm near
Fear, or come up missing
Listen when I catch you on my mission
You'll be found by someone fishing
Ain't no provisions or precautions I'm causing
Havoc, tragic, terror, there'll be no errors
Or flaws when I'm on the crawl, through all
Weather, the ball wedger, making niggas pallbearers
I dare a featherweight to fuck with this heavyweight
Then I have to shake and bake and hit him with his mac
AK
In his face, paint the walls with his blood walking
Over niggas like a rug, never dropping duds
I'm from the hood of AK's and ski masks
Niggas out of pocket ain't getting ghetto passes
Blasted, is how you'll be greeted, from the
Fully auto mag, niggas want some static
Better call for help cause you gon' need it
Cause I'm a unleash it, window down
On the trey AK spit with minor jerk
Better duck or get caught up in the Dirty Work

[Ant Diddley Dog]

I ain't got shit to lose, cause five-oh sweat me anyway
So I use my survival techniques in many ways
Shit if a nigga ever hustles, why not cut some rocks?
And if ever a nigga try to show some muscle, why not
bust some shots?
Yeah, I got some sinister thoughts, in the back of my
head
Ready to stack 'em up dead, I hate leaving the house
without packing a bled
I got the heart of a killer in me
I've inhaled so much bomb smoke that I can fill a
chimney
Man they should have never let me loose
Cause that crazy shit don't faze me, bitch, it just kept
me juiced
Crack selling, blackmailing and making presidents
And I ain't hesitant to burglarize your residence
Yeah it's that villian and I'm thinking of jacking tonight
Another killer cause my money ain't stacking too right
Down on my luck, I'm stuck cause my pockets is flat
Yeah I got my gat, so why the fuck do I have to stop
why I act?

I got one motherfucking chance, buddy
And my intentions is to get my damn hands muddy
Her man's bloody cause I'm nutty when I start
searching
Killing niggas is my job and I'm hard working, fool
I'm up all night with an early rise
Waking up, twisting up motherfuckers like some curly
fries, yeah
I'm trying to ride drop-top Vettes slamming
Utilizing these bitches with high credit cards that be
check scamming
Yeah, some motherfucking Eastside thangs
So blaze up a fat sack and let your G ride swang
I'm in the game from the town and I'm stacking plenty
A gangsta-ass nigga with that macking in me
So if a nigga try to run up, I'm a hurt him first
And let him know I'm a G at this Dirty Work

[Too \$hort]

W-O-R-K, I got a gang of hoes that like to work all day
And if you think that shit ain't all right
I got some more hoes that like to work all night
But that's not the point, I'm trying to make
My shit is so funky, got you buying my tapes
Year after year and I still ain't stopped
Got millions of fans and I still ain't pop
And I come so real, bitch, you can't stop
My motherfucking track record, you can faint and drop
And I wouldn't give a fuck cause I'm nothing but a dog,
bitch
And you're nothing but a slut, want all dick
But this nigga named \$hort don't fuck for free
No punk-ass bitches coming up on me
And no nigga can tell me what to do with my life
Can't talk about \$hort, you're brand new on the mic
Me and all my potnas got bitches, fool
And I be spitting on the mic about the shit we do
I be a broke-ass pimp on the 31st
But tomorrow I be putting in some Dirt Work, bitch

[Rappin' Ron]

Ron's doing dizzert, leaving them niggas hizzurt
Running up with that punk shit, thinking that bootsy shit
work
Fucking with them busters and you think that your
back's got
The only thing that's got my back is this 16-shot black
lock
And Ron is one of them niggas you can't fuck with, so
fuck that
Every time you bust bitch, I duck quick and bust back

If you want some motherfucking funk nigga, come and
get this
And watch your ass fall like the London Bridges
You run with bitches, you just another sucker
Run up and fuck with us and you can suffer,
motherfucker
And let me emphasize that I don't emphathize
Straight to your brain til the pain intensifies
And if the cops hit my block, and they stopping to jock
Fuck it, then I'm packing a glock, and popping a cop
and watching him drop
I'm not finna stop, fuck 5-oh, fuck task, fuck the Feds
All you suckers buckle cause you fucking with a
knucklehead
I kick your ass like Jim Carter
And bust your motherfucking head wide open like a
pinata
And all them finks who ratted me off and tried to jinx
Hit them niggas block with the street sweeper
And now they whole crew extinct
I ain't playing, what I'm saying is that I'm spraying with
a gat
Fucking laing my AK and lay him on his back
Lay him flat, fucked up from the rat-tat-tat-tat
See my straps is ready to buck, soo all you saps get
ready to buck
I'm giving a, fuck, Ron's about to fuck 'em up
Buck a uppercut or buck, I'm leaving these
motherfuckers stuck
Cause I'm just a nut from the street leaving 'em deep in
the dirt
And as long as you sleep I'm a keep doing Dirty Work

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