

Man At Work

"The Shadiest One"

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(man)
Hey, nigga, gimme some of them water and chip's, shit
(other man)
lock 'em up, nigga, lock 'em, bullshit
(man)
hey, look, nigga
get out there, nigga
these niggas ain't sho' ta riz-ayd, right
we gon' get in and get out
(other man)
we on a roll, nigga
[continues, indistinct]

[Verse 1: WC]
I'ma walk it down, now
fuckin' wit deez out-a-town niggas
got me watchin' up on my back and strappin'
pistol packin'
who ever thought dem fools would catch on
and we was sellin' rock while up in the back of the broll
see da plan was to make a transaction to match
three calos, for under the zone, a hundred thousand
cash
you know da deal, nigga you know da outcome
dub C and C Mac take tha money 'n run

[CJ Mac]
We gettin' close, hot as fuck
burnin' up in his drive
two pace, mirror checkin' doin' sixty-five
I seen the state patrol 5 times, swear to god
he make this stop, better have 9 lives
nigga speak

[Man's Voice]
Where you at?

[CJ Mac]
Close nigga
you just have tha cash right so we can go's, nigga
I never tell no

nigga when I'm comin' through his town
set us up, get a crew, gun his town

[WC]

Fuck that, I dun dis shit befo'
after we twist deez niggas, we gon twist some mo'

(CJ Mac)

Out-a-town nigga havin' a pistal in hand
whatcha paper, you fuckin' wit some jackets, player
shit happens

[Chorus: CJ Mac]

Don't fuck wit a niggas cash
niggas blast, when it come to cash
niggas mash, on dat ass
Don't fuck wit a niggas cash
niggas mash, on dat ass
fo' a niggas cash, niggas blast

[WC second half overlaps]

(T'is da season to be janky falalalala lalalala)

[Verse 2: CJ Mac]

Hits J, sit straight, dey ain't even check
swiss suitcase, jit
we ain't stop to count da cash, nigga
shit, nigga, I remember
It was two a dem gas cans, was fulla straight heata

[WC]

fake twista, took her ass back to da piz-ad
sent some mo crystals back to da liz-ad
to make some mo trick-climbin'-blatant-nigga loot
[wooh!]
cuz baby need new shoes and daddy need a coupe

[CJ Mac]

Call my nigga, Fred, yo friend
he set up da link
gave his ass ten-thousand, thanked him n' shit
told him 'Shut the fuck up', niggas try sweating
and have to take his ass out there, he bound to wetting

[WC]

Uh huh, two months passed, I found his ass trashed
out
castrated on his porch, with his dick in his mouth
What the fuck? I know these niggas ain't here in L.A.
I went and grabbed the AK n' called my nigga CJ

{[music stops, dial tone] inside ()= CJ Mac}
(What's crackin'?) Look it's on wit deez niggas (what?)
Hey CJ nigga I just found this nigga Fred fucked up
(slow down, nigga) on the porch (Fred?)
Hey nigga it's goin' down
Hey nigga meet me at cho bitch spot, nigga (what?)
Fuck that, let's bring these in hea
Fuck these niggas!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: CJ Mac]
Goin' 110 on da 110, exit slow
shit my stomach uptight, sumthin' ain't right (fuck that)
How da fuck they found where Fred stay
they ain't never been out there, hold up, what the
fuck?!

[WC]
CJ, don't trip, nigga, dey just killed yo bitch
left her bleedin' in the porch wit' screwdriver's in her
head
ramshacked the house, took the work and the money

[CJ Mac]
I could see that shit, but why the fuck you so bloody?

[WC]
They took the hundred thousand we stole plus two mo'
(right, right)
and if I know that nigga Bo he checked a in mo {motel}

[CJ Mac]
Bo, hard nigga, who parted the game
you didn't know that motherfuckas name!
first you found Fred dead, then you found my bitch wit
her wig split
nigga I ain't stupid, you did that shit

[gunshot]
Motherfucka shot me in my shoulda
reached for my strap, and started dumpin' back
{gunshots continue}

[WC]
Nigga, lifes a bitch and then you die
you only get one chance to check, nigga, trust no nigga
shoulda known from the start, ain't no love in my heart
fuck this 50-50 shit, this is where we depart

[CJ Mac]

I'll be damned if I let this nigga walk wit' da dough
kill my hoe, boy, kill my hoe?
Five, fo' rounds, hit him twice, hit him in his stomach
see me vomit blood,
nigga eat slugs!
{gunshots continue}

[WC]

On my knees, I'ma see da bust back, fuck that
somehow I managed, ta raise wit da wicked carriage
ain't no rules to dis shit, we jackers
ain't no love in this game, mothafucka, shit happens

[Chorus x2]

I feel sorry, nigga
just like every dog has his day,
every loc get his nights
I'll be back at ya, my nigga (ain't no thang)
I can't believe yo ass did some shit like that to me,
nigga
it ain't nothin' (hu, hu)
it ain't nothin'
It's goin' down
I'ma get that motherfucker
It's on!

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