

Naughty By Nature Feat. Mag & Castro "Work"

Visit "[Work](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, triggga Treach
(New Jeru, Dirty Jerz)

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 premises, 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 you
Don't make no sudden moves fool and I won't have to
bust you
Triggga 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, 'cos I puts in work

Fatal how the hood'll hate you, caught up in drama
Colors and ganja like black auto totes 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, huh,
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

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
[unverified]
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
'Cos 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

Visit [Naughty By Nature Feat. Mag & Castro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.