

Mike Gordon**"Don't Work U Don't Eat"**

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[Hook - 2x]

If you don't work you don't eat, you don't grind you
don't shine

No if's and's or but's, bottom line

That's why I'm on a mission, to keep the paper flipping

I got's to get a house, before I start wood gripping

[Mike Jones]

Ninety percent grinding, ten percent sleep

I peep game when I'm asleep, I hold heat when I creep

I'm Mike Jones I hold chrome, wreck microphones

I flip in my slab, all alone

I wish a motherfucker would, try to steal my leather
wood

It's gon be no good, understood

Cause I shoot strays, and when the techs play

I'll have you looking like a clown that's on x-ray, I don't
delay

When it come to shooting bullets, you talk down I'ma
pull it

Represent this gangsta shit, to the fullest

I pack a ruger and get to spraying, like Freddy Kruger

You talk down on Mike Jones, and nigga I'll do you

Cause I ain't tripping, I got the ruger ripping

While I'm flipping, Expeditions

Come in Mike Jones home, and I'll shoot shots till your
teeth missing

First round draft picks, you come at us wrong

And you will be dismissed, Mike Jones

[Hook - 2x]

[Magno]

It's Magno, I don't mind I let a stray bullet cross

But if you got beef cool, I got the A-1 sauce

You must forgot I pack a big mack, I run in Mickey D's

Pop your ass up, leave you bleeding on your big mac

Get you bent like a car fender, I fight dirty

I'm throwing bottles in the club, like a bar tender

Fuck fighting fair, niggaz remember who won

In these H-Town streets, you gotta remember your gun

You don't wanna get stuck, with the filth
You don't want a hospital trip, with IV's stuck in your
wrist
My best advice is dog stay in your spot, cause these
bullets
Got a mind of they own, they hate to stay in the glock
You like to see what two snappers cost, we got techs
To your chest, bout to make you look like apple sauce
So if you want a sample, I got seventeen reasons
To make folks forget about you, like Tevin Campbell

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike Jones]

You might see me in a Lac, four 18's black on black
Sitting low holding gat, waiting for a nigga to jack
When it's time I get crunk, I got rugers I got pumps
My name show when I pop trunk, Mike Jones is no punk
I got hoes down to die for me, niggaz down to ride for
me
I got friends I got rivalries, a lot of niggaz watching me
You can look but don't touch, cause if you touch then I
bust
Swishahouse Swishablast, if y'all didn't know we can't
be touched

[Magno]

We can't be touched, because we move like powder
And I don't mind shooting at a nigga, if his mood is
sour
I'm a technique flower, this ain't New York
But you better stay undercover, like Malik Yober
Cause we looking for you, big guns forty times
We not from San Francisco, but we got forty nines
And if you proolly heard the gat, it was me
Trigga pull cause I run with the wolves, like Wally
Servedat

[Hook - 4x]

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