

Criminalz

"Puttin In Work"

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

[Verse One - Jayo Felony]

This that one hit it quit it shit, fuck it forget a bitch
These busters claimin they hard but they be rollin wit a
snitch
They got this bullshit case on me and they thinkin it'll
stick
I ain't sweatin that lil shit, give these bitches a lil dick
I keep ridin and mashin, stompin in the West Coast
fashion
You the one to be the first get yo head bashed in
We stay smashin nigga only beleivin is achievin
So whatever we set out to do it's gon work this evening
I'm a rider homie whether I'm drunk, high or sober
The wait is over, now watch a nigga get nasty as King
Cobra
And I heard your freaky bitch was a monster on the
dick
She wanna find out if she can put her whole tonsils on
the dick
Loc on and yolk on it but don't choke on it
Niggas got her spendin all their ends and goin broke
on it
Tell these hoes listen bitch we ain't gotta please you
Cuz we puttin in work, doin shit that G's do and it's true

[Chorus]

I ain't livin my life to please you
I'm puttin in work the shit that G's do
I'm out doin dirt to niggas I need to
I'm gettin my money on, collectin my revenues [x2]

[Verse Two - Celly Cel]

Back up, back up nigga what the fuck you doin?
I'm throwin elbows in this mutha fucka tryin to ruin
Your whole career, when I'm twisted up eight hundred
beer
Jump in the mob car and steer, heart pumpin no fear
You niggas don't know me, watch out 'for I pop out with
this glock out
Clearin yo block out, got all these niggas wishin they
got out
The game, 'for I shot out everything in the parking lot

out
Got em snitchin and tellin em there's APV's on every
cop out
Now it's hot out, they still can't stop me from gettin my
paper
I got hide outs, these bitches is out here catchin the
vapors
Flee the scene, they shoulda told you that Celly was
crazy
Got em pushin up daisies now I'm layin low with baby
Spyin on the under, wonderin what's gon happen next
Money, murder and sex got me sleepin with a tech
No respect so I took it early in the game
No money til I came up on them birdies, mayn

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three - Spice 1]

Got me fucked up baby see I can't play with the game
This nigga's speakin up on my casket, talkin bad on my
name
Don't get it twisted it's all love but this gangsta shit is
real
Niggas get caught up in the drama and end up killed
But I can't have that shit, I ain't tryin to see no coffin
That's why I stay focused on hatin ass niggas often
Hennessy got me seeing enemies in threes
So I'm bustin at the one in the middle and please
beleive
It ain't no hesitation, never no glitch in my matrix
I stay on point, ready to dump, hit niggas up in they
faces
Wit 4-4 slugs! Blowin niggas up out they Lugz
Switch to the bucket and smash off to mo thug
Baby, my life ain't got no price on it
600 for the vest, a G for the chopper wit a knife on it
So welcome to the ghetto mutha fucka
To them niggas that think that they can't be touched
well I'ma touch ya

[Chorus x 4]

Visit [Criminalz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.