

## Nature

### "It's Workin'"

Visit "[It's Workin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

#### CHORUS

It's workin' It's workin'

Party people if you're ready to rock let me hear you  
scream!

I play for keeps sidewalks and streets we reign and we  
pop and daily

Routine sweeps.

It's the fanatic can't kick the habit so there you have it

I'm a

Addict.

When I'm near the mike I gots to grab it. Rip the system  
to shreds grab

The braids in my head.

Everybody get lifted remember the rhyme said. This is  
your introduction

To the new episode.

With the Double I countin' down to explode.

Naughty kicked in the door, here come 235 more, livin'  
rotten to the

Core

Everybody to the right, cause all I got left is my flow.

I'm floatin' with Boogie Beat fishin' in a record ocean.

Uh oh, I guess

It's going' down, not now, right now.

So I got down with the git down for Illtown. Figure it's  
the fine

Fanny,

I miss my mammy.

And you could ask my uncle Randy, I'm grateful for my  
granny nanny

That's

My mother's mammy. Two tittle brothers with different  
fathers but we're

Still family.

Forget how rough I had it, let's see how smooth it gets.

'cause I might

Wind

Up doing that same old cruddy shit.

Like clockin', sellin' rocks in my neighborhood. Back  
cockin',

Buckshottin', your ass is shot.

CHORUS

It's workin', It's workin'

Party people if you're ready to rock let me hear you  
scream!

Can you chill a can can you spill a can can you kill a can  
I know I can

I

Know I can I know I can can an American a Republican  
tucking with this

African can from this kian land I know I can It's a war  
wick wick wick

Wack that's Dionne Dionne should have predicted her  
quick trip and

Stayed

Cool like fuckin' freon Or get frozen for eons and  
beyond bein' the

Unbelievable bastard I be Well believe that shit's some  
be on Settle the

Score check Melba needs Moore since now she poor  
looks to get richer by

Puttin' rap up in the picture I'll fix ya backwards  
blindfold step

KLICKOW' Your ass like Calvin so butts get kicked now  
forgive the enemy

Be

A friend of me you teach but forgivin' ain't seem my  
music crushed in

The

Streets preach love practice hate break tapes and  
chatterin' Streaks on

Your structure Stain your whole establishment let's get  
specific style

That's horiorific twisted plus terrific with a tongue that's  
terroristic

We'll lift it then shift it brandish the biscuit finish you  
nitwit

Cancel

Christmas won't stop this slick shit

CHORUS

It's workin', It's workin'

Party people if you're ready to rock let me hear you  
scream!

Time to do sit up I'm a loose nut watch crews get cut  
bring it to my

Illtown grounds and lose your butts but whaqt is the  
matter matter

Of fact I don't wanna hear you talk so close your trap

Suckers get interslit like splinters for the winter see

Dolores sucka

Truck I shoulda told you Large Marge sent her two

chocolates away from

Being sloppy in bunches with no lunches step with the punches and try

Some

Butt crunches get your hands clappin front and the back and keep a cool

Head for all my swingers packin attackin' back in the motherfuckin'

House

Done travelled a milion miles and I'm still kickin' styles backsnack

Taht

Ass back now how's about that? you feel about as shitty as a baby's

Unwiped ass crack I'll crack a bat dead on the back black and leave you

Layin' there flat as a flapjack

We ain't friends to the end I blasted Chuckie after this instead of beef

You'll be givin me chicken at Kentucky lackin' lucky so worlds fear

These

And there'll be no more you Ooh! ooh! like no world's series

Never a fad and madder than mad and radical rude rottin' razxkal kid man

What's happenin'? check the skills on the real it's best to chill don't

Be

Caught in the down the hill ordeal it's I'll

Man this shit is deep huh! I'm goin' deep undercover like a muhfucker

Way

Beneath the sheets full blows get thrown to the upper dome and continue

To

Go on until you're up and gone

When we spot a block knock no tellin' where the rest will go hustle with

My

Friends straight ballin' like testicles bowlin for dollars rollin' for

Hours rappers the pin strike is my friend they be took  
out in groups of  
Ten

Scoopin' change you'll be like "Who's that group  
again?" on the ground  
With no sound with just boots and chins yeah and ya  
don't stop lust  
Check  
Out us Illtown niggaz rock

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

---

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