

## Naughty By Nature "Work"

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[Mag] (Castro) "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 trigga Treach.  
(New Jeru, Dirty Jerz.)

[Mag]  
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 premissis  
"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 ya  
Don't make no sudden moves fool and I won't have to  
bust ya  
Trigga 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, 'cause I puts in work"

[Castro]

Fatal how the hood'll hate you, caught up in drama  
Colors and ganja like black autototes 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 huuuh 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"

[Treach]

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 (?)  
"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  
'cause 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"

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