Missy Elliott F/ Big Boi , Nicole "God's Work"

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[Murs]

I stumbled out of bed, hungover, none sober Like the Joe's rushed my body and I was the sole cobra Still a soldier grabbed a soda helped my stomach settle down

Then fell into the shower as to let the funk drown Put Degree under my arms, turned off the alarm You only set it to regret it

A million things to do but work is where I'm headed The dreaded grindstone on the edge of my bed I sit and let my mind zone on how fun last night was Started with a light buzz that slowly progressed into a full blown fade

I was trying to get laid, but, got no action
It was back to the crib for personal satisfaction
Triple X, dvd's, I got a whole stack in
Was snapped out of my daydream by something that I seen

I left the tissue full of spunk on the floor by my jeans It seems I have 15 minutes to make the 20 minute ride it takes to get to work

So I fly out the door while I'm putting on my shirt Start the car and then I'm off to get in trouble with my boss

He runs his mouth like a bitch sometimes I wish he'd lay me off

So that I could lay him out with one little punch right to his fat ass mouth

But now I'm assed out, 'cause these fools on the freeway

be driving like they ain't got nowhere to go You know those fucks in the fastlane moving hella slow Got me yelling at my windshield

Now it's like 10 'till I want to call in

Man I think it everyday but I'm not ballin'

So I got to go get paid and continue the charade of

Customer service since I don't get commission

My efforts seem worthless thanks and have a nice day

'Cause what I got to say even if they were rude

And gave me attitude it's a shame what I have to do to get written fool

I work hard Goddamn hard To keep this roof over my head And pay off these credit cards I work hard Goddamn hard So I could pay off all my debt And get a house with a yard I work hard Goddamn hard To put that gas off in the tank And make the payments on this car I work hard Goddamn hard So I could wild out every weekend And buy drinks at the bar

Try being on the road for 45 days straight
Road manager's the driver and myself plus 8
Other motherfuckers and their idio-sympatic
'Sop brought two-systems he's a video fanatic
Sunspot got enough weed to give me contact for the month and a half

PSC got the gas and forever blowing up the spot with his rotten ass

Of course Grouch brought a task that'll fill his time plot Trying to hook Pro-Tools to his new laptop Eligh's on the last cot a hypocondriac So with him you never know if it's a fever or an act Scarub's usually either reading, writing, or sleeping And Bicasso needs to use somebodies celly's on the creeping

Me I'm simply dreaming plotting schemes to get some money

Almost forgot about Arata but you know As we tour throughout the country everybody starts to

argue over what we watch on ty and who drank the last brew, who's been

watch on tv and who drank the last brew, who's been hating on who

Maybe throw a punch or two until a virus breaks out And how healthy can you be?

When you getting little sleep and all you eat is take out But the show must go on when you live in dusk 'till dawn

If I don't rap every night, I might lose a fan
So even if I got the flu I got a mic in my hand
And I haven't even spoke on the one night stands
Yeah that might sound fly to the average guy
But when you got a girl at home you got to let it pass
you by

So I try to play the sidelines
Watch what they pull, but on a bus full of women, hard
to stay faithful
So I cheat not because I hate my girl because I miss her
Eventhough she won't believe me when I say I only
kissed her
Been home a couple days and she still won't speak
Still I got to hit the road again
Begin another week

I work hard
Goddamn hard
To keep this roof over my head
And pay off these credit cards
I work hard
Goddamn hard
So I could pay off all my debt
And get a house with a yard
I work hard
Goddamn hard
To put that gas off in the tank
And make the payments on this car
I work hard
Goddamn hard

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