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Talib Kweli "Got Work"

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I love you, baby (Yeah, yeah) I'll treat you right (Yeah, yeah) I love you, baby (Yeah, yeah) I'll treat you right (Yeah, yeah)

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I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you (Give it, huh) I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you

Yo, yo, yo, ignore the amateurs, you're rolling with the glamorous See all the clamor for the lights and the cameras?

They get scared when the glances turn amorous Exposed to the heat, they go yellow like an amethyst

Used to be purple like the cannabis from welts and the bruises

Used to scream, help, it was useless Escaped into the night with her life intact A betrayal she described as a knife in the back

Stone cold killer, you'd probably shudder At the amount of blood flowing through the Hollywood gutter

All because of the appetite for dreams that will eat you up inside

She on your mind probably keep you up at night

15 minutes, that's all she really need Director yell cut, and we see how you really bleed Stay in the game, stay in the frame Say her name, fame, fame

I love you, baby

(Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (That's what they all say) I love you, baby (Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (Yeah)

I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you (Give it, huh) I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you

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She's so fleeting, she's so deceiving, she's so misleading She cut 'em open and bleeding, she got 'em overeating She's so hot, soda pop, she's overheating Her gun, American, her favorite rum, Puertorican

She's like a monkey on your back, 'till you start to crack She'll make you famous like the stars of Strapped The heart of the fact, to swallow that, she got a target on your back

Follow you until you drown in the sea of your sorrow

You overdose, she got you over, she got the potion It's not a joke, how she got 'em hoping she tried the coke

And everything designer, from the kind of drugs she do

To the attitude when she get tired of loving you

I hear them swear they don't need her and throw dirt on her name I'm out for the fortune, fuck Fame I hear them swear they don't need her and throw dirt on her name I'm out for the fortune, fuck Fame

I love you, baby (Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (That's what they all say) I love you, baby (Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (Yeah) I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you (Give it, huh) I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you

Yo, yo

The mother cried, the butterfly was a caterpillar Before he fell in love with Fame 'cause he had to feel her

The model hot, she swallowed shots, straight Tequila The bottles pop, she love you but can't wait to kill you

She lurking in the bushes, she the paparazzi Her sex drive way faster than a Mazarati Every relationship is work, this is not a hobby She make you famous like Beyonce then she got your body

How she grimy like a project lobby But still snooty, pack Louis Vuitton and act bourgey She like a ghost 'cause I shudder when she pass through me She yell, cut and you stop acting, it's your last movie

She got you in the gym, she got you in the spa Staring at the man in the mirror wondering who you are You're a superstar 'til she pass on you Take a picture, it will last longer, word

I love you, baby (Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (That's what they all say) I love you, baby (Skip the foreplay) I'll treat you right (Yeah)

I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you (Give it, huh) I got work for you (Give it to me, girl) I got work for you

Yo, yo

l love you, baby l love you, baby l'll treat you right

I got work for you I got work for you I got work for you I got work for you

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