

## Game, The "Work Hard"

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[JT]

Get Low Records motherfucker  
Bringin the best to the table  
Bluechip, Nina B, {?}, what it is  
JT Get Low motherfucker that's what it is motherfucker  
Yeah, who fuckin with us nigga  
Now (what goes around comes around)  
I'm puttin this clique up nigga against all you niggaz  
Now get it right

[Verse One: Bluechip]

Hey yo, this is where I see me in this game  
Benz Coupe, Maserati, plus I got your bitch all in the  
Range  
And y'all niggaz ain't gon' do shit, soon as your crew  
spit  
My tool spit, metal to your side, watch you lose hips  
And I ain't want to take it there but fuck it we can bang  
My Cali headbusters'll show you how to throw them  
things  
I'm too connected like John Gotti and Nino  
For a small fee they find your body wreakin out in Reno  
I know the niggaz that sell weight, and niggaz that stick  
the niggaz  
that sell weight, hammer close behind me like when  
you tailgate  
I know you a snitch, I can see it in your eyes  
Shackled up, D.O.C.'s, all my niggaz on that ride  
You can, stunt if you wanna, Chip is a gunner  
Been reignin/rainin since ninety-six now it's time for the  
thunder

[Verse Two: Nina B]

In your mind you can blame me but open your mouth  
and name me  
I'm runnin you out of office you're softer than Bush and  
Cheney  
Go 'head, and try to play me I do you like I was Amy  
Fisher  
Smokin a Swisher like I wish a bitch would  
Listen and use your vision cause livin in this - hood

And sinnin in your division you think it's all - good  
Got niggaz on (Death Row) and it ain't about Suge  
Niggaz that stay home they scared to come out shook  
Mothers with five kids and all of 'em got took  
It's right in these niggaz face, but they just will not look  
I'm tired, of the B.S. I'm cheatin {?} some rejects  
Even though we make the best of what little respect, we  
get

This is the life, that was given to me  
A rich-ass bitch that's what I'm fittin to be  
Brooklyn to Bangkok I'm beggin to be  
And don't nobody write, what I'm spittin but me  
Nina B

[Chorus: JT]

We 'bout to blow this bitch  
Niggaz work hard in the game so they notice this, what  
We 'bout to blow this bitch  
Niggaz work hard in the game so they notice this, what  
Underground with it, poppin collars now  
Bust yo' shit nigga, put them guns down  
Put yo' knuckles up, catch you slippin dawg  
That's how we do it independent now we 'bout to ball

[Verse Three]

For years niggaz sold me dreams that got me gassed  
Made me want to get revenge or get the hockey mask  
Got beef? Yo the burner's in the lobby stashed  
Get your crew if you want, all them niggaz is probably  
ass

I take the long way, fuck takin the shortcut  
Now we got corporate sponsorships wrappin our tour  
bus

A quick 32, yo them shits is like warmups  
It ain't coincidental in the hood we was born tough  
You chump or get chumped, punk or get punked  
Save your lil' craps homey, fuck it get drunk  
Was one at the top, but now I'm back at the bottom  
Most 'em hate to spit with me cause when I rap I  
surprise 'em

Shit is real, that's why I stay strapped with a condom  
I keep 31 flavors just like Baskin & Robbins  
I'm here now, y'all supposed to be stressed, scared to  
death

that you gonna be next, record labels, promote the  
rejects

While starvin artists is closest to sets

And certain niggaz duckin me because they owe me a  
check

I spit more heat, than a bowl of chili, y'all niggaz know  
the deally

So turn the music up and roll a Philly

[Verse Four: JT]

Yeah, roll the Philly or Swisher Sweet

And I ain't trippin while you niggaz just stand on your feet

Figgaro done walked in the building, it's time to expand

Comin with hundreds of grands and hundreds of plans

You see this Black Wall Street is for the po' broke and hongry

None of my niggaz on the corner never be lonely

Stuck in the gutter mayne, coke packs like Tony

Bricks and pounds of weed half the city owe me

My shipment too big, frontin out the homies

I ain't even trippin mayne my pockets never lonely

Benjamin Franklins and Grants stick together like

Boys in tough weather makin noise forever, ahhhh

Yeah mayne, it's real shit nigga and we independent nigga

Fuck what'chu heard dawg, independent is where the money is at nigga

Fuck all your major labels nigga, that's what it is

JT the Bigga Figga, Nina B [fades out]

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