

Orange Monkey

"Werk"

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I don't wanna work today, got nothin' left to say to the
receptionist bitches
(Ah excuse me, Uhm can you please help, how about it?
Hey I'm not a receptionist bitch)
Uh yeah, I'm in the muthu fucking house today
I act and behave like a muthu fucker out of a cage
Been crazy since the muthu fucking 3rd grade
I eat gravy and I like to eat cat
Nigga what the fuck is that, bust out my gat
Splat and put yo' ass all up in the garden
Niggas don't go and say nuthin' they gonna be crying
or yawning
I'm gonna pull out a ball of yarn
And I'm gonna harvest like Farmer John
I'm gonna take my plow and put it all up in yo' ass
Then go browse in the new mall and Strouds
I'm gonna to be happy while you gonna be sad
You gonna look at the nasty pubic hairs on my ass
You gonna start the lickin' and it taste like sassafras
Then you're gonna get addicted and I'm gonna get a
rash
You gonna go try and get me a ticket
But I'm gonna get a rash
Cause you gonna touch me nigga
I'm gonna pull out hashbrowns and chutney nigga.
Uh, chutney
On the bottom of my knee
I voted for Bush and Cheney
And then I had to go away for World War 3
I went to Kuwait, but them niggas said wait
Don't shoot that muthu fucker, that stinky muthu fucker
over there yet, not just yet
So I was like alright, I won't do that shit, but I'll make
that muthu fucker, stinky muthu fucker sweat, he gotta
sweat a little bit mo' than the next man
He gotta have a uh big uh, attitude, and he gotta fly
high altitude
And uh, I went to school, you know what I sayin'
I went thru the muthu fucking shit

I don't want to work today, got nothin' left to say, to the

receptionist bitches

I want to collect my food stamps
Eat my Van De Camps
Do everything, make my fingers go snap
And then take a nap and then comb on my knap and
then
See what's happenin', pulling up a napkin
I'm not masculine, I'm like feminine
I like sugar and spice and cinnamon
And picking up hookers to the sentimental ruling
Till I get it up, then I call the hookers and she be
bluffing
Then I bust out my fin, I am a dolphin, on an island
Look at my girlfriend, hey sha nay nay
Look at all the baby's today ok, they ok, it's a Kodak
moment
I got married and I about to have an annulment
Cause it was only last week and he was a Roman
And pulled his big Trojan horse in my booty hole
You know, we flip a dick like a reciprocal
We always go to California on the show
We hang out with that nigga, Dr Dre and Snoop Dogg

I don't want to work today, got nothin' left to say, to the
receptionist bitches

You a bitch, your pussy smells like tuna fish
You da risk, I'm 'bout to pin it all up to the rib
I'm 'bout to put it so deep your rib's gonna go in
You gonna have your chest implode
I say fuck you, you tadpole
Little squirming ass wannabe fish sperm and trying to
tell a sermon
I'm one of the vermin, I'm the rat
I be telling all muthu fuckers behind their back
Don't try to snitch on me, I'll snitch on you first
And nigga's gonna to jail and then they burst my booty
hole
Oh shit there goes the fucking blood stain
I don't know who did it man, he gonna put a big ass
knife to my vein
He's gonna take my virginity, he gonna be a missing
identity

I don't want to work today,

Yeah that nigga, he gonna be a missing identity cause
like, cause like
You know what I'm saying like, I'm back in like 1969 and
shit you know what I'm saying with Kennedy and shit,

Kennedy and you all know what I'm muthu fucking
saying blah blah something about an Ethiopian

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