

## Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof

### "I Go to Work"

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I'm the dead body creepin' through the streets on the  
East side  
Took about 3 shots, victim of a homicide  
Do a drive by in a second  
Leave ya all bloody, and tattered lying on the  
pavement  
Nothing can save ya, when I'm in a homicidal rage  
Nut up, and then start unloading the 12 gauge  
Sawed off pump in your ass bitch  
Say your prayers bitch  
Cause your headed to the casket  
Then to the graveyard  
A lil advice, never perpetrate and act hard  
Cause when you are dead, muthafucka aint shit to lose  
Still gettin my hustle on, and payin helly dues  
Aint got shit to prove to you marks and you bustas  
Always stay strapped cause you know I cant trust ya  
Lights out, before I put ya in the dirt  
It's ya dead homie Blaze, bitch I go to work

I go to work everyday  
Baggin up yag  
Clockin' major chedda loke  
I'm all about my paper roll  
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides  
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide  
I go to work everyday  
Baggin up yag  
Clockin' major chedda loke  
I'm all about my paper roll  
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides  
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide

I go to work in my neighborhood  
Puffin' on blunts, baggin up yag and always up to no  
good  
Cause I'm a gansta, been to the grave and back  
So stop on my corner, and get your fuckin' car jacked  
Cause I don't play like my homies always say  
We runnin' with a hatchet Psychopathic ay yag  
Every day ya homie Blaze, is on the streets

Bouncin' downtown, brandishing heat  
Until just the other day when I was walkin on my own  
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone  
Tried to play me G, till he got a peek of my pitch black  
eyes  
Right before I shattered his teeth, and broke his jaw  
Then watched him fall, lifeless  
You should have seen his face it was priceless  
Just another lesson hoe, with digression hoe  
Cause through the streets I lurk, I go to work

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I go to work everyday  
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Now I'm rollin in the jacked up bucket  
Bumpin' Twiztid, puffin herb like fuck it  
Make a left on the one way, thats when the boys in blue  
Got behing me with they lights and sirens  
30 seconds of silence, then I unloaded the clip  
Pumpin' on pigs wit the hollow point tips  
So don't trip, I still gots to get my grip  
Rollin down the street, leavin em bleedin' by the scene  
Then a right, left then a right, to a chop shop  
Sold the bucket and a rock  
To a smoked out bitch in a '92 Ranger  
That's the way it is in the life of a gangsta  
Or a hustla, quick to dust ya  
I could lose an arm, and still murder 40 of ya  
Watch ya back when Blaze get his smirk on  
You could be the next muthafucka I go to work on

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