

Mercedes F/ Master P, Ms. Peaches

"Work For It"

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[Chorus]

A yo it's out there son you got to search for it
This rap thing is serious don't get murked for it
I got love for the game I even hurt for it
But don't wish for it, nigga work for it

[ED O.G.]

Livin' it up, for the Berry givin' it up
Hen in the cup, I hit it while you been in a slump
Raise my batting average, with this rap I'm savage
Make Col Slaw out of your cabbage no matter your
status
Dirty or lavished, we keeping it together like my grand
mom's marriage
Ain't took your first step getting pushed from a
carriage
Rappers should be embarassed
Fucking up the chemistry like Robin did to Mavericks
Rap City, MTV I walk BET with (?)
Things is getting heavy, ED O.G. tranforms to Eddy
Yupies moving in the "Berry" if niggas ain't ready
You bomb nigga, 'you'z a small nigga
They going raise your rent and move your ass down to
Fall River
My time's up, so wise up
Open your ears and eyes up and step your shoe size up

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[Guru]

Yo, there ain't no way you cats can tell me you rap
Everybody sold loose cracks while I expose true facts

A whole bunch of you all are bitch made
I spit rounds while you corny niggas pull out
switchblades
Two to your ribcage, damn right I'm staying here not
playing here
Niggas can rhyme but ain't saying nothing clear
Illiterate bastards should have stayed in school
Instead you played the fool
Niggas want to spray you with tools
It ain't easy I admit but like a wise man said
You got to pay some dues to make bread and get
ahead
I'm still reppin', you feel threatened because your half-
stepping
Ass-betting, came to the shootout with no weapons
I know heaven has got a spot for me
I ain't losing nah' that's not for me
You niggas don't understand I take care of my fam'
That's why a lot of y'all are scared of me and my man

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[ED O.G.]

What's up with all this talk about loot
Half-ass rappers went from jeans and boots to cream
and suits
While chickens ride in my "cahoonas"
Niggas popping Bubbly and sipping on Coronas
Politicin' with the rappers you meeting with the oldest
It's mandatory, you ain't got to read the book to know
the whole damn story
Think about it before you shout it
Talk about it be about it
Now you bout' it, pack the place keep it crowded
Those who doubt it, nothing ever amounted
You with it or without it
It's going to happen as long as you allow it
Ain't got to be hard, you ain't got to be a coward
You (?) and (?) I'd rather do four at Howard
Keep a steady pace while y'all spiral downward
Changing with the times don't make you niggas sound
good

You to old school
We coming out blasting like white kids at they whole
school

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