

## 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  
Politician' 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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