

My folks on the block man they got dat work
Man they got dat work? (Don't it smell so sweet?)

(I got dat work!) Yola, cavi, cream
Fuck the law, charge it to the triple beam
(I got dat work!) Young riders run the block
Bosses cook it up, chop it up and dish it out

Yo, what it is, what it was, what it ain't (ain't)
Pimp containers, let's put some paint where it ain't
Block boys, tycoons, big ballers (big ballers)
Young hustlers mayne, shot callers (shot callers)
Get off into this real shit (real shit)
There's a shortage on this real shit, I'm still here
And my heard don't pump Kool-Aid, my heart pump beer
Malt liquor, 211 Steel Reserve
Got'cha potnah hellah perved, slidin through the turf like
What that is, family? What it look like?
How much you tryin to spend? What you hustlers need?
I got it all day pimp, weed hop speed
I ball like Spalding, I'm from the game
I keep my mouthpiece loaded ready to iron {?} tame
I'm so damn gone, I'm off the hanger, full of excitement
Run a credit check on ya, front you some candy on consignment
My designated riders got my back like a car seat
Got 24 inch tires on my GMC, EXT
Or should I say, ESV, extended sports utility
Black on black, SUV, fifteen inch screen TV

Self-reliant, benefits off drug-related environments
Crack pipes, needle fiends, appliances
Alcohol intake, overdose of the big quake
Overdose of that dopness make the bridge break
V-Town, central walk
Serve dope instrumental, me and my folks
Lil' homey on the handlebars
Mean mug hard like a thug on the yard
Throw my weight around mark, don't call it the boul'
I call it the bully-ward, THICK powder to snort
Turf talk won't smoke gotta dip the new cars
Materialistic, Jordans and gold watch (I got dat work!)
You want it you gotta buy dope from us
Swallow rocks through my belly that pass a rush
Throw it up, pack it in, I got dope to push
Tennis shoe pimpin back and forth to my {?} bush

Oooh! My crimey's doin a dove on the yard (on the yard)
Know all the latest developments on the boulevard (on the boulevard)
Before he went down he gave out some credit stories
Sent his enforcers and skullcrushers to go collect it
But you know how this new generation is, man they ain't havin it
Ain't no more rules, it's dirty pool
Ain't no more dudes that can tell me I'm right or wrong
As far as I'm concerned, MOTHERFUCKER I'M GROWN
I got my Sidekick, I got my T-Mobile phone
I'm talkin hellah shit (hellah shit) shit to my broad, she at home
I'm like where you at? (Where you at?) She said I'm layin on the flo'

She said the El-roys there, they done kicked in my do'
For those that don't know, kinda slow, need to be creased
The Elroys, that's what we named the police
I got my d-boys, hood famous {?} suit us
The ghost clears, we right back at it again
Man I keep my parchment paper bail money out of incarceration
And my lawyer too case I need some legal, representation
I'm a warrior like you be listenin to, music you can relate to
Like E-40 and them and the Sic Wid'It crew

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