

On My Job

Fiend

[Chorus: Fiend]

I'm on my job, on my job
I'm on my job, on my job
I handle my bidness, handle my bidness
I'm on my job, on my job

[Verse 1: Fiend]

14 on the block, gotta get some
Dreamin and leanin on the SLP, hum
Skinny shoes, AMGs, lookin sick
Trap boy, movin that crack with a kick drum
I just got that money, bout a hundred
Tell my mama I just got a hundred
And I ain't dissagreeing, I'm a feend for the money
Donald Jones, bitch
I'm so in smoke, in this zone

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[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

Can you go where I been, nigga, I been in
Good green Spinich, handle my bidness
S to the N, it
Show you how I been it
And put some Ds on that bitch, get your windows tinted
Blowin out your windows, sittin on 20s
Chuckin up the duces, and won't stop untill I'm in it
Get your ass on the floor, open up the D lo
Slap your mama in the face, and ask her what do she know
Clip on the clip, clap on the clapper

Get a lick, hit it quick
Nigga, what you talkin bout
Easily could get him out, bang bang could take him out
Chuck you out Dogg house

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[Verse 3: Juvenile]

The winner, in New Orkins the kinner
Bitch invite me over, she say she havin me for dinner
It's hard for you to breath, your ass gettin thinner
I been stuntin on you niggas for the past ten winters
Bear cub jacket, blue Fox Chinchilla
Bag full of gass sacks, feelin like Pilla
All my bitches bad, Michael Jackson like Thriller
Ain't no doubt about it, like the Pepsy bottle spilla
Smokin on the best shit, smellin like shitta
All I do is ball on 'm, Redgy Miller
I'm on my Jay shit, real spitter
Climbin to the top, and you'll fall like Godzilla

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