

# Don't Work U Don't Eat

Mike Jones

If you don't work you don't eat, you don't grind you don't shine  
No if's and's or but's, bottom line  
That's why I'm on a mission, to keep the paper flipping  
I got's to get a house, before I start wood gripping

Ninety percent grinding, ten percent sleep  
I peep game when I'm asleep, I hold heat when I creep  
I'm Mike Jones I hold chrome, wreck microphones  
I flip in my slab, all alone  
I wish a motherfucker would, try to steal my leather wood  
It's gon be no good, understood  
Cause I shoot strays, and when the techs play  
I'll have you looking like a clown that's on x-ray, I don't delay  
When it come to shooting bullets, you talk down I'ma pull it  
Represent this gangsta shit, to the fullest  
I pack a ruger and get to spraying, like Freddy Kruger  
You talk down on Mike Jones, and nigga I'll do you  
Cause I ain't tripping, I got the ruger ripping  
While I'm flipping, Expeditions  
Come in Mike Jones home, and I'll shoot shots till your teeth missing  
First round draft picks, you come at us wrong  
And you will be dismissed, Mike Jones

It's Magno, I don't mind I let a stray bullet cross  
But if you got beef cool, I got the A-1 sauce  
You must forgot I pack a big mack, I run in Mickey D's  
Pop your ass up, leave you bleeding on your big mac  
Get you bent like a car fender, I fight dirty  
I'm throwing bottles in the club, like a bar tender  
Fuck fighting fair, niggaz remember who won  
In these H-Town streets, you gotta remember your gun  
You don't wanna get stuck, with the filth  
You don't want a hospital trip, with IV's stuck in your wrist  
My best advice is dog stay in your spot, cause these bullets  
Got a mind of they own, they hate to stay in the glock  
You like to see what two snappers cost, we got techs  
To your chest, bout to make you look like apple sauce  
So if you want a sample, I got seventeen reasons  
To make folks forget about you, like Tevin Campbell

You might see me in a Lac, four 18's black on black  
Sitting low holding gat, waiting for a nigga to jack  
When it's time I get crunk, I got rugers I got pumps  
My name show when I pop trunk, Mike Jones is no punk  
I got hoes down to die for me, niggaz down to ride for me  
I got friends I got rivalries, a lot of niggaz watching me  
You can look but don't touch, cause if you touch then I bust  
Swishahouse Swishablast, if y'all didn't know we can't be touched

We can't be touched, because we move like powder  
And I don't mind shooting at a nigga, if his mood is sour  
I'm a technique flower, this ain't New York  
But you better stay undercover, like Malik Yober  
Cause we looking for you, big guns forty times  
We not from San Francisco, but we got forty nines  
And if you proolly heard the gat, it was me  
Trigga pull cause I run with the wolves, like Wally Servedat