

# No Work

Queen Latifah

You ain't got no work for me (no work)  
Or any Flavor Unit MC (no work)  
You ain't got no work for me (no work)  
You ain't got no work for the queen (no work)

Don't try to get fly, y'all  
We're blackin' up eye balls  
I run with a rough set  
So don't get me upset  
I gas you so hard, I leave you fartin'  
You're soft as a buttercup, stupid ass  
So why you startin'  
You're memorizing every damn lyric that I write  
You're all up in my mouth every time I grab the mic  
You need to learn a lesson from a female headbanger  
Stop ridin' on my bra, you freakin' strap hanger  
Until we play Techs, but I always stay free  
I made a resolution for you, 1993  
It's all about the Flavor Unit and my family  
Cause I would die for all them  
And they would die for me  
Leary about this intelligent female  
All catch hell  
An explanation of the Queen Latifah  
Spelled well  
So blow up and know me  
Don't even contemplate a theory about jerkin' me

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Play me like a child, but you know I'm grown  
See waterworks, so take your broke ass home

That was the way it started out back in the day  
A little singin' joint with the hard core phrase  
[?] I wouldn't diss another sister 'less she had it coming  
And even then, I would take it to her face  
My presence is stunning  
Cunning as a venus fly trap  
Cause, word up, I fight back  
And damn right, it's like that  
So step back  
I'm not the type of girl  
You can run through and drop  
I'm not the type of girl  
To be running to the cops  
I know about everything  
That goes on on my block  
And right beside my bed  
I keep a Luger and a Glock  
They're for the protection of  
A Flavor Unit queen  
Me not gon' let ya go  
Until me hear ya scream

I look in your eyes  
When I speak to your punk ass  
I ought to put my feet to you

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Now, this wicked curse hurts  
Spank your girls and boys, I'm annoyed  
You gots no work, so I lurk to keep you unemployed  
I'm a part of a tribe with a vibe  
I scribe with nine lives  
You're kicked inside outside  
I used to ride the path  
Across the tracks in your mouth  
Until I jumped the turnstyle  
And the conductor threw me out  
You feelin' kinda horny?  
Call a clinic on that grout  
You's a dingy, dirty bitch  
So I gotta Shout it out  
I had it up to here, plus there  
Cause I'll be here plus there  
[?] everywhere  
Nigga-niggas say the hood ain't changed  
I get my niggies with the hoodies  
Far from goody, but they're bad instead  
We're ready for the worst things first  
Anything you thought, I thought twice  
Thought through, and thought first  
The queen picks the verse off a shirt  
You hurt when I smirk  
Cause you know first

You ain't got no work for the queen (no work)  
You ain't got no work for me (no work)  
You ain't got no work for the queen (no work)  
I said you ain't got no work for me (no work)

You ain't got no work for the queen (no work)  
Nor any Flavor Unit MCs (no work)  
I said you ain't got no work for me (no work)  
I said you ain't got no work for me (no work)