

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)