

I Go To Work

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I'm the dead body creepin' through the streets on the East side
Took about 3 shots, victim of a homicide
Do a drive by in a second
Leave ya all bloody, and tattered lying on the pavement
Nothing can save ya, when I'm in a homicidal rage
Nut up, and then start unloading the 12 gauge
Sawed off pump in your ass bitch
Say your prayers bitch
Cause your headed to the casket
Then to the graveyard
A lil advice, never perpetrate and act hard
Cause when you are dead, muthafucka aint shit to lose
Still gettin my hustle on, and payin helly dues
Aint got shit to prove to you marks and you bustas
Always stay strapped cause you know I cant trust ya
Lights out, before I put ya in the dirt
It's ya dead homie Blaze, bitch I go to work

I go to work everyday
Baggin up yag
Clockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll
I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide
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I go to work in my neighborhood
Puffin' on blunts, baggin up yag and always up to no good
Cause I'm a gansta, been to the grave and back
So stop on my corner, and get your fuckin' car jacked
Cause I don't play like my homies always say
We runnin' with a hatchet Psychopathic ay yay
Every day ya homie Blaze, is on the streets
Bouncin' downtown, brandishing heat
Until just the other day when I was walkin on my own
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone
Tried to play me G, till he got a peek of my pitch black eyes
Right before I shattered his teeth, and broke his jaw
Then watched him fall, lifeless
You should have seen his face it was priceless
Just another lesson hoe, with digression hoe
Cause through the streets I lurk, I go to work

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Now I'm rollin in the jacked up bucket
Bumpin' Twiztid, puffin herb like fuck it
Make a left on the one way, thats when the boys in blue
Got behing me with they lights and sirens
30 seconds of silence, then I unloaded the clip
Pumpin' on pigs wit the hollow point tips
So don't trip, I still gots to get my grip
Rollin down the street, leavin em bleedin' by the scene
Then a right, left then a right, to a chop shop
Sold the bucket and a rock
To a smoked out bitch in a '92 Ranger
That's the way it is in the life of a gangsta
Or a hustla, quick to dust ya
I could lose an arm, and still murder 40 of ya
Watch ya back when Blaze get his smirk on
You could be the next muthafucka I go to work on

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