

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 proly heard the gat, it was me
Trigga pull cause I run with the wolves, like Wally Servedat