

Gang Starr, Work (Remix)

(Guru)

Are you working?
What kind of work do you do?

Uhh...

(“Boy, what is it you want to do when you grow up?)

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

Now I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
networkin like a conference, cause the nonsense is yet to stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break me down, CLAP all they heard was the sound
Yo I scoped it out, I took your weak dream and choked it out
Your bitch don't really got no ass, she just poked it out
on the deelow, I'm sayin, you versus me though?
We can do this shit right here, in front of your people
See time is money kid, and BS walks
And to me, it's funny kid when you meet heads talk
I see Feds stalk, they wanna dig up the dirt
Son is it me they hawk, cause I be puttin in work Son?

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You cornballs get stonewalled, blackballed I own y'all
The veteran, runnin my plan I'm the better man
Crazy raw, doin my job like the mob
Blazin y'all, and disappearin in the fog
or a mist, and chicks can't resist what I kick
They be beggin for attention or some more of the dillznick
Word up baby, someone may have to get hurt up baby
Shit is mad shady, but I got to get the gravy
Platinum respect like the force of a tech
keep you hittin the deck, feelin heat in your chest
Bangin your thoughts with the hot onslaught
A kid got shot on the spot for goin where he should not
Viciously, I make history, instantly
Those other lame ass loser ass niggaz, they can't fuck with me
I'm doin my thing now, to lamp later on
Paid in the shade, with some fly gators on
But now I'm grimy as they get, mud on my pants and shirt
I bet you niggaz out here know, I be puttin in work

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DJ Premier cuts and scratches “For the qualified pros”

(Big L)

Fuck them other cats I'm runnin with my own wolfpack
Keep frontin like you's a thug and get your dome pushed back
Cause you don't get down that tough shit you talk is profound
You's a clown, fuck around come uptown and get found
I keep my pockets wrong none of you niggaz never can touch my funds
I don't fight no more, all I do is bust my guns
While you home relaxed I'm squeezin Macks, bustin off caps
Those coward cats with gold and platinum plaques get taxed

And I do jooks and sling pies that make cream rise
It's all about these green guys, frontin your whole team dies
How I'm livin so far swell you can't scar L
Head of the cartel, sellin more cakes than Carvel
And I'm, labelled a kind thug, police got my line buck
Hope I see the days more age and not a nine slug
I'm quick to bust a mean nut in some teen slut
Big L is clean cut with more jewels than King Tut