

# 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