

# You Don't Work U Don't Eat

## WC and the Maad Circle

"This afternoon we want to talk about"  
"Now I want you brothers to dig where we coming from" Five yers ago when I was in high school

No bills to pay, I used to say to myself "Life is cool"  
I had a roof over my head and a part-time job  
Slanging at OB's birdstand  
Washington High was the school I attended  
Til '87 graduation came and I wasn't with it  
Kicked out the house at the age of 18  
No money for college, mmm, how should I handle things?  
I tried to go the so-called right way  
And went to a JC but I wasn't getting paid  
I'm working at a chicken stand now with the chicken  
With a spring at the top of my hat getting clown'd  
I gotta pay my rent but my job ain't cutting it  
So now I'm drinking gin saying "Here's my alternative"  
To either keep doing what I'm doing, don't trip  
Or go and buy gats y'all and come up on a grip  
So like anybody else I went and bought a gun  
Pulling burs at night and now I'm counting my funds  
Three times a day and I drive a coup on danas  
Cruising through the alley bumping on "Hi" to players  
Yo, you can say what you want but I was taught on the streets  
That if a brother didn't work, then he didn't eat  
"You don't work, you can't eat" Peep this, something kind if for weakness  
Focus on the park and watch how I freak this  
Subject for survival, got to stay alive  
I gotta eat so I do or die  
Not a full-time crook but I was born right  
So if I want to eat, sometimes I got to jack  
So jack I will and go get some presidents  
A foot in the ground and the other on an oil slick  
Money ain't everything but either is brokenness  
Give me a knife cause I can't live off happiness  
Once a brother said I can't work for the white kind  
Standing on the corner in a soup line  
Said he's too black, too strong, ain't done nothing yet  
Waiting on the fifth for his government relief check  
Humming and bumming, most hate to see him coming  
And every first and 15th, these strongs on his life  
But a hustle is a hustle and a meal is a meal  
That's why I'm real and I ain't afraid to steal

Straight from the street, backed up by a funky beat  
 If you don't work, OG, then you don't eat  
 "You don't work, you can't eat" Ayo, I want y'all to meet a nigga from the Lench Mob  
 He gaffled for his meals (McDonald's is my spot)  
 Ayo Jay Dee, kick some shit for the Maad Circle, GIf you don't work, you don't eat, need I say  
 more?  
 Cause I'm a kick my rhymes in abundant while you stay poor  
 Since I was 14 I raised myself  
 I built a roof over my head and then I went for self  
 I sold cooked-up rock, made my way through school  
 I'm not saying you should do it cause it ain't too cool  
 Kicking???, playing to start your back  
 Talking about that bullshit prize, you slay me right?  
 And you other motherfuckers out here banging for change  
 Need to wise up and seek personal gain  
 Or maintain some type of pain  
 Cause they don't give away hot lunches out here in L.A.  
 Yo peace to the Dub and the Maad Circle  
 For giving me the chance to let the rhyme just flow  
 So you can (So you can either sell dope or get your ass a job)  
 Jay Dee (I'd rather roll with the Lench Mob)"You don't work, you can't eat"Eiht is stepping  
 from the city down under  
 And I'm robbing more punk fools blind like Stevie Wonder  
 Ain't no punching a clock, I ain't with it  
 For a quarter an hour I make the shit every minute  
 And please, don't even let me catch a brother slipping  
 He'll be short, shorter than short  
 With my hands around his throat  
 Fool, come off the chain and bracelet  
 I know it's wrong but face it  
 A brother like me won't win the lottery  
 Ain't no faking when it's time to bring home the bacon  
 Cause I was taught get what you're gonna get quick  
 And don't get gaffled in the mix  
 So I guess I'll keep stacking, breaking the law  
 Checking a fool, wrecking and breaking his jaw  
 Gyeah, that's life in the Compton streets  
 Homeboy you don't work, homeboy you don't eat" You don't work, you can't eat" This record  
 was put together by Jay Dee, Coolio, and the W  
 Eight, Chilly Chill, and DJ Crazy Toons  
 Sic brothers out to get paid cause  
 Nowadays you got to go for yourself or go broke  
 I'm living day by day cause you see the future ain't promised  
 So save that drama for your mama  
 And make sure you're out of my path when I'm on the creep tip  
 Or have your first name changed to R.I.P." You don't work, you can't eat"

