

# Bosses And Workers

## A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie

Yeah, huh (Yeah)

Chris Row gon' be the reason we gon' blow, ooh

There's a difference between bosses and workers  
I'm in the mountains, I can't get no service  
Just walked in the bank, tryna make me a purchase  
Fuck the pussy, want the head like a turban  
It's one thing for sure and it's two things for certain  
Carry that nine on me like it's a Birkin  
I won't go in the club if I know that they searchin'  
I love the attention, I took off the curtains

I love the attention, I wanna get spotted  
She love a nigga that's stuntin', I got it  
But she want a nigga that come and divide it (What?)  
I'm thinkin' and I'ma decide it (I'm thinkin' and I'ma decide it)  
Since when I come out of pocket for bitches  
I been knew were runnin' 'round thottin'? (Thot)  
20K with me and I was just shoppin' (Shop)  
If it get slippery, I'm pickin' cotton  
Trap in the A with me, we just hit Onyx (Hit Onyx)  
He down to spurt with me, that's my accomplice (My accomplice)  
Please don't harrass me, whatever you ask me  
Just watch what you say to me, I'm too iconic (Just watch what you say)  
I fucked this lil' baddie, she callin' me daddy  
Now she tryna stay with me like she adopted (She callin' me daddy)  
Tryna record when you lay with me  
Lil' bitch, you better not play with me  
Ho, be reminded (Yeah yeah yeah)  
(What kind of movie you did?)  
I just made a horror flick, me and Blac Chyna was star in it  
(And what you gon' do at the Grammys?)  
Ferrari at the Grammys, I roll up and light my cigar in it (Yeah)  
My wrist cotton candy, got whips like a carnival  
She get amused when I'm parkin' it (Hah)  
A nigga so fancy, I cut all the bargaining  
Fuck it, I Louis-ed the cardigan  
I bought all this jewelry from marketing, yeah  
I know I'm the one that they targeting, yeah  
It never bothered 'em  
I see the way that we move just needed some sharpening, yeah  
Ain't no more borrowing  
Nigga, I paid for my jewels, my water be sparklin', yeah  
Who tryna spar with him?  
I go rockstar on 'em, hop out and break the guitar on 'em, yeah

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Just a couple young niggas defyin' the odds  
Probably ain't think we'd make it this far

Walk in the bank, tell the teller withdrawal  
I just want blue crispy hundreds, that's all  
I want that coupe that's two hundred or more  
Hit the gas, watch it leap like a frog  
Sippin' drink, my double cup full of raw  
Double C's, hoppin' out the double R

No feelings involved, just want it all  
Switched up the cars, no rented cars  
Fuck up charge, get off my balls  
Money involved, give the lawyer a call  
All of my broads ain't really mine  
They could be yours, nigga, who knows?  
Got mama a crib, three car garage  
She don't even drive but she on the go  
I run it up, straight out the mud  
I got a job, I'm not a fraud  
When I'm in the mall they think I'm a scammer  
Punchin' it up like a percussion  
These niggas is sure, make me wanna uptight  
Just give me the word, back up, I'm gone  
If you want the bird, trap in the trap  
I front you the work, I'm down as a don  
But I need it back, mmh  
And I cannot fuck with no ratatouille, that's a fact  
I can't fuck with no rat, mmh  
Niggas start talkin' too crazy  
All over my nine, I'm hangin' my jack, mmh  
I got a bitch out in Cali  
Not even my bitch but she just got me tattooed  
I don't deserve her  
I swear to God, there's a difference between bosses and workers

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