

Lords knows I work hard
But I still gotta stay on my job
'Cause I ain't tryna get laid off
Won't stop until the day that I'm a boss

I know somebody tired of assisted living
Waking every morning saying "I gotta get it"
Focus on the paper can give you tunnel vision
Drug dealing, stacking, flipping just tryna make a living
Baby shaking on the pole just to make tuition
Single mommas facing drama so they can feed they children
Niggas strung out on that dope just cause they had a taste
And niggas dropping out of school on the paper chase
Who am I to hate? I ain't judging 'cause I can relate
Skipping school, getting high, just tryna motivate
Tryna make it 'til I make it to them pearly gates
Lost so many of my homies can't face another wake
Another lost, another cop, another mistake
Nothing standing in my way
I went through a hurricane of pain and I'm standing today
And if you outchea on your grind f*ck whoever hate
Just pay attention and concentrate

Yeah niggas it's crunch time
And I'm just tryna eat just like a kid at lunch time
And if you thought it was joke, it ain't no punchline
Ain't nothing standing in my way, I'm 'bout to get mine, it's hard work

Lords knows I work hard
But I still gotta stay on my job
'Cause I ain't tryna get laid off
Won't stop 'til the day that I'm a boss, yo it's hard work
Lords knows I work hard
But I still got to stay on my job
And I ain't taking no days off
Won't stop 'til the day it pays off, it's hard work yeah

Yeah, I'm speaking real so you gon' believe me
First of all nobody said that it was gon' be easy
And you don't see the pain, you just see what's on the TV
When you don't let them keep the change then they call you greedy
Now they on social media talking greezy
Would get the guns but my sons and my daughters need me
I get it off soon as it comes, make your order speedy
I'm on a hell of a run, I thank the Lord completely
I'm putting overtime in so I'm sorta sleepy
And I haven't slept in years so that's sorta creepy
Gotta beat me fair and square but you ain't gonna cheat me
Carry the weight of the world on my shoulders weekly
Blame the universe, that's how the stars work
Yeah, play your hand that's how the cards work, nah
Nah, ain't nothing planned, this is God's work
We working hard 'cause it's hard work

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It's hard work, yeah

It's hard, it's hard work, yeah

It's hard work, yeah

It's hard, it's hard work, yeah