

WORK!

BabyTron

Ayy

(It's Hokatiwi)

Grindin' like I'm Rob Dyrdek, this shit ridiculous
When you play that back door, you cannot be conspicuous
Only time I match with the drip, 'fit intricate
Typin' numbers in, card green like an immigrant
It was fraudulent, but now the pape' legitimate
Prince of the Mitten, they'll tell you that in Michigan
If they try denyin' it, they probably been a bitch
Treat that drop like a comment when we pinnin' it
Choked off a puff, thnk the 'za laced with cinnamon
Shit, the way I'm gettin' chased, you'd probably think I'm in the mix
The move that I hit her with meant for finishin'
Told him, "Say no to drugs" blowed, I'm a hypocrite
Soon as he walked away, I sat back and sipped a script
Cuddy got one eye open while he hit the scripts
You would think we need a wheelbarrow, how we flippin' bricks
Brodie said he put the Percs down, but he miss the itch
On the road jacked up like I gotta fix the whip
Dog\$hitMilitia, play with us, you get bit by pits
Treat the buffs like the TRX, had to tint my sticks
I was fallin' off that cliff, had to fix my grip
Never, ever, ever could I slip, had to blick my hip
Boy, I'm rich as shit
What that mean? That mean think 'fore you fix your lips
Bean talk with the plug, did the pintos ship?
If I ain't top one on it, then forget your list, Bible
Jack of all trades, I'm a human Swiss army knife
I might stand up on the table, leave the party hype
Nah, I'm playin', you won't catch me out, I ain't the party type
Clip curlin' off the Drac' lookin' like an Arby's fry
Lookin' like a hairball in the 'Cat, I live the Marni life
I got fire on my waist, but the Cartis ice
(Long live \$cam, SBDSM, alright, look)
Life a gamble, brodie catchin' jacks, I had to follow suit
Watch your surroundings, shooter trailin' tryna follow you
When you got a couple dollars, hoes, they'll swallow you
Got unc' scammin', his ID say Bartholomew
Work, hey, work, ayy, work, ayy
Work, work, huh, ayy
Work, work, huh, ayy, work, work
Rat-ass ho, you ain't even worth a boob job
All that tryna steal our powers, we gon' turn to Tune Squad
Thinkin' we done maxed out, I done turned a new knob
I'ma call you Terry Crews, you be workin' two jobs
Fuck the easy way, never care about usin' the stairs
They can never take my spot from me, this ain't musical chairs
Ninety nine percent of who be talkin' tough shoot in the air
Quagen and the looseleaf, you playin' a brew and a square
Without the money, I get lonelier than Akon
Lonelier than Speaker Knockers, glad I got some pape' now
With all these snakes that's around, can't relate now
Stay dangerous, it ain't no point in bein' safe now
3 PM fallin' sleep, that's a drank nod
I'm so high like, oh, shit, hey, God
Buffed up, swingin' sticks like I'm A-Rod

Glitch on this bitch, boy, the Glocky got a K mod
So much money outta BoA, you'd think I bank-robbed
Couldn't even touch the backboard, I can bang now
Said you want smoke with us, you must be laced, huh?
See the life we livin', oh, that's right, you want a taste, huh?
You gon' have to work, work, work
Work, work, work