

Work Line

Bad Boy Chiller Crew

Yo, on your marks, get set, let's go
Ten toes, grab the bally from the stash lets fold
Make dough, get bro coming for the payroll
Imma pull up on a brudda in that fucking Range Rove
If I want it Imma get it, if I rob it Imma sell it
You won't ever see a penny, you might see me on the telly though
If you ever do me dirt I will let it go, Imma spin a motherfucker like a mer
ry-go

It's lightwork when I beat the beat
I put it all on the line like it's key for key
And take bends like its Need for Speed
C63, Imma murk the police, they can suck my dick
Brudda watch me dip, Imma take the piss
Now the police wanna raid my crib
Yo, it's for the white so we're taking risks
I put my foot to the floor and I make it shift

Yo, few boys in the can tryna serve time
Wishing they could turn suttin
Living on the curbside
Stack cash, backflip, serve white
I tell her don't call on the workline
Few boys tryna make ends meet
Few boys living life in them AMG's
Yo, lifestyle's peak but I love these streets
Pull up 5 deep in that big boy Jeep

Yo boys from the BD coming for the West Yorks
Big dogs Imma let bark
Pull up in the M Sport
Looking for the brudda I can extort
HMP if we get caught, standard
Boys bounce when them YJs landed
Flying through the backstreet, I was in the backseat
One turn round the bend we were last seen
Slow down GK, I ain't tryna Cat D

Yo, I be living life like a movie
Cruisin, blacked out boys in a scooby
Hit the club, get the whole club moving
Cool it, you don't wanna see a brudda lose it
2 hands on the mic when I murk guys
3 guys, 3 lines and a dirt bike
Stack cash backflip serve white
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Few birds with that snowflake chilling
Out in the town straight Grey Goose sipping
Out for the night, shots in the ride
See blue lights and I'm straight up dipping
Run up in your ken for them trees and [?]
Do [?] ten toes you won't see me slip
Boys go daft with them daylight robberies
Towns full of drugs, [?] snakes and wannabes

Vibed up on a whiff, shots to the face
Lots on my plate, got cops on my case
Got a bitch on my line like "drop me a flake"
You don't even do drugs bitch stop with the games
Full team's gonna blow soon
All eyes on I when I roll through
Every time I do it man I go sick
Blacked out boys in a Shogey, loaded

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On route, 4 boys in a Shogey
GK, Clive, Tony, roll in
Hit the club about 10 to 2
VIP yeah tell them let me through
I've got bottles on tap, Imma spin it right back
It's all for the good vibes yeah I'm here for the laugh
And Imma go do it till there's no one left
Grab a bitch from the booth and it's on to bed

Big GK man I came to play
Man's going sick with the paper chase
Anybody want it, Imma pull up in the team
Got 6 in the [?] got 5 in the Beam
Life's round here full of thugs and dinks
Life's round here full of drugs and drink
The life that we live's kind of fucked up really
But it's my life and I just couldn't change it

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