

Work Work

clipping.

Holla out ya city if you'd ride for it
Let 'em know why you'd die for it
Same reason all these riders get high so it's
All medicinal - now what you wan' buy, homie?
Bye, bitch (bye, bitch), mob shit (mob shit)
Boss talk (boss talk), game rich (game rich)
Name game (name game), gang signs (gang signs)
Work on the phone, call it base line
Yup, line dance like a hoedown
Pimps up, daytime, whole block a ghost town
Ghost ride, Ghostface, Gs get ghost in a moment
Pour a little for the ghost of the dead homie
Deadpan voice singin' Tin Pan Alley songs
Panhandlin' in front of tourists with the camera phones
Get it how you live
Or live till you get it, get it in

When the stash low and it's no cash (get it in)
And you ridin', no Ls, no tags (get it in)
And she lookin' like you ain't gon' smash (get it in)
But she got her legs up on the dash, show these haters how to (go)
Get that work, make that work work (go)
Get that work, make that work work (go)
Get that work, make that work work (go)
Get that work, make that work work (Cocc Pistol, uh)

See, I get it, I whip it, I flip it, I pocket the profit (uh huh)
Don't know when to stop it, they callin' me Griselda the harlot
My Blahniks erotic, I can't walk, the heel is enormous
The arm in the armrest (click-clack), these dames is dormant
Uh, I came up from boostin' my garments
Switchin' my handbags how I switchin' my polish
Never catch me in the same blouse unless I'm runnin' to Target
Never catch me in a large crowd 'less I'm the life of the party
Uh, I been hittin' from September to August
Ahead of my time like lil old ladies in bonnets
All I need is a sickle, I'ma reap me a harvest
The hardest thing I had to do was to make a real promise, uh
I been countin' money since elementary
That's why these broke boys ain't gettin' into me
And when the stash low and it ain't no cash flow
Shit, I go to work, move it by the boat load

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Stop, red lights in the distance (woop, woop)
You never been to that district they reference
Trunk full of hashish and mescaline
Your mind is a mess and this bitch is undressin' ya
A. Mash on the throttle like a G

Put a bottle to your teeth, say "Fuck it - you free, man!"
B. Pull over to the side of the street (woop)
Keep your hand on the shotty sittin' up under the seat or
C. Let the cop pull you over, say somethin' slick
On some JAY-Z 99 Problems-type shit
D. All of the above in your head
But it really doesn't matter 'cause you already dead
No obituaries for the most part
Nobody cares, you are not even a co-star
Just a extra, they read about it as a number
Names got money in they wallet, ho!

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