Job

Dizzy Wright

I wake up like a workin' man
This shit don't get no easier
Wakin', bakin' in my day again
Lord forgive me for my sins
I been on my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be

Yeah, livin' proof
I got shit to do
Makin' business moves
Y'all niggas know what it is
And if you don't, here's a head and clue
Yeah, I'm on the grind and a mission
I'm the one that they gon' listen to
Might drop a jam or two
And he finna drop TGA2
How can they hate what I do?
All white and I'm blackin' out
Servin' niggas like it's happy hour
But I ain't payin' for the drinks
I just need some time to think
This is good weed and I'm happy 'bout it
This is my life, you can't sabotage it
We grew up poor with no daddy options
Locked in
Still movin' to the top 10
Up early, worked it out
Too bad my daddy never clocked in
Lookin' at me, stay FFFL
Don't act, we's not friends
Oh, what a job this is
When it's time to rise, who is you ridin' with?
'Cause we loco
Mind say solo dolo
Party on the weekend
Like we not the locals
Somehow, some

I wake up like a workin' man
This shit don't get no easier
Wakin', bakin' in my day again
Lord forgive me for my sins
I been on my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be

Yeah, written in stone, ain't no stoppin' it
I'm finna get up outta this
I'm under the radar, anonymous
I'ma get mine and it's obvious
Tucked my shirt in like a gentleman
High shorts, high socks
Had to break the high top, Michael Vick and 'em
Don't make me go bring the dogs out
Make this sound like fightin' words
And if this a battle, then we can go all out
No Ike and Tina, we don't hit the bitches
But a hater gotta bring them paws out
Look, old-school, hittin' switches
Mustang, got me stick shiftin'
Dizzy hippy, yeah, the kids spinnin'
Can't stop, won't stop
Until my first resale say 6 digits
I grew up in Vegas, that's big business
You can't relate, what you mean, homes?
You must have fell for a fake image
Skinny custom ripped jeans
Had to cut 'em off, I ain't cuttin' strings
Baby, know I hold the rock
But they tried to hold me off
I got 'em callin' the double team
So I split the middle
Against the big and little
Long periods of pear pressure
But a profit don't do it for profit
I beneficial when I know it's finna fit you

So I wake up like a workin' man
This shit don't get no easier
Wakin', bakin' in my day again
Lord forgive me for my sins
I been on my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
On my J.O.B
You know where I be

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!