

Work for It

DJ Khaled

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Make me give up everything I worked for
You gon' make me give up everything I worked for
Sunday, you ain't got to church though
I still bless you but you what come first though
Make me give up everything I worked for
Sunday, that's what they pray to church for
You gon' make me give up everything I worked for

You gon' get this Rollie off the wrist, yeah
You gon have my phone full of all your pics, yeah
You gon' have me flying in and out of town
You said you've been losing weight and dropping pounds
Damn, I think I'm 'bout to leave the one I'm with
Start a new relationship with you, this is what you do
I had you after twelve but you came right after at two
I could have anything I want but I still want you, that's the truth
I'm not really into the sentimentals
Just me and you behind the tinted windows
While you throwing all these innuendos
We just finna' f**k up all the incidentals at the SLS
That's LA confidential, show me everything that you've been through
We only do what we meant to like, woah
This that, titties on the glass, pull the curtains shit
This that, f**k you in the air, no service dick
This that, call his ass right now, say you're deserting him
This that, call him while we f**king so he heard the shit

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Money stalking me its like the money talk to me
So if you ain't talking bout money then don't talk to me (shh)
I work with dope boys, I keep a fork on me, (skrt)
I'm in my drop top but won't let you get the drop on me (catch up)
I keep the yop on me in trouble since the follow me
I take my pistol to the mall my pistol shop with me
That bitch is jockin' me, and young niggas admire me
Yeah, but I'm a product of the streets so they won't hire me

Can't let you play me off the streets you know I got kids
And more major keys than a locksmith
I could teach you niggas how to rock this
My bed was a pallet on the carpet
My ride was a bus named MARTA
Pillow full of Estee Lauder
Nigga, I'm allergic to a charger
Nothing but foreign cars in my garage, ah

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I'm takin' risks, she takin' pills, takin' pics, day job night job
Jamaican shit, I stick to the basics, not a basic bitch
You deserve a young young legendary
Heart throb speeding up your respiratory
Treat these others hoes secondary
I couldn't even cheat with my secretary
Faithful to you even when I'm on road
Even if I'm on a different coast
I'mma still make you feel close mama
I'm addicted to your ass and titties
When you dance the bedroom turn to Magic City
Got my ass thrown hundreds, fifties
Outta thin air yeah thats magic tricking
I take you to the Caribbean
Your mind is clear as the water you swimming in
In and out that bitch like we amphibians
I won't change next season for ya like they did Aunt Vivian
I'mma put you on the businesses, I'mma divy up the dividends
I'mma show you what the f**k commitment is, baby

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