

Work

Famous Dex

Bitch, uh-huh
Know what I'm talking 'bout?
If you ain't pulling out that motherfucking double-R truck
Or a Lam' truck, I don't talk to you niggas, y'all niggas broke
(Local Trash)
Dexter, yeah, ha, yeah, ooh
Huh, I'm talking 'bout
Ayo, ayy, Chelsea, roll me some weed, know what I'm saying?
Yeah, roll me something
(Oh-man-goddamn)
Ha, yeah

I got, I got dough, remember days kicking in the door
Selling shows, now I'm selling out a fucking show
That's your bitch, oh, why she in my front row?
Taking pictures while I'm taking off my clothes

Baby wanna suck me, putting coke up, up her nose
Ooh, wait, huh, I might just hop in the Wraith
I got a bitch, she lick it so good
Huh, I might just bust on her face
I got a gun, it's looking so good, ooh
I got an extra K
Bando with me, know he good, huh
He gon' spray the place, huh, for sure
Huh, wait, huh, on go
Huh, that bitch look good, she gold
She sucking my dick on, ooh, wait, huh
Sucking my dick on my tippy-toes
Let's go, huh, ooh, hot riding the beach
Looking at me, I'm sipping on peach Wock', ooh, it's all on me

Huh, what
You know what I'm saying? And my real name is Dexter too
Like, I be saying what-
I really don't even what I be saying, I just be saying shit
Hey Maddie, hey Chelsea, what's going on? Y'all doing y'all doing
(Oh-man-goddamn)

I got, I got dough, remember days kicking in the door
Selling shows, now I'm selling out a fucking show
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Ooh, ha, huh, baby wanna fuck me, huh, ooh
Baby can't fuck me, you ain't got no buddies, ooh
I got the money, it's on me
Ha, ooh, you niggas so phony, what?
Run up on me, you know what's on me
Huh, that Draco, it's on me, huh, ooh
Ooh, huh, pop me a Perc' now I eat, huh
Niggas be lame, you talking so much
You niggas be gossiping like bitches
Wait, huh, ooh, tuh, y'all gon' get hit with the stick, uh
Yeah, huh, ooh, huh, y'all gon' get hit with the stick, huh, bitch
Yeah, I'm not lacking, lurking, huh, ooh
Pull on your block with magic shit, you think we Persian, huh, ooh

We got them sticks, huh, ooh
We got the blicks, huh
Run up on me, you get hit, oh, ha
You know I'm the shit, ooh (Oh-man-goddamn)
My name is Dexter, I do whatever
Might [?] Margielas
Stupid lil' queens, they do what I tell 'em
I want the money, yeah, I want it forever
Huh, tuh, yeah, huh, and you know it's me, ha
Dexter want what? Tuh, I wanna be on TV, bitch

You know what I'm saying?
I coulda, I coulda, umm
I coulda kept rap- I coulda kept rapping on this, know what I'm saying?
But, I just wanna put my hook on this shit (Let's go)