

## Work

FBG Duck

I don't want no autotune. Nope. Fuck all that shit, this how they want me to  
[?]

Woo! Fuck all that shit. Fuck it! This what they want me to do. Turn up, turn  
up, turn up, turn up!

Niggas say that we don't hit, I'mma hit 'em where it hurt  
Since you like taking pics, I'mma put you on a shirt  
Since you wanna take a ride, I'mma put you in a hearse  
Since you always tired, I'mma put you in the dirt  
I tried school, it ain't work, I tried to hoop, it ain't work  
I knew the job shit wouldn't work  
Then the rob shit would really work  
I had a rusty revolver, pin broke on it, it ain't really work  
But a nigga still let me rob him, thank God that it worked

Pussy boy, you a goofy  
You let me rob you with a broke gun  
All this money and no guns  
You deserve to have no funds  
Pussy boy, you a lame  
You can't hang with the gang  
They know we started the gang  
They know we started to bang [?]  
They know we started the "Woo!"  
On the line, I got proof  
Keep the sauce, I got juice  
I'm hurting they feelins nigga, ooh!  
I'm balling hard like a Rucker  
If she bad, I'mma fuck her  
Hell naw, won't love her  
I'mma pass her to my brother  
Free Wooski, he'll shoot  
I swear my boy act a fool  
Niggas hating, bumping heads with me (Loose Screw!)  
He make it do what it do  
Niggas steady dissing Tooka  
I think it's time to be rude  
They say I'm reaking, what's that smell on me?  
That's that Backwood full of Nu

We gonna do the shit that y'all do  
I seen your Tweets so I called you  
You was talking a whole lot of jibber-jabber  
Look, ain't trying to argue (Pussy!)  
We ain't playing nigga, y'all'll see  
Heard "Tooka Gang," ya tried to call me  
We don't give a fuck if y'all deep  
Pop a flat now you with Baldy  
The shit I say be hurting their heart  
Pray for them, "Oh my God"  
Times hard, but I'm calm  
Dutch filled with Sherrod  
I made this song out the mud  
Cause we got it out the mud  
I think about the dirt I did  
But shit, that's just what it was  
On the S with some killers (Saint Lawrence!)

Free my niggas, free my niggas  
We ride but we don't see them niggas  
When we catch 'em, leave them niggas  
Niggas know they really bitches  
I could put that on the set  
Like fuck the mansions and the ex  
We gonna pull up where ya at (Money!)