

Work

Fredo Santana

808 Mafia

Been Ballin'
Im a Glo boy
Too many whips
Too many cribs
I got a lot to show for
Traps
Traphouse vacant
Only pots and forks out
I whip coke boy
Your favorite rapper is a MC Gusto
Cb4 boy
Chicago Kingpin
Most wanted Cali dopeboy
Ferrari Spider crawlin'
I'm so fuckin down to earth boy
Burnin' broccoli up out the 'wood
Drinkin purp boy
I'm a Glo Boss
All these niggas wanna work boy

Pull up, like beep beep
I'm slammin' that Chief Keef
Yo thot wanna freak me
Heard i was in knee deep
Ride off, like skurr skurr
Ride beamers, no steamers
Got yo girl, have you seen her?
My watch is blinged up
Gettin' guap, them bands up
Gettin top, while I stand up
Try ta rob, get fanned up
Get popped, no Fanta
We crackin', no scammers
Tote Glocks, no jammers
You tweak, get blammed up
Go Ku
Go hammer
(hanh?)
(know how we rockin and rollin)
(you know how the fuck we bleed man)
(smokin out the 448 man)
(to the face man)
(smokin 'woods back-to-back man)
(man iunno what im at in the sack man)
(we invented that)
(GANG)

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Ballout run them beamers
I done split my lean cup (slow down boss)
Look around
All these rappers
Damn
They wanna be us
20 grand blue hunnids
Damn
Just to see us
Balmain saggin' over my loafers
Nigga keep up
Brand new Tec
Brand new K
I just murked a nigga
And I bought this shit today
I just murked a nigga
Got blood on my face
I just murked a nigga
Let me put this gun away
Brand new toolies
Brand new uzi
When I pull-up
Get to shootin' like a movie
300 Glo Gang Savage Squad
That's the movement
If we ain't gettin' money
Pussy nigga is you stupid?

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