

# 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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