

# Let Me Work

G-Eazy

Let me roll up my sleeves and go to work  
Beautiful and Damned (Just Blaze)

It's that mother fucking time again  
Tell my diary what's on my mind again  
Just play a beat, imma crack an ice cold Heineken  
The studio that Pac got shot in, currently I'm rhyming in  
If you told my younger self that this the place you find me in  
I would not believe you these results are so astonishing  
Demons chasing me I ran from Lucifer Leviathan  
The beautiful and damned, I got a fetish for the finer things  
That's a quarter million on some tires that I'm driving in  
Pull up the McLaren like Pastile some shit they travelin'  
Russell Westbrook triple double averaging  
Most improved player they don't know what the fuck is happenin'  
The homies like it snappin'  
My moods Olympic champion throwin' a fuckin' javelin  
Episode 3 Anakin  
My favorite rapper's Gerald, I'm a very big fan of him  
You won't get nowhere stalling and you standing like a mannequin  
Why the fuck you panickin'  
I understand the task at hand

Let me work  
What do you know about work?  
Let me work  
I'm talkin' about getting up five day a week, brushing ya teeth, washing you  
r ass, going into your office and making some old rich got [?]  
Let me roll up my sleeves and go to work  
That's a motherfucking job

Its still that muthafuckin' time again  
Blacking out, don't give a fuck about a thing  
Fuck the world that's just the state of mind I'm in  
That's the place you find me in  
Look, ain't nobody live as him  
Million dollar smile that I just went and put some diamonds in (yeah)  
These rappers sneak diss when I came up they prolly mad I'm on  
But then they transformed and started reaching tried to grab us all  
Bunch of bootleg Geralds copying what I went platinum on  
But the real its me myself and I, you all be dead and gone  
Disrespect me don't come to the bay your pass is gone  
My Obi-Wan is E-4-0 he givin' game, I pass it on  
Study him cause he the one that lasted long  
This beat I go assassin on  
I just took some acid hit the booth and started rapping strong  
Treat the studio like a decathlon  
Never slowing down I'm tryna put my whole damn family on  
Work every night I got til after dawn  
To be the biggest thing in the world I'm not the one to pass along

Let me work  
Let me work  
Let me roll up my sleeves and go to work

A fucking haters always looking tryna search for targets  
If you don't know me don't speak on me stick to your departments

While they debate if I'm an urban artist  
Or if I'm merging markets  
All I really know I'm just working hardest  
And til the day I die I'm hustlin' doing work regardless  
I'm in my twenties, if I go I leave a perfect carcass  
A polarizing artist  
But you could love or hate me  
But try and say I don't pay my dues fuck off how dumb could they be  
Nobody help to make me  
I did it by my lonely  
Who else did songs with everybody Britney Spears to Mozzy  
You New York Times aristocrats you should just relax  
You miss the facts  
Bitch I'm from the Bay, was born to bridge the gaps  
And I'm a legend in my city they say his shit slaps  
Said Imma go and sell a million Imma get these plaques  
And bring him back to inspire every kid who raps  
I'm Michael Phelps get out my lane I'm swimming different laps

Yeah  
Let me work  
Let me roll up my sleeves and go to work