

I Be Workin

Gucci Mane

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Have ya workin' nigga
Have that work
Have ya workin' shawty
Yeah

I be workin', be workin', be workin', be workin'
24/7, I be workin', be workin'
I be workin', be workin', be workin', be workin'
So, baby, hit me back, 'cause I'm workin', I'm workin'
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I been workin' like a dog, but I ain't done yet
Worked 24 hours, I ain't broke no sweat
Call me baker man, shawty, 'cause I cook the pies up
And its skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, when I scrape the sides up
Sent off for a pack, 'bout three hundred tied up
If the state patrol pull him over, then its over
Get a brick from Keyshon, sell it full to Dion
Hit apartments, [?], shawty all mad
A lot of green in my car, with some money, green 6's
With some money green 1s, and a money green mink
I'm the plug, like the shit you put in your light switch
I got jungle fever, pimpin', man I love that white bitch
Where the rubber bands, nigga, at the fuckin' trap house
And I'm still hood enough to slap my jacket black out
I'm a real street nigga, pimp shit, trap shit
Tell these trap hatin' niggas they can suck my dick

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Fifty bricks, no God damn pot
I weigh the money on the scale if its right, stash that
Different track, smash that, big check, cash that
.357 Bulldog, I'ma blast that
I'm a trapaholic, dawg, I'ma addicted to the trap
And I'm on a trapathon, tryna make a million stacks
I'm a real trap nigga, so I make trap songs
For the niggas in the trap to get their trap on
I'm a real street nigga, so my [?] sag low
7: 30 on the dot, and my Jacob said so
A bale for the Quincy Carter, sent 'em forty [?]
And my pocket jiggy, roll five thousand trip
Thirty thousand dollar pills, going for Isiah Thomas
Thirty-two thousand dollars, same number Magic Johnson
And a pound of mid-grade and its going for the uno
That spinach in my pocket, like Popeye fightin' Pluto

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Bitches call me Mr. Winters 'cause I serve a lot of birds
Niggas call me Mickey D's 'cause I have a billion served
Captain Winters numbers down, dawg, nine, ninety-nine, six
Want ninety-nine bricks, I'm payin' all my hoes rent
Haters mad at the kid, I'd be mad too
I don't walk through the club, baby girl, I swag through
Got a hundred-thirty-thousand in this Louis bag, boo
Got a Ray Charles recipe, I'll make ya do, eat it too
Got a new trap house in the God damn hood
Yeah, the heat fucked up, but the stove works good
East Atlanta, Zone 6, that's my clique
Hood rich, so I put the Gucci print on my bricks
I ain't never had a job, I'm a God damn trapper
Trash can full of nothin' but empty brick rappers
Its a brick sendin' party, all the hustlers invited
But don't take no flicks, or you'll get indicted

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