

# Workin Out

JID

Yeah

Look, ugh, on everything  
I gave everything and got nothing back  
Ain't looking for no pat on backs  
That ain't how we got where the fuck we at  
Mama called, "Where the fuck you at?"  
"On the road, and I ain't coming back  
Until my hundred stacks make a hundred racks  
And that hundred racks bring a bundle back"  
I was blowin' gas like the Honey Badger  
J.I.D, bitch, the money snatcher  
C'est la vie, shit I'm coming after everybody  
Don't get the bloody splatter  
I'm fly and I got my niggas fly too  
Shit is like buddy passes  
I wanna cry 'cause I'm numb inside  
If you wonder why, ask, "What's the matter?"

'Cause I been workin' hella hard, shit ain't really workin' out  
I been praying to the Lord, shit ain't really workin' out  
I been looking to the stars, keep my head up in the clouds  
Shit ain't really workin' out, shit ain't really workin' out  
Shit ain't really workin' out

Quiet, don't explain  
What is there to gain  
R.I.P. my nigga Mac and [?]

Yeah, okay, shit ain't really workin' out, huh  
Now I got a little bread, got my niggas workin' out, damn  
Baby your ass fat, shit, I can see you workin' out, shit  
And you got a new job? Tell me, how that shit workin' out? Heh  
Heard you doing pretty good, yeah, people talk, word of mouth  
Wasn't 'round when you had the dirty house  
Now they won't leave when you kick 'em out  
These type of people can't stick around  
Only down when there's liquor 'round or the spliff around  
That's why I don't fuck with niggas now  
Well I fuck with all my niggas, you know the difference  
You been living with tunnel vision  
You and all of your friends are like wonder women  
Wonder Woman working for it if you ever wanted something  
Searching for a purpose, I see what you on  
Difference in how you be using your gifts  
In the midst of the shit that you dealing with  
Really specific, you paid attention, panoramic  
Got the vision like a fer-de-lance  
You attack and you kill it, sinkin' your teeth with the venom  
Kinda like me with these instrumentals  
Or the pen and the pencil or off the-  
Pimpin' since been pimpin', keep it sensible  
Since you winning, you a object of ridicule  
Objects appearing closer than you ready for  
Obviously you don't know what's ahead  
But that's the reason you can work 'til you dead

I been workin' hella hard, shit ain't really workin' out  
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I been looking to the stars, keep my head up in the clouds  
Shit ain't really workin' out, shit ain't really workin' out  
Shit ain't really workin' out

C'mon bruh, come to the booty club one time  
Throw some of that Dreamville money