

Live Here To Work

Kip Moore

Fuck that, I don't live here to work
My time is short and it ain't yours
Don't get me wrong, I don't mind getting my hands in a little dirt
But I don't live here to work

Kip, son, need a little more from you, can you put a little overtime?
Head dogs bitchin' bout a shipment due, help me and I'll help you climb
Well, I could use a little hustle, a little more muscle
Maybe work another six-day week
Won't take you no time if you put in the grind
Be a manager just like me

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Well, you can't teach an old dog brand-new tricks
And an alley cat's just gonna stray
You can't make a wild girl no housewife, man
And a playboy's just gonna play
Well, if I had a little hustle, I could give you some muscle
But I'd rather drink an ice-cold beer
Speakin' of which, man, it's five o'clock now
And I ain't gonna stick around here

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Well, I don't mind getting my hands in a little dirt

But I don't live here to work
(Fuck that)