

# We Working

Kodak Black

You getcho' lil cressy on this  
You getcho' credit for  
(Murda on the beat, so it's not nice)

These niggas be playin' with you like you don't get your work in  
I was bout' to message you when I seen you with that skirt on  
Fore' they do anything, gotta do that with you first, huh  
I was chasin' that pussy, I walked in all the way to the circle  
I was chasin' that pussy, I walked in all the way to the circle  
Fore' they go anywhere, bae I gotta take you first  
Ain't on no gay shit, but I grew up snatchin' purses  
I was on the E-way, I was thinkin' bout E-Murder  
I was on the E-way, thinkin' bout [?]  
Think I know everything, that's why I don't respect my elders  
Every time I try to leave the hood that be my downfall  
It be feelin' like I can never make it far without y'all  
I love my niggas so much, I cry if he don't answer  
Any time I don't hear from Jack Boy them, I can feel my head hurt  
Huh, any time I don't hear from Jack Boy, uh  
You gon' betray me anyways, so I don't want no friends  
I ain't never let nobody get close again  
My baby mama said I shouldn't trust you  
I hated that you really let the bitch be right  
Cause she always wrong  
You ain't say congratulations when yo' dawg came home  
I need an X pill, that's the only way I can go to you for real  
I been tryna' get straightened, but it ain't workin', uh  
Cause every time we talkin', you switch yo' story up  
My nigga sittin', cause somebody switchin'  
We tryna' get the witness to switch the story up  
Tell the bitch to stop takin' pictures, they disturbin' us  
We workin, aye, three four five six Birkin's, we on the road  
Big jet sittin' here nervous, you gotta go  
Got shotguns, in the Suburbans, about to shoot  
Pull up on the side of me swervin', ten car, ten coupe  
Lotta' money gettin' contagious, I keep the [?]  
Fuck nigga, I know you remember I was kickin' in do'  
We workin', I put different [?] round the trenches, it hurt me  
Shoulda never put you in position, it's our fault  
VA bussin' checks and hittin' big licks, it's my fault  
Tryna' turn my friendships into dealin's  
Tryna' turn a penny to a million  
I'ma make sure all you niggas feel me  
He say I'm a bitch, but he know different  
How the fuck I got six fuckin' killin's  
I be tryna keep my bullshit out my lyrics  
Yeah, niggas play like they don't know what the deal is  
Uh, I be talkin' boss talk, twenty sixty  
I been turnin' wash clothes into riches  
  
I mean rags to riches , yeah  
I like Spanish bitches, uh  
Pull up, Jags and Bentleys  
Bag and tag these niggas  
I got [?], uh  
Bussin' checks, [?]  
I'm sellin' death, they know that

Once you left, more success