

I'm Workin

Larry June

Aye bitch! I'm workin!
Now have that pasta cooked when a real nigga done
Hoe bitch! I'm workin!
I got my money up and bought twenty more guns
Aye bitch! I'm workin!
Realest nigga in the game. Let me show you how it's done
Aye bitch! I'm workin!
Aye you niggas ain't trappin. Nigga you livin with yo mom

I tried to make a fuckin song for the radio
That's when I realized I'm a real trap nigga
I swear that choppa knock a nigga off his patio
Meet me at Trader Joes. Thirty for a whole chicken
I got these hoes astonished
All these yellow diamonds
Choppas like a shotta
Niggas try to rob it
Catch another body
Larry, do you trap?
I don't know. Probably
Bitch you're out of pocket
Are you off a molly?
Super duper trappin
Rolly cost a Caddy
Askin all these questions
Larry, are you mobbin?
Niggas got a problem
All my niggas slidin
When I'm out in Houston, gotta keep the rocket
Damn I just hit a fuckin pot hole
Aye! Scraped up my fuckin Forgi-atos
You hear that beepin? That's the money counter
I'm on a mission. I've been moving faster
Throughout the pain. Nigga never panic
Two hundred thousand. Kept it in the attic

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Aye! Lately I've been on some other shit
I need a million bags
Catch a nigga slippin. Four-Five hit a nigga legs
Lately I've been spazzin
I done ran through bout fifty bands
Now it's time to re-up
Hit my plug I need bout fifty bags
I pray to God I never have to trap again. Our block Hot
Two weeks ago the feds ran in my nigga's spot
You'll probably never comprehend the shit a nigga rappin bout
Bend the corner, mob, if I see the fuckin white ghost
Dammit I've been fuckin ballin daily

My conversation paper. Dig it, baby?
Before I hit, she signed an application
I got bitches. All fuckin races
Water whippin like a life guard
Punk bitch I got no patience
These rap niggas all swag takin
I'm buyin new whips. New registration

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