

What's your job? She's said, "Socialite"
I asked, "What's your job?" She said, "Socialite"
Thick mixed girls are my kryptonite
All these drinks and drugs got us up tonight
I asked, "What's your job?"
To be real, I can't figure it out
Baby, what's your job?

Some say men are supposed to pay the bills
Some say that both of us can find a kill
It's hard for me to find someone that's real
Some say that I'm okay, some say I'm ill
I'm tryna eat but you can't cook the meal
I take you out so we can talk and chill
This conversations kind of getting hot, yeah
This conversations kind of getting real

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Sometimes you dip and take trips and come back richer
I know I'm cool but you keep treating me like I'm a dumb nigga
Connect the dots and I might cut you out the big picture
But you so fine it makes me just forget and fuck with ya
You got me chugging 42 like I don't care 'bout my liver
I'm not myself when I'm with ya

Liquor in my system got me wondering the truth
Baby, what do you do? Baby what do you do?
Liquor in my system got me wondering the truth
Baby, what do you do?

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