

# Work

Maxo Kream

Your name is Emekwanem [?] Ogugua Biosah  
Emekwanem means "don't fuck with me"  
And the word don't fuck with me means don't mess with me  
[?] do not ever think of making me mad  
Because if I get mad...  
Do not ever carry on with my boy  
Cuh-rip

Used to stash the package in the mattress or the sofa  
Mama kept complaining 'bout the marijuana odor  
Had a brick of molly when the lawman pulled me over  
I was putting keys in the motor like Toyota  
Used the Karo pints, I fucked a lot of niggas over  
So I bought a pipe and kept the toaster with the holster  
Used to ask my brother why he cook with baking soda  
Told me I won't understand this life until I'm older

Work that work, had to work my work  
Work the work, workin' with the work  
Work that work, workin' with my work  
Work the work, workin' with the work  
Work that work, had to work my work  
Work the work, workin' with the work  
Work that work, workin' with my work  
Work the work, workin' with the work

Granny always bitchin' 'bout me saggin' at my britches  
So I got to whippin' with extension cord and switches  
Mama used to tell me stay my ass up out the trenches  
But I never listened, hit the trenches, started Crippin'  
Posted on the block, Glock tucked with the Hoovers  
I was selling rocks to a cluck like a rooster  
Math teacher ask me, Maxo, why I'm always skippin'  
I was trappin' fractions after school like detention  
Broke as hell we had to manage, chicken noodle, syrup sandwich  
Jew, Medulla, Josh, and Alex, had no beds, we slept on pallets  
Daddy was a swiper and my mama was a booster  
Cousin Pooh, he was a killer, all my uncles, they some losers  
My brother Hew was janky, niggas robbin' andale  
'Till I went inside his room and stole his AK  
Stupid ass decision, I regret it everyday  
A nigga caught him slippin', shot him right inside the face

Cuh-rip

Went from whippings with a belt, to whippin' like a chef  
Cookin' with my left, cocaine and meth  
Pops locked in jail, Glock on my shelf  
Murder block, bang my set, slangin' pot, Percocet

When I was twelve I went from Chuck-E-Cheese to selling work to fiends  
Now I'm grown as hell, the trap the only thing that work for me  
[?], Money, Lindo, Ceelo, DeAndre, CBD  
In a 4 door, Buick stolo that we took from H.E.B  
Stupid shit I used to do, trap for tennis shoes  
My bars like inner tube, I'm crash like Bandicoot  
See the streets is all I knew, pimps and prostitutes

I never owned a suit, I was known to shoot  
Now I want that Bentley Coupe, shootin' stars inside my roof  
Where I'm from, if you a star, you handle rocks or shootin' hoops  
My dad was locked up, doing time for crackin' cars for revenue  
Twice a week he call my line, to preach and tell me what to do  
Told me follow mama rules, read my book, go to school  
But instead I bought a tool, hit the trap with Janky Ju  
Shake, residue, fast money, goop  
But I needed something new, hit the stu' and worked the booth  
So I

Put in work, had to put in work  
Work my work, workin' with the work  
Put in work, had to put in... yuh  
Put in work (work, work), work with the work  
Had to jugg my work, work with the work  
Had to work my work, put in work (work, work)  
Put in work (work)