Working A Fool

Migos

Swerve with the goons (Swerve)
Big stepper, I just came from the moon (Step, moon)
I'm smokin' a real one (Static is real)
I'm workin' a fool (Workin' a fool, Dun Deal on the track)
I'm grippin' my tool (Grippin')
Right when I dropped out of school (Woo, woo)
And my dawg gon' shoot (Baow, baow)
And his head ain't tight with the screws (Offset)

I want your noodle, we spit out the cooler (Spit out)
Patek the face 'cause I didn't want the Muller (I'm good)
Stand in the trap, movin' bows like I'm Luda' (Bows)
Bald head the coupe and I call it the Buddha (Buddha)
This a Glock with a thirty (Pop-pop)
Seventeen, a nigga got locked up for burglary (For burglary)
Pull out the mop in this ho (Hey)
Get the Maybach and lay back and close all the curtains (Lay back)
Walk in the room, I could tell she was thirsty (I could tell)
Fuck on the Perky, get nothin' but a burger (Ooh)
You catch a slugger, don't play with my brothers (Baow)
Not with these knuckles, my chop uppercut ya
Know they were hatin', we make all the butter (I knew it)
We from the vague and we spank 'em with cutters
Hit a lil' ditty and say shit on my mama (On my mama)
Came on the jet, this a UFO shuttle
How could I switch on my gang like a bitch?
This the same brothers that gave me a fit
Kick down the door and I made it legit
Gotta stay down 'cause I ride with a stick
I am too rich to be caught in the mix
Forgi' lipstick, baby, blow 'em a kiss
Put on a fit, copy my drip
Thirty-round clip, Glock with the switch

Ride with that chop (Ride), racks in my bag
Movin' this shit, ain't packin' no bags (Move)
We rich, go back in your stash (Suu)
She thick, we smackin' her ass
Talkin' that shit, spin 'em like Taz (Spin)
All of these stones could never be glass
I Bandicoot, crash it, dash (Skrrt)
A new paper tag, not goin' out sad, yeah
Swerve with the goons (Swerve)
Big stepper, I just came from the moon (Step, moon)
I'm smokin' a real one (Static is real)
I'm workin' a fool (Workin' a fool)
I'm grippin' my tool (Grippin')
Right when I dropped out of school (Fire)
And my dawg gon' shoot (Baow, baow)
And his head ain't tight with the screws

Huncho (Yeah), tighten up (Tighten up)
Steppin' out, niggas be bitin' us (Bitin')
Trappin' on the Can-Am Rykers (Trappin')
Your bitch OnlyFans, gon' swipe up (Swipe)
Young nigga get in there one time (Get in there)
Toss 'em a dime for the front line (Ten)

Them niggas killin' about mine (Blaow)
Like Claude and Ray, cross the gunline (Uh)
Nigga get packed up for cappin' out (Pop 'em out)
Nigga pulled up with the straps out (Strap out)
Where the white flag? Go and tap out (Tappin' out)
It's a bando, not a crack house (Bando)
Niggas be grouped out, phoned out (Groupie)
Nigga ain't connected, he lacked out (Suu)
I'm well respected, throw your pass out (Go)
Niggas, they love me, then crash out (Uh)
We from the Nawfside (Nawf)
Niggas ain't ever been small fries (No)
We on a jet, we be sky high (Jet)
Run up the check, got me so tired (Check)
Where the respect? 'Cause I want mine (Respect)
Young nigga hungry, he gon' grind (Grind)
He got the fire in both eyes (Eyes)
What you gon' do with them dollar signs? (What you gon' do?)

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And his head ain't tight with the screws (Takeoff)

My dawg gon' shoot, called me and told me to turn on the news (Watch it)
When he get the drop, get popped, see red, I pay him in blues (Cash)
I send my jewels, I've been at the go, you pity the fool (Pity the fool)
You told, he went on the road, get put on a plate, he food (Food)
We live by the code, ain't breakin' the rules
This codeine I sip get abused (Drank)
Perkys and Xanax a whole 'nother planet
You can't walk a mile in my shoes (Nah)
Know we do damage with hammers and cannons (Brrt)
Hop out the coupe and they run and they panic (Run)
These niggas bitches, they need to wear panties (Bet)
Runnin' they pockets, we uppin' the ante (Up)
Too much money, can't manage
We the ones gettin' all the money, can't stand it (Can't stand it)
I remember trappin' out Cambridge
Now I put a Rolls in a big boy mansion (Mansion)
Thick ass, I bought her some candy
Got that lil' ho thinkin' that I'm romantic (Romantic)
They don't know the answers (Nah)
They actin' like we ain't the ones that stamped it (Go)

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