

Again

P-Lo

Aye, aye. aye
Ok, ok, ok, ok
Aye, yeah, uh, woo (P-P-P-Lo time to bring the bass back)
Aye, aye, aye

Hop out do my dance on a bitch
Freak hoe from the back when I hit
I'm a stand up guy never sit
OG told me win it's never quit
Since then I've been a man on a mission
Aye, free the dogs out of prison
You ain't talking bout no racks, then I'm missing
Feeling like I'm Master P with no limit
I'm either getting to the bag or I'm cozy
Aye phone locked 'cause she nosy
Aye I don't want a piece I want the whole thing
Mac pulled up with pack smoked the OZ
See me out in public make a hoe freeze
Big stepping now one do it both feet
Brody want me gone watch him closely
Up like it's nosebleeds up like it's no sleep

Woke up, straight to the bag
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Woke up, straight to the bag
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again

Ugh
I'm excited about my income (I'm excited about my income)
My life is real it's not a sitcom (My life is real it's not a sitcom)
No more selling swivel on a recon (No more selling swivel on a recon)
I'm a fixture not a peon (I'm a fixture not a peon)
They call me Charlie Hustle (They call me Charlie Hustle)
I'm all about my bubble (I'm all about my bubble)
I'll beat you with my knuckles (I'll beat you with my knuckles)
If you don't stay up out my huddle
When people ask me what I've been doing I'm living the dream
Used to serve my yadda wet fresh up off the digi-beam (digi-beam)
Don't play with the scorpio 'cause I sting
I tune you up and make you cry, make you look like that Jordan meme

Woke up, straight to the bag
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again

Woke up, got straight to it
Running to the bag like I'm late to it
Got so much drive I need brake fluid (Fact)
These niggas don't do it like the Bay do it (Sheesh)
I'ma get the bag or die trying (Sheesh)
You ain't got a bag boy you lying (Sheesh)
Bitch I'm 'bout a bag like I'm DB

Fucking 'round in the lab like I'm DeeDee
Me and my pops built this like woodshop
The brakes went out I wish I could stop
I ain't no mechanic but I make the hood pop
Came from the bottom I need some good top
We been on the grind all weekend
Deep in flow water nigga the deep end
We bend them corners and like to swing
No rag no set I'm with the gang

Woke up, straight to the bag
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Woke up, straight to the bag
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
Then tomorrow I'ma do this shit again
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