

Going To Work

P-Lo

3 White hoes, I'm a giant in my city like fee fi fo
Shout out to the homies repping 3, 5, 4
We don't even need to talk bitch I need my dough (ugh)
Real talk you need to understand it
Getting money what the plan is
Young thug catch me chilling where the fan is
Hit a bitch once dip off then I vanish (ugh)

I be going to work (going to work)
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Real talk (real talk)
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(Young, Rich, Motha Fucka)
Real Talk!

And I'm mobbin still, moving heavy in the streets like I body build
On the grind, trying to see how that Bugatti feel
They be talking bout that money, but its not as real
Oooh they don't really want it
Nooo they don't really want it
Young thug used to be up on the corner
Better leave your girl at home she a goner
Ugh, I'm a mack tho, tell a stuck up bitch, throw it back tho
No booty so I hit it from the back tho
Make it bigger you already know how that go (ugh)
And I'm still ridin, motha fuckas always hate I don't co sign em
Young rich motha fucka keep that dough pilin
Got your girl on my tip with no title (ugh)

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No they still can't stop me
Got a freaky puerto rican always call me papi
Bitch give me top and I like it sloppy
She fucking with a thug cause I'm lightweight poppin (ugh)
In the strip club eating chicken wings
You don't even know but she been a freak
Hit it seven times it ain't been a week

Genuine how I'm in them jeans
I don't even know why they hate for
I'm a young thug by the bank roll
Young king how the rank go
They be talking that they balling but they ain't (oh)
Me being broke no way
Young motha fucka getting dough okay
Won't stop till I get it
On the grind tryna get gold chains and the bitches (aye)

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I be going to work
I be going to work
Real talk
I be going to work (aye)
Lil bitch, lil ho
Thought this a fuckin game
I do this for real (huh)