Circles

Pusha T

Work, hard work (Grrrrrrrrrrah!)
Work, hard work (Git!)
Hard work (Git! Git!)
Work, hard work (Grrrrrrrrah!)

Tell her throw that ass in a circle
Throw that ass in a circle
Tell her show what that work do
Tell her throw that ass in a circle
Tell her throw that ass in a circle, yeah
Geeked up, bitch, Urkel
She gon' throw that ass in a circle, yeah
Throw that ass in a circle
She gon' throw it back for a boss
Look back for a boss
Make it clap for a boss
Clean it up for a boss
Gettin' head in my drawers
Gettin' head with my drawers on
Party Friday like a boss
Maserati like a boss, ayy, yeah

Put you in all that designer
If we get high, you could be my supplier
You can get lost once you find her
We gon' get high, we gon' need a lighter

Yeah, throw that ass in a circle, now
Show me how you been workin' now
I just wanna be certain now
Surgery's the new workin' out
Love the way that you perkin' out
Love the way that you perkin' out
Compliments to your surgeon now
Ain't no need to be nervous now
You know the cost of these Birkins?
Never had a problem with it
I just tally up the digits
He count it by the band
I just count it by the midget
If we on the same accord
I'll take you out that Honda Civic
And they just like to talk about it
I just rap it 'cause I live it

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Throw that ass in a circle
Throw that ass 'til it hurts you
Let me see what that work do
You can't hide what that skirt do
Throw that ass in a circle
Make it rain 'til it's purple
Go all night with no curfew
You should call out of work too, yeah

Bullets, they fly out the MAC and I'm gon' clean it
Bullets, they fly on the track 'fore a nigga fuck with you
'Fore a nigga fuck with you, fuck with you
'Fore a nigga fuck with you, fuck with you
'Fore a nigga fuck with you, yeah I'm too stoned

Yeah, 911 heaven
Seven figure nigga, laced out with 7/11
Tonight she ain't yours
She off the 7th Heaven (Let's go)
Blowbama P, she call me Living Legend, yeah

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Git! (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Grrrrrrrrrah!
(Yeah!)
Grrrrrrrrrah!
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Grrrrrrrrrah!

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