# Work!

**Quadeca**

We gon' work until the trap out
I been grindin' all day, I'm 'bout to cash out (Woo)
We gon' put in work until it work out
All these hoes be in my face, she got her ass out
She gon' put in work until she clock out (Yeah)
I can't never love these hoes, I'm on my cash route
We gon' put in work until it worked out
We gon' put in work until I pass out

Ayy, yeah
We gon' work till it work out, uh (Uh!), bitch, I'm on fire, never burnt out, uh (Uh! Uh)
If we make plans, you get turned down, uh, all of these bands just the first round
See your number, I'mma hit you with the same tone, tell my mom I'm sorry that I never came home
I don't think there'll be anybody at my funeral, but they gone recognize the name on the gravestone, uh
Tryna maximize my green with this time I spend (Okay)
I can only love you from like 3:15 to 5 PM
Workin' for the man, I have yet to meet him though
They gon' understand- ("Who's 'they'?") I don't even know
We just gonna work, uh

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You said I need balance? That shit for the indecisive
Yeah, I might be trippin', but at least I fuckin' picked a side, and
I've been doin' bigger shit, no way that they didn't like it
If that's true, I smash they fuckin' phone before they finish typin' (Fuck you!)
Lookin to the finer things, ain't no quality time when
I make a couple milli' and I gift a couple diamond rings, I've been hopin' that's what time will bring
'Cause the clock tick the same no matter how many times they say I'm a king, and it kinda stings
I just had like twenty-
five Red Bulls, still tryna find them wings, like a blind Rick Ross
Mind exhaust, check the headlines, deadlines ain't soft
I don't want a fuckin' moment to think, a moment to blink
'Cause even just a moment got me kinda lost
So I'm tryna hit my thoughts with this white noise
From this fax machine in my ear
Printing everything I didn't wanna hear
I don't know where they from, but the message so clear
And it say we gon' work!

Until the trap out
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We gon' put in work until it work out (What?)

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This the hardest puzzle, can't pop it, it's the sharpest bubble
Thought process repeat so much, I think my mind got carpal tunnel
How I pulled my strongest muscle? mixed up, the cards are shuffled
Picked up, then start to fumble, this what I want, it's humble:
I just want it all to double
Even the stress, even the mess, even the larger struggle
I want a ghost, don't need Heaven, I fantasize over purgatory
Invest, so now my money makes money, it's workin' for me
They just bring bounds of distractions, explainin' how to be happy
Louder than words, I can't hear them over the sound of they actions
Calculate hourly rates, guilt when I'm havin' to break (Haha)
This world gon' take what you have if you have what it takes (Ooh!)
And that puts you back in your place, no matter how highly regarded (Uh!)
You're not content, you endin' up in the line where you started
And all these sacrifices, can't take 'em back
I fucked up way too many connections, I shouldn't be so okay with that
But I'm okay with dirt on my name if it helps to make it last
I pray for that; I need my credit before the fade to black
Yeah

So we gon' work until it work out
So we gon' work until it-work until it
Work until it- work until it- work until it- work until it-
Work until it- work until it- work until it- work until it-


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