

Make It Work

Rick Ross

I used to want all that shit, now I got it
I gotta think of some more shit to want, nigga
Oh!

I used to want a quarter bird til I got me a brick
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz
I used to really want that hoe until she hopped on my dick
You niggas said they wanted war, we started dropping that shit
Like oh Lord, oh Lord!
She riding waves, I tell your bitch to surfboard
Surfboard, surfboard
She want the money, tell that hoe to work for it

I used to really want that hoe until I hit from the back
I started trapping, no hands, tried to get me a pack
I took my talents to South Philly, had to get me a sack
You niggas know you fuck around, Meek Milly getting you whacked
I used to want a pound of weed, I started flipping that crack
Selling that dope, I went through hell being broke
A nigga called me, say he got it, I say front me in four
And he ain't heard from me since and now he smelling the smoke
You fuckboy! fuckboy!
Niggas hating, I'm like what the fuck for?
I'm in the 6, I'm riding with a plus 4
She a 10, I fuck her and all her friends, pussy nigga

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Nigga, so tired of these lame niggas
Keep changing on you like late winter
Springing on you for a hoe or something
My coat season and game different
Self made, self made nigga
Well dressed, well paid nigga
I daredevil err'day, nigga
Like Hell's Kitchen and faint vision, oh Lord!
Tell them niggas I'm a need a minute
Undefeated, young sneaker nigga
Hundred deep, you never see a nigga
Hennessy in moderation
But my niggas drinking like them black ink niggas
Hah, that's cheesy nigga
Meaning I cut and leave a nigga
Get it? That's leaving, nigga
Scissors, clippers, please forgive me
Real nigga, hoes around me
Take bitches, repeat offender
Ho, ho, please don't let me
No, no, Easter pinking
I done prayed the rappers get the Actavis

So they can all go back to just sleeping on me

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Niggas looking at me when I step into the party
It's the 50 millionaire, mothafucking Don Dada
All these niggas on coke, all these bitches on molly
Half my niggas do both, you better get yourself some money
Catching feelings when I pull up in it
Bad bitch, she a stripper, now she getting spinach
Now follow me, Balenciagas like they're Nikes, nigga
Fine bitches in the club, all wifeys, nigga
Now follow me, back to back, we in the Wraith, dog
Parking lot, chicken wings, then we skating off
Still headbussing bitches, now I break you off
And if a nigga step to me, I'll break the law
Now follow me, front your boy and I'm a make you work
If I got the bitch a purse, she had to make it twerk
Nigga, riding through the city, I remain alert
Cause these niggas full of envy and they tend to lurk

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