

## Work On Deck

Soulja Boy

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Soulja got muscles  
Yo girlfriend I fuck her (I fuck her)  
Straight out the trap, bitch that west side struggle  
Gucci bandana, blue rag in the duffle  
7-4 till the world blow, folk hustle  
Nigga gotta get this bitch, I'm all on out the guwop  
3 years in the game, ain't dis shit ain't gunna stop  
Call up Miami Mike, post it up on patton lane  
Palm trees block, bricks kush and them chickens mane  
Drop top 2010, black murcielago (damn)  
Raise in Atlanta but born in Chicago (Chi-Town)  
Back in Mississippi man I had the hood locked  
With a Backpack full of money and a half in my socks  
You a stupid ass bitch, if you think you shittin like me  
Got alot of niggas hating cause they can't get like me  
Man I'm Soulja Boy Tell 'Em and I'mma tell ya how it goes  
Keep that pistole on my hip for these rachet ass hoes  
I'm a real ass nigga, I ain't never been fake  
Bitch I bought that black hummer and set that bitch on 28's (damn)  
Mississippi trap boy, Chi-Town, home town  
ATL westside, Zone 1 on now  
Bitch I'mma G  
My first name Soulja  
Disrespect me and my niggas gon fold ya  
Took a couple small racks, threw them diamond in my teeth  
I'mma equipped with armor guns so I'm ready for that beef

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