

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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