

Work Real Hard

Swoope

Whoa, until they work real hard
Whoa, until they work real hard
For being proud of their success
Until they work real hard
Means everything to me
Being the very best, oh
Oh, but can't you see?
Until they work real hard

Uh, I was supposed to have it all by twenty-five
Been figured out the call that's been all my life
Big pimping, I'm the boy with the fly wife
Six figures just to ball in a high rise
Big boss dog, what's a nine-to-five?
Whip flossed up, where do I sign?
Name your favorite fine wine baby I'm buying
Every place I'm flying, all over your timeline
Losing ground, focus on my sky miles
Only thing flying is the time, huh? Man
Twenty-five turned to thirty-five
And taught me releasing hella classics ain't a sturdy job
If they don't see my worth, is you still a worthy God?
If I knew it wouldn't work out, would I still work this hard?
(Until they work real hard)

Memories of my dreams rolling down my cheek, I taste 'em
So it's salt every time I speak, I'm wasting
All these thoughts, tryna find my peak, I'm chasing
Windy nightmares down my street, I'm Jason
When did nightmares climb out my sleep and place
Themselves in my face to replace themselves?
I'd hate to sell you pipe dreams, rather be blunt
All my searching for worth and working was a fallacy, huh?
The cookie crumbled, and silly me, I got mad at the crumbs
Anything to deflect from the fact I'm mad at the sun
That's arrogant, huh, to think that He'd be bad at his job
Of planning results, wished I lived in a mansion or something
God, I work real hard
(Until they work real hard)

Yeah
(Until they work real hard
For being proud of their success)
Uh

He made the heavens and the earth
He told the dirt to breathe then He gave it work until the seventh
Then he rested, but I'm restless, steady wrestling
Triple H, holy holy holy, work was best when
It wasn't so attached to identity, the portrait
The trinity and corporate report, it's not a spirit
I'm tired of feeling, if I don't get it
This girl world stop spinning, the clock ticking, I'm working to death
I'm clocked out, I'm shooting shots, got boxed out
You pot mouth, he cursed ground, you dig it, don't you?
You feel naked without success, too many fix to flaunt you
Won't take it when you go, this ghost money haunt you

This ghost money haunt you

(Oh, until they work real hard
For being proud of their success
Oh, until they work real hard
Means everything to me
Indeed the very best
Oh)