

(Knock knock knock)
"You may enter. You are not Akeem."
"I know that."
"What is this McDowell's?"
"A place over on Queens Boulevard. I think he works there."
"My son works?"
Y'all know we live as kings, G
Feeling like Akeem out here
But that royalty don't stop us from working

All I had was a dollar and a dream
Wasn't looking for the fame, just a student of the game, no team
When I didn't have a deal, wasn't tryin' to pay the bills, my queen
Imani behind me, she was telling me to do my thing
Keep your eyes on the finish line
And the Lord will replenish, when it's time
So I'm looking at this pen of mine, feeling like
Spitting rhymes, killing mics like it's dinner time
Work, them long nights in that basement, they hurt
In my momma's house couldn't pay rent, but what's worse
Working for what's heaven sent
Or feeling like hell cuz you never did?
So yeah, my bank account countin' was low
I'm drowning but can't keep my countenance low
The [?] of them thousands that [?] counts as own
Belong to my Father so I'll never want
I'll never need, begging for bread won't be me
Cuz I am a seed, excuses are useless, tools that the fools pick
Only got one shot but it feels like a full clip

Work, so what I got to be afraid of?
Let's work, I'm here with the God of Isaac and Jacob
Let's work, His image is what I'm made from
Let's work, it's time to eat so pass me a plate bruh

Hungry, I'm on Esau level
Working till I'm coming up on Eshon level
Was down but I'm on coming up on seesaw level
Staying on page, playing no games, feel like I can beat all levels
Beats all special
Tell 'em that I'm coming up on each y'all level
Living like a king all level
I told God "send me," I'm feeling Akeem's dog level

Everybody got an excuse
Find out what yours is and stop using it
Let's work
"My son works? Where is he now?"
"I don't know. He moved downstairs. Apartment 1A."
(Knock knock knock)