

# Happen

Tech N9ne

Hard workers get the last laugh  
Yeah, and you can't go get it by sitting on your ass

People think the wrong way  
When you're working and won't play  
Calling my phone and I won't say  
Nothing when they be huffing and puffing  
But I know fucking off a day it just won't pay  
Not a damn thing, wanna be a damn king  
Might have to run and jump over the bumps  
And push 'til you damage a hamstring, for real  
That's 'cause I'm moving my feet  
You don't work, you don't eat  
So when I don't respond, I ain't sleep  
I been giving the day a lot of me and I'm in deep  
Concentration, contemplatin' compensation support and  
My obligations, my creations while I'm facing deports  
And I'm making moves, constantly shaking fools  
I can be latent lose, no working with faking dudes  
Moving quick and I'm jolly, it ain't because of molly  
I'm working to move ya body, then racing my bitch to Bali  
Catch me, I'm in the zone, I don't wrestle my phone  
Steady writing my songs, if you're next to me, I'm gone  
My head's rapping, always thinking of stacking  
While you slacking and yapping  
We trying to make something happen

You know we working  
We just push it  
Try'na make something  
Happen, happen, happen, happen  
Yeah we working  
We just push it  
Try'na make something  
Happen, happen, happen, happen

We ain't working, she ain't twerking  
That's gonna mean the scene ain't jerking  
We the first to see the thirst and get sex  
'Cause we see the purse, then reimburse them  
When they be squirting D and bursting  
Me in person, reinsertion, Tech's flesh  
So don't be calling like "where you been?"  
You don't know 'cause you not within  
My circle of friends, a nigga working again  
I gotta get them ones, tens, yen  
Gotta get that almighty dollar for a gift that called by the father  
Better yet, wanna get a move on like almighty mama  
Niggas be telling me I think you selling me  
Dreams embellishing when I say other things  
When I say yes, I'ma do what I say  
Betcha N9na got shit to do every day  
Don't got time to shoot the shit  
Cause I got a whole lot of love and loot to get  
Acting like you's a bitch on my phone  
I'ma do you like a vampire knocking the crucifix  
(La, la, la)

I ain't try'na hear nothing, when I'm deep in work bussing  
My butt anybody calling me fussing, I'm ducking  
(La, la, la)  
If you ain't talking bout getting it  
This is what I'm gonna say when I get my phone and you hittin' it

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You (you)  
Got (got)  
The (the)  
Nerve (nerve)  
To (to)  
Say (say)  
We (we)  
Stay (stay)  
Sleeping (sleeping)  
Slipping (slipping)  
Sipping (sipping, yeah you tripping)

Everybody round me work a tour or something  
Just so they can afford something  
Like islands and buying much real estate  
Yeah yeah nigga  
I ain't got time for your nonsense  
Ever since mom went a little fond of me I got a few bill to make  
Yeah yeah nigga  
Please get up off of my line  
Leave, you ain't crossing my mind, when I'm deep in these pages  
What I'm doing's freaking outrageous with the Pinky and the Brain  
(Trying to take over the world)  
But you're clingy and you're lame  
(Crying like you take hoes over girls, man)  
They say I act like I'm too good  
Way up in the clouds but N9na started in the hood  
Leave me 'lone boy  
They be calling my phone like "what you doing?"  
Yo N9na we doing nothing  
Strange Slcket and K-Lean Cocina

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