

Work Out

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Play count long, yeah, start the beat
This bitch sound like a work out

We 'bout to go to the strip club
Throw the ones, bring the guns, let all the hoes have some fun
My phone got too many methods
Siri gave me wrong directions
Fucked a white bitch, think I'm One Direction
Life a movie, I don't got a director
Caught a body, shaved my leg
Shaved my head, shakin' my head
My mans ran off, this shit's so crazy
It was only twenty dollars and a nigga ain't pay me
Give a zip back to my weed man cause it's shaky
Freak bitch twerkin' in the club, gon' shake it
Police ask how much I makin'
Played it like I'm deaf, I can't hear y'all
No scale, I got this eyeball
Shot a couple bullets, one hit him in his eyeball
They was hoggin' for a minute now it's my ball
But I'ma pass to my team like John Wall
I ain't hearin' niggas like I'm talkin' to a brick wall
So many blues on me, nigga, I could prolly Crip walk
I was in the game, soon as the tip off
That nigga was a lame, soon as he came out
Go get my mixtape, soon as it come out
I'ma get some duct tape, cover up the nigga mouth
Or a garbage bag, or a wet rag
(Damn) Which one should I use?
(Which one?) I don't even know
Got a new bank account, 'bout to drop twenty-four
How you livin' with ya mama, boy, and you're twenty-four?
Grow up, get yourself together
For real, you gotta do better
Even when I get a bill, nigga, I won't even settle
Built a gun out of old constructed metal (Damn)
Then that bitch jammed (Damn)
I was like, "Damn!"
People know I scam
But how can you be surprised (How?)
She brung the wrong condom size (Bitch)
She can see the look in my eyes (See me)
That I'm mad as fuck (Damn)
I was like, "Damn, how you do that?" (Fuck)
I be swipin' it like, "Damn, how you do that?" (Swipe)
Shit, I don't know (Shit)
It just came to me
Go on Telegram (Do your thing)
You can do it yourself
When I was fucked up in the hood (I was fucked up)
They ain't come and check on me (Hell no)
Now I got a check on me
Just had sex with a grown woman
But she ain't get no money (Nope)
She got card numbers
Then she text me, sayin' they declined
And I did it on purpose, bitch, it's your fault

Then I drove off