

Werking

TOBi

Oluwatobiloba (Yeah!)
Ki lon shele
Ayy, mi lord
Na wa o!
Yessa
Long time no see
Freedom ain't free
That mean I been

Workin'
Workin', workin', workin'
Workin', work, work
Workin', workin', workin'
I'm workin'
Workin'
Workin', workin', workin'
Workin', workin'

Yeah, still I rise, like dust in a sandstorm
Still I shine like single mother's eyes on
Graduation night 'cause papa ain't made it and
They ain't think that you'd make it but
They got you mistaken, huh
Weight too heavy to lift your chest off the mat
Your hands too heavy to pat yourself on the back
I recall days of innocence (Rrr)
Playing on PlayStations, we played the middle men
Backwards living I beg to differ its action
Racks to get it, I had to split with the mandem (Rrr)
You can't match precision
I passed the limit of any massive digit
A mathematician could fathom
Back to get it whenever I'm in the mood (Mood)
Riding through the city, looking pretty, I'm living proof (Ayy)
I ain't in the, I ain't in the mood for no interviews
Calluses in my hand, I ain't no stranger to putting the work in!

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Fool me once, got over the bump, workin'
Fool me twice, fuck 'em for life, workin' (Yeah)

Yeah, some of my brothers still run from police
Still clutching the heat
Steal watches and purses
Still nothing to creep
J.LO wedding planner in the opening scene
Some still stuck in the streets (Yeah)
But I digress, behold all the benefits
Two parent home yet he hoped for the opposite

Communication breakdowns are heavy on the heart (Mmm)
The things left unsaid are tearing us apart (Oh)
Yeah, 20 years in like a whole century
When it ain't working!

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(Ayy) It ain't over 'til you say it is, it isn't for real (Yeah)
Almost wrote myself off, lonely nights in the 'Ville (Yeah)
'Til I linked with the kid outta Richmond Hill
Fast forward a calendar year, we up in the Hills working!
While I read all the books
I perform my own stunts yeah that's me on the hooks
And I body your favorite rapper by the top of the morning
And sing your baby girl to sleep by the end of the night
Y'all ain't half as nice
You just braggin' for braggin' rights
The price for the best things in life is sacrifice
How it feel, when every year feel like yo' turn
The hype thrives and dies I got the slow burn
Grabba in the backwood
Sour diesel preferred, but I settle for the haze
If it's purple I'ma straight
Work it!

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Ah, ah, ah, yeah, yeah (Workin')
Ah, ah, alright (Workin')
Ah, ah, alright (Workin')
Ah yeah alright