

## Work

Ty Dolla \$ign

She knew exactly who I was becoming  
Reality of dreams, younger for memories of a still wonder  
Of who I might be  
And for her it's hard to stomach what's left behind and what's to come in the  
same introduction of a king  
Just know everything coming can only give birth to the principle that by any  
means  
I produce like eagles  
Soar in the highest clouds to let my conscience free  
So I can feed ex girls like sea gulls with better egos in out work  
While these ambitions girl with the tip of my penis  
To write stories, a young poetic genius  
And I mean this, there's never been a day off  
Never been laid off, my own boss and my payoff is to get laid off  
Get a break off just to rehire myself  
For the take off  
Beach House... the EP

These hoes all tryna come back and make it work, make it work  
I tell these hoes come get this work, get this work  
I give no fucks, I give no damn  
I took my bitch straight from her man, from her man  
That nigga ain't had much money as I do  
That nigga don't know your body like I do  
Your friends think I ain't shit, I don't like them either  
Them hoes ain't shit, they can't keep no man either  
Ain't believing me then but you see me now  
Said you'd never trust me again but you believe me now  
And now somehow we supposed to fix ya, pposed to fix ya

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Baby girl she 100 my mind right, that's real stuntin  
She in the crowd tryna fly it for me  
I fucked around and then went for it  
I love that girl so much  
I fucked around and paid the rent for her  
Feel like I'm the right pimp for her  
But we got enough, she ain't gotta work  
I give it to er, I got it first  
She right here, I ain't gotta search  
We in a party...  
We in a party, I'm amused by how you move yo body  
Baby girl she more poppin in the 12 gauge Shawty  
She got 4 shots, we goin up, I don't need no molly  
These hoes fuck with the squad, she ran through the whole posy  
Girl I think about you when I'm in that hotel lobby  
I'm coming home to you, yea I got work for yo body

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I'm gonna work on it  
You gon get this work, girl  
I'mma throw these bands  
You gon make it clap with no hands  
When her ass down, goddamn  
You gon get this work girl  
Oh oh oh  
(You gon get this work girl)  
I'mma throw these bands  
You gon make it clap with no hands  
When her ass down, damn

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I used to love these hoes  
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I used to love these hoes  
But now I love this money  
I used to love these hoes

Hoes, I used to have a lot of kind  
But when they realize that I gotta grind  
I replaced the lies and the thighs and the hotter dimes  
With the fuckin rhymes and the ties and the dolla signs  
The symbol of the producers  
I full want my mental producers  
I'm leaving these haters clueless  
When I spit because they missin what I get because I'm cold  
Real niggas listen to the shit that I unfold  
I cannot believe that whether they used to be lovin these hoes  
Now that I be on my money, it's funny the way that I govern these hoes  
And I be runnin these hoes, doin whatever I wanna do with em  
As long as I be on my paper, cus I'm gon let nothing in front of me after my  
currency flow  
And if we getting the fetty so up  
But I throw it away but the bitches don't want  
If they talk about me  
Your position to fall will be nothing  
I'm done wit yo frontin, just give me yo dollars, I don't wanna holler  
I don't want yo woman, I want the Apollo  
But see for the Benjamins I got my shotta  
And Twista love dollars but I admit

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