

Turbans

Tyga

Niggas work and work and make you work to live
Don't work, if that don't work, straps of work
Thank god this rap shit work, my niggas chill rap the work
My niggas will go back and forth
Tryin' to pack the work
I'm just tryin' to pack it back to Africa
More steps than my passport, nigga back to work
Fynna throw the hoodie on like a turban
Shit wasn't sweet when they left me deserted
And now I had a heart but you broke it
And now I had feelings but you hurt 'em
Now I'm turnin' up on everybody, you, you, you, you, you, and you
Yeah, I'm turnin' up on everybody, god don't save 'em let me do what I do

Fynna throw the hoodie on like a turban
Niggas get nervous when they seem determined
All black Suburban, boom, boom, boom
Came through swervin', turban was Hermes
Where the bitches at that's determined?
Where the bitches at that rap verses?
She gon' tap my name and that's cursive
I'ma kill the cat what's the verdict?
Matter of fact I'm back in my turban, back in my snapback let me serve 'em
Heard your knee crack, I cook that perfect, yeah, cook that perfect
Yeah, I put that work in, Maybach gon' wrap those curtains
Yeah, yeah, got [?] here go my [?] verses

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