

# 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, 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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