

Hours

Blu

I got a car
And a new job
And new walk and uh...
Carry me on
I got a dog
And a new broad
And a new song and uh...
Carry me on
Carry me on
Carry me on
Carry me on and on...
Carry me on
Yeah! to the working class around the world.
Gentlemen, women, boys, and girls...
We all know it all gets hard...
Can't make it though without no job...
White collars, blue collars, black scholars, thunder counters
Under paid, minimum wage
Freemasons, top dollars
Construction hat, suit & ties
Political, environmental
They all ask me what I do for a living...
I work for my light bill
I work for my gas bill
I work for my wives still
I work for my ass still...
I work...
These rap skills
I work for these blunts raps
I work for my lunch and my naps and my love back
I work...
I work...
The apple doesn't fall too far from the tree...
If it wasn't here, nuttin really, Where would we be?
That nigga Blu bout his business
And positioned with soldiers...
Couldn't see eye to eye
If we was shoulder to shoulder
Cause from the bottom

I got em up at the top looking up
Nigga, London to the Dam
And I'm straight off the block
Like a running back, get it man, I play with the boss
I could run it back, simple through the play book, Moss
'Til the rest of em kill it, I'd rather relive it over
That nigga Blu bout his business
He bout to get em a Rover
Niggas is out here!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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