

# Work (Paid for That?)

## Lil Dicky

My own boss  
Work lessShe always taking the most  
Conference room every day is the worst  
"Can I see your work?"  
I was zerked, I was search  
Tryna figure out them alibis  
"This your work?"  
I was drinking with some black guys  
Hey I done came up (sho' nuff)  
Like, "May I see your work?"  
I'm like oh, that's my boss, she a bitch  
She know this  
She looking at me every day  
Like, Dave, where you going?  
I'm looking back like, "Hoe  
I hate your demanding"  
To print some shit, but you don't even know  
Now look what happened, now who rapping?Now at work I ask to look at bitches' titties then this happens  
Titties looking back at me like "Dicky, boy, what's cracking?"  
I look back at titties like "I need a sec, I'm rapping"  
Titties looking back at me like, "take your time, you snapping"  
I'm like, "woo, I'm getting paid for that?"I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
(All of these hoes been on me  
I'll never go back homie)Homie last week I was up in Miami  
Got paid to chill in the club  
Literally, chilling, like not even rapping  
I think I did a good job  
Sat down on Twitter, my new correspondence  
Is going through all of these wonderful compliments  
Used to be scrutinized in all these documents  
Now when I sign off on something, it's body parts  
Titty, booty, macking a cutie  
Got a bag in the back of the room of the venue cause she copped that meet and greet  
I got them going down in their prime like Aaliyah be  
Used to post up, on time, no brakes  
Got a purp poster on the vine, no grapes

Used to have to swallow all the pride  
Had to piss out the slacks of the sack in the sweats every day  
Used to buy brands, now the brands pay DaveLike, I just got a box of Pumas, cause they think I'm cool  
Watch me mention StarKist Tuna, watch my friends get full  
I used to sit and wait for Friday  
But now my whole week like a Friday I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
(All of these hoes been on me  
I'll never go back homie) Last year I'm stuck up doing shit up in a cubicle  
They tell me what to do, I'm thinking "fuck that shit"  
But y'all, I couldn't tell them what the fuck I'm thinking  
Now they're paying just to listen to this shit, I got up on my leg  
Got three or four bitches who 'bout to get the fourth down  
That's a first, I remember when what lunch I picked was all I get  
My bitch make that coffee, now only boss me around when we fuck  
Was missing college but now they bringing me back, it's still fun  
God damn Dicky, you too old to be fucking all these kids  
Yeah, I know, but if you can rap, it's a lot less creepy though I'm smoking weed in public, but it never seem to  
matter  
Dump a bottle of water on your clothes and you ecstatic  
I don't ever have to set alarms, I wake up supernatural  
I can grab a bitch's hand and she will scream "you so attractive"  
How did this happen? I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
I'm getting paid for that?  
Nah, I'm getting paid for that?  
(All of these hoes been on me  
I'll never go back homie) I used to be up in Excel every day with a bitch (very proficient)  
Now I just suck on my dick, suck on my own dick, man  
I suck on my own dick, every rapper do it  
Just a thing, an inside thing I learned  
It's absurd, it's like, I'm in the industry now, so, I'm seeing shit  
Every rapper suck they own dick, it's not just me  
Swear to God on the Bible

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>