

# Workout

## Freeway

Jim rap, I am that, fat boy, I've been that  
New toys, I'm in that  
You want her butt I'm hitting that  
I'm speaking that down to the white meat  
Might be, somebody's wifey,  
Pardon me, it must be the Ferrari, horse on the car key that got her  
All anxious to slide me, I be  
In the sky where the calls be,  
I be, in the ocean where the fish be, it's me  
Bitter wonder I'm the rap [?] I got a belly and a big beard  
Trap now, I lift the gold  
Bicycle, let's get physical  
Yeh I like to show, cause my wrist is glow  
And we get the most dough, by the end of disco  
Let's get physical, yeah  
Yeah, work it out, work it out  
Pick it up, drop it low, poke it out  
Get that booty right, don't stop girl  
You know next where you going out  
Showing out, tone it out  
Do it for yourself if no one else  
Try to trust, try to belt  
Shit look good with your hair and nails  
God damn, I love her body, I need her body on top of my body  
She says she in school she don't date nobody  
Never took no cuch, never raped nobody  
She doing Pilate, she tae boe and [?] and she got her balance  
Right like she tight [?] in  
No stress, success, james bond number 9, right potion  
Trap now, I lift the gold  
Bicycle, let's get physical  
Yeh I like to show, cause my wrist is glow  
And we get the most dough, by the end of disco  
Let's get physical, yeah.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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