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 beardTrap 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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