# Work Work (Featuring Cocc Pistol Cree)

## clipping.

Holler out your city if you ride for it
Let em know why you die for it
Same reason all these riders get high so it's
All medicinal now what you wanna buy, homie?Bye bitch
Mob shit
Boss talk
Game rich
Name game
Gang signs
Work on the phone call it base line(Yup)
Line dance like a ho down
Pimps up daytime
Whole block a ghost town
Ghost ride, ghost face
G's get ghost in a moment
Pour a little for the ghosts of the dead homiesDeadpan voice singing tin pan alley songs
Panhandling in front of tourists with the camera phones
Get it how you live
Or live till you get it
Get it inWhen the stash low and it's no cash
Get it in
And you ridin' no L's no tags
Get it in
And she lookin' like you ain't gon' smash
Get it in
But she got her legs up on the dash
Show these haters how to goGet that work
Make that work work
Get that work
Make that work work
Get that work
Make that work work
Get that work
Make that work work(Cocc Pistol)I get it
I whip it, I flip it, I pocket the profit
Don't know when to stop it
They callin' me Griselda the harlot
My ? is erotic
Can't walk the hill is enormous

The arm in the armrest
(Click clack) these dames is dormantI came up from boosting my garments
Switching my handbags
How I switching my polish
Never catch me in the same blouse
Unless I'm running to Target
Never catch me in a large crowd
Unless I'm the life of the partyI been hitting from September to August
Ahead of my time like lil' old ladies and bonnets
All I need is a sickle imma reap me a harvest
The hardest thing I had to do was to make a real promiseI been countin' money since elementary
That's why these broke boys ain't gettin' into me
And when the stash low
And it ain't no cash flow
Shit I go to work
Move it by the boat loadWhen the stash low and it's no cash
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StopRed lights in the distance
You never been to that district they reference
Trunk full of hashish and mescaline
Your mind is a mess and this bitch is undressin'A) mash on the throttle like a G
Put a bottle to your teeth
Say fuck it, you're a free manB) pull over to the side of the street
Keep your hand on the shotty sitting up under the seat orC) let the cop pull you over say something slick
On some Jay-Z 99 Problems type shitD) all of the above in your head but
It really doesn't matter cause you already deadNo obituaries for the most part
Nobody cares you're not even a co-star
Just an extra
They read about it as a number
Names got money in their walletWhen the stash low and it's no cash
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Songwriters
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