# Oh Yeah (work)

## Lil Scrappy

I get one wit' you feels like tha otha blue
I could go vertical
(Vertical)
And start it
Man, hold up
No
(No)
Blow
(Blow)
C'mon crank it c'mon
Got Cartier frames coverin' up my eyes
26 inches in between my tire
Knot in my pocket made at least 3 grand
Diamonds on my neck and a pistol in my hand
I'ma get money nigga, I grind like hell
When I'm short on the G's, I'm a crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
I ain't never goin' broke no mo'
As long as my folk keep runners of that blow
They sell it on out then thay bring they back mo'
And everybody askin' "What I got that work fo'?"
(Got what?)
Got diamonds in my shades, the Cartier frames
They look up at my face and tell they woodgrain
And the ho's be amazed they be like, "Oh"
They can see it from the bar see the way it glow
Yeah, them things twinkle in the light bright
I don't know I just twinkle in the lime light
Got a Chevy same color as a can of Sprite
Sippin' on on that XO got me feelin' right
I been livin', my whole life pimpin'
Never catch me slippin', fuckin' wit' y'all women
Scrapp' be chillin' I stay on my grind
It's a hard life we livin' I stay wit' my .9

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When I'm short on the G's, I'm a crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
I ain't gotta hit these streets no mo'
Crisp 15 ten 20 for a show
Notice I ain't out but fo' times e'ry week
20 time fo' e'ry week get G's
Cartier shades with the gator cut wood

Prada footwear damn y'all nigga do it
Livin' in Atlanta now they callin' me in Europe
Everyday I hustle diamonds up against the wood
Dope boy fresh dressed in Red Monkey clothes
Gotta stay fresh for you red monkey ho's
26 inches sittin' tall like whoa
(Like whoa)
Bring the camera man I'm a Goddamn show
Shower cap and all bitch you already know
Fuck around with dope, squeeze the money out a ho
I'ma get money nigga yeah I grind like hell
Rubberband around my money like a Goddamn playa
Got Cartier frames coverin' up my eyes
26 inches in between my tire
Knot in my pocket made at least 3 grand
Diamonds on my neck and a pistol in my hand
I'ma get money nigga, I grind like hell
When I'm short on the G's, I'm a crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
Oh yeah
(Oh yeah)
I'ma crank up the scale
(Slugged out grill)
They say hustle that dat boy
(Worth a few mill')

He sittin' at the bar
(Tearin' up hundred dollar bills)
That's his car parked by the front door
(On them big wheels)
He ain't never been a punk
Bugga sugga pusha fuck a state trooper
I'm livin' for the moment I ain't livin' for the future
My dudes will bring it to ya, bring the noise like a tuba
Crack ya peanut shell run up on ya with the Ruger
Smoke herb like a hippie, drink like a pirate
Wrist real crisp haters don't like it
Jack of all trades, got to get my chips
Manipulate ya broad, put ya chick on Craiglist
Traffic come in and out, got work when it's a drought
Don't take the main street, take the under route
Sucka use yo' head, dummy you heard what I said
I'm gettin carpal tunnel while I'm countin' all this bread
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