

Slight Work (feat. Big Sean)

Wale

Got work (slight work)
D-Town to the DMV
Diplo wassup
Finally got your girl going crazy
Drunk white bitches (work it, wo-wo-work it, oh) I can do it all and it ain't no problem
Ain't nobody harder than a nigga Folarin
Bitch I go hard, I'm ballin' I'm globe trotting
And my flow art my nigga, I'm Mozart with it
It's all good, I do this
I turn a straight prude bitch into a nudist
Foolish I be on that new shit
And I'm blowing up like bitches we went to school with
Ain't nobody checking for your garbage
Lot of intuition I ain't even finish college
Never hit the mall and forever get it all
Any broad better layer like I'm dressing for the fall, nigga
And I'm all that, hit the passenger door
Shawty was Pinkberry sweet and I ain't lactose
I ain't tryna brag tho, I'm just know I'm that dope
Kick game Bo Jacks, my Bo Jacks Tai bo
Haha, and it ain't no problem, you race to these broads
I relay 'em, baton 'em
Bitches in here, one thou
But when you step out why the bitches run out
Double MG shit I put the set down
Rick James back, bad bitches on the couch
Ahh, wordplay, Olubowale my first name
I think I'm Koko B. wearin, you just a bird babe
I got a pair of J's, I roll a pair of J's
We up in Diamond supply, spending that carrot cake
Let it marinate, you forever late
A million home sellers couldn't find a realer state [Chorus]
(Work it, work it) slight work, its light work
(Work it, work it) The wrong drink, the right work
Slight work, light work (Work it, work it)
The wrong drink, the right work
work, work, work, work
work, work, work, work
work, work, work, work

Work, work, work, work Bitch you ain't a boss 'til you cut a pay check
Only thing between me and your bitch is latex
Man, and I ain't into saving these hoes
My nigga tell me where you see a cape at
B-I, B-I bitch B-I-G
The two things I don't need are you and my ID
I'mma need a yellow cab and a yellow bad bitch
Green faces but a nigga dodging yellow badges, wooop (sirens)
Cause I'm drunk, yeah ok
Under twenty five living the fucking life
White America said I'll be doing twenty five to life
And just for that, I'ma blow twenty five tonight
You make twenty five a year, I make twenty five a night, woah
Blucka, blucka, blucka
Bitch get hit with my Ciroc Vodka choppa
(Go) takin' body shots, blocka, blocka, blocka
Probably in your girls dreams, probably in your daughter locker
Top floor like I'm out tanning
And they stole your whole delivery, now that's outlandish
I guess like good delivery, man, I'm outstanding
Car tinted, I'm in it, til like I'm out camping, goddammit
I'm one hell of a guy, looking down on a cloud, that's one hell of a high
Bitch, I gets ghost, the way she screaming Big
Niggas couldn't tell if I was dead or alive [Chorus] You already know, Finally Famous in this
D-Town to the DMV,
Probably got your girl going crazy, crazy, boiii, boi, boi From the D-Town to the DMV, I got all these bad
bitches tryna get with me
From the D-Town to the DMV, I got all these bad bitches tryna get on me
We need to see ID

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