

Work (Remix)

Asap Ferg

I gotta close the window before I record
Cause New York don't know how to be quiet[Verse 1: A\$AP Ferg]
Coogi down to the socks like I'm biggie poppa
Keep your girl head in my Tommy boxers
But really though, she a silly ho
Cause you know the Fergenstein getting plenty dough
She don't get nothin' from a nigga though
All she get is hard dick and some Cheerios
Kinda silly though, but I'm lyrical
Bet I put him in the dirt with the penny loafers
No tint though, on my window
So you see a nigga shining in the Benzo
Ballin'! (Skkrrrrr!)
Got me feelin' like Jim Jones
I'm a pimp though, no limp though
Couldn't copy my style in Kinkos
Put in work, run up on a killer then I put him in the dirt
Run up in the buildin', semi gon' squirt
That's what a nigga get when they getting on my nerves
I ain't lyin' - lay 'em on the curb
Riding on a killer who be coming at Ferg!
Damnnnnnnnn!!!
Girl you twerk, twerk that kitty girl make it purr
Put in work, Flacko put 'em in the dirt
French got the shovel he gon' put him in the earth
Trinidad maniac with a all gold hearse
Yeah, uh, put in work
Schoolboy Q with a pound of the purp
So much work he'll smoke up the Earth
Polo Ground, A\$AP World[Verse 2: French Montana]
(Haaan!) That ain't Kanye, that's Montana
Loose cannon, he shot me so I had to do it
Put him in the dirt, put him in it first
I just sold a swammy with ten hommies on it
Her ass fat, you could park ten Tahoes on it
When they mask up, comin' for your ice
When they bare-faced, they comin for your life
Baby don't pray for me pray for the weak
I'm drinkin' lean, it help me sleep

Illuminati? I'm from the streets
 Never sold my body, we takin' bodies[Hook]
 Put in work, put in work
 Put in work, put 'em in the dirt[Verse 3: Trinidad James]
 Shout out that motherland, 12 years old with guns in hand
 They don't ask no questions, nigga, all they do is bang bang bang
 They don't ask no questions, all they do is bang bang
 I said I do this for them shottas, Trinidad I love ya
 I do this for them shottas, Jamaica I'm your brother
 I know a bitch from VI, yeah yeah yeah that's my partner
 You got a problem with it, then, then, then, then that's your problem
 I fuck with Asian niggas And I fuck with Migos
 I fuck with Haitian niggas, all they speak is Creole
 I said all I speak is real, y'all niggas might hate me but
 That don't get no deal, I said no that don't get no deal
 I just now got my deal, but I been gettin' this money
 No green card in this struggle, immigration give you nothing[Hook]
 But work (Put it in work)
 Work (Put it in work)
 Work (Put it in work)[Verse 4: Schoolboy Q]
 Yawk, Yawk, Yawk, Yawk!
 A lotta niggas died, should've been from Hoover Street
 No I do not have a car, but I could buy one every week
 Pimpin' like I'm 33, move keys like I'm 36
 Ship O's like I'm 28, Tacoma know I'm pushin' weight
 O-X-Y I'm in your state, eatin' off your dinner plate
 My heart live where Santa stay, super fly, I need a cape
 Bitches throwin' pussy back and forth, they on my dick
 Passion drippin' off her lip, she say she never had a crip
 Uh, put in work, all big booties make ya twerk
 All big titties lift your shirt, show a player what you're worth
 Yeah, put in work, spray his ass in front the Church
 Deacon said I did my shit, the pastor said, "That nigga turnt"
 Pop my collar on my shirt, make these bitches go berserk
 Shippin' units, Captain Kirk, takin' xannies poppin' perc
 Might not last, I'll bomb ya first, turn your backseat to a hearse
 Back to the lab with mother Earth, had to give Young Ferg a verse[Verse 5: A\$AP Rocky]
 A lot of homies cried, due to crimes, homicide
 Drivin' by, poppin' nines, Pakistan, Columbine
 Out of line, pistols barkin' "Ar, ar" ride or die
 Write a script, design a line, all I see is dollar signs
 You want that pretty Flacko? Ratchets, designer jackets
 The same niggas who jack it be the first who claim we faggots
 My bitch is a movie actress, side bitch won a beauty pageant
 Got a chick that worked at Magic, but I'm so damn fine make a bitch look average

See my daddy in heaven, right next to Ferg's
You know what's up I'm throwin' bucks
Loaded Lux, put in work

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