

# Work For It (Feat. YFN Lucci)

## Kayla Brianna

If all the bad bitches in the party  
Know they tryna feel up on your body  
Know they tryna take you to the lobby  
And take you to the room for the night  
Work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
Work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it Baby show me what you gon' do for this  
And I got my own, don't ever need it from him  
Walk right in the club, another dude enlist  
I became the plug, never need it from him  
I'm my own kind, baby look at the wrist  
I'm my own grind like I'm wagging them hips  
Yeah it's just the way that it's supposed to be  
Better come correct when you stepping to me like Oh, yeah you say you getting dough  
Looking just the way I want  
And I might give you what you want  
But hold on If all the bad bitches in the party  
Know they tryna feel up on your body  
Know they tryna take you to the lobby  
And take you to the room for the night  
Work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
Work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it She tryna make me work like RiRi  
And she know I'm the perk, I'm a big freak  
Damn she sweet like dessert, I'm a eat, eat  
Yeah she got a nigga heart like concrete  
Treat of the night  
Tryna put some diamonds on the wrist like ice  
40 thousand dollar Birkin, bought it on sight  
And I be goddamned if you doggin', don't bite  
It's a lot of bad bitches in the party  
Know I'm gon' be feeling on somebody  
Know a nigga pull up in the 'Rari  
Know I'm gon' be leaving with somebody If all bad bitches in the party  
Know they tryna feel up on your body  
Know they tryna take you to the lobby  
And take you to the room for the night

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I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
Work for it, baby make 'em work for it  
I'mma make you work for it, baby make 'em work for it See me walking by, you don't be pulling on me  
And I'm with all my girls, we on 103  
It's getting kinda hot, it's like 100 degrees  
So baby if you thirsty, I can buy you a drink  
Hold on, you know that it's rules to this  
If you running game, I ain't new to this  
Give it to you, what you gon' do with it?  
I can give it to you, what you gon' do with it? Oh, yeah you say you getting dough  
Looking just the way I want  
And I might give you what you want  
Hold on If all the bad bitches in the party  
Know they tryna feel up on your body  
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Songwriters

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