Time for Work (feat. Emanny)

Joe Budden

What's going on in this motherfucker?
See a lot of funny looks, made me think that something's wrong in this motherfucker
If I let the milli rock it'll be a different song in this motherfucker
Two bitches in the club, can't we all get along in this motherfucker?
Rodney King and I'm gone in this motherfucker
Grown than a motherfuckerYeah, up top, what's popping with it?
Whatever we doing we doing it with a lot of bitches
Nigga, I mean a whole lot of bitches
Outside of my normal, some even hotter bitches
Yeah, shorty say all that's her own body
Chances are she already in the phone probably
Ass fat enough to buy that bitch her own property
That's my definition of a home body
Got a Rollie in her wrist and her tone cocky
Nonetheless I only check her 'cause her dome sloppy
Gave her all that she could handle though
She put her mouth around the wiz, something Amber Rose
Get her naked and she look like Amber Rose
I was taping the whole thing then the camera froze
To this day her and I remain amicable
She even let me bust first, she so mannerableIf you really dig me how about you leave here with me?
Come on, shorty, let me know
Come on, shorty, let me know
We can do whatever, promise, ain't no pressure
Hurry, girl, I got to go
Hurry, girl, I got to goWJBOC 101.9, and I'm your host DJ Verified rocking out with you
Doing it for the grown and sexy out there
35 and up, 35 and up only
Call us up, we're doing a live remote from Club Deco
Call us up, 1-800-We Too Old For The Fuck Shit
We wanna talk to you, come onWhat's going on in this motherfucker?
See a lot of funny looks, made me think that something's wrong in this motherfucker
If I let the milli rock it'll be a different song in this motherfucker
Two bitches in the club, can't we all get along in this motherfucker?
Rodney King and I'm gone in this motherfucker
Grown than a motherfuckerBeen thinking about you for quite some time
And you ain't seen crazy quite like mine
Nah, I've been occupied, sike, I'm lying
You know how the saying go, out of sight, out of mind

Just kidding, could tell I like you
She just moved to Queens [?]
Hella prideful, everything I buy two
Everything his/hers, Jemele and Michael
Should've been left, but I'm still in here
Last place she'd expect to see a millionaire go
On and on and on and
Please, baby, no Tweets, put away your phone and
Ride and moaning to five in the morning
Had to Uber on the way right at you yawning
[?] joke alone, Joe Malone
Of the green bottle same color of provologne
If it's on Don Corleone go with the throne
Still I'm the best kept secret though I'm [?]
In the focus homes
And that much real estate like the focus homes
When the clothes is gone
I be going going Baghdad, all the approach is wrong
And she ain't the type of lady to sit in coach for long
With me as high king she take her liking
To trim and piping when the kitchen [?]
Quite surprising the post of my dreams
If father stretch appears like ultralight beams
Surmised by the size of her thighs, it might seem
Dreamy eyes get wide with the life of my stream, hey
Getting all up in her guts with it
Gotta bust multiple nuts with it
That's how it sound when we together
She my queen with the crown and she down for whateverIf you really dig me how about you leave here with me?
Come on, shorty, let me know
Come on, shorty, let me know
We can do whatever, promise, ain't no pressure
Hurry, girl, I got to go
Hurry, girl, I got to go

Songwriters
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