

Hard Work Pays Off

Waka Flocka Flame

Hard work, nigga
I'm talking 'bout sweat, blood, tears, nigga
I'm talking 'bout you working so motherfucking hard that your feet work, nigga
Work so hard that your body gets weak, man
And your muscles get to hurting, man
Trap so hard, don't give a fuck that the police watching, man
Nigga, we go hard in the paint, nigga
Like, real talk, nigga, we work hard, nigga
What's up, Capp? What's up, J?
Nigga, we working hard, nigga
You know my boys going ham, nigga
12 might run, let's grind

Hard work pay off, you can't tell me shit, nigga
All white yayo, rob you for your bricks, nigga
Money on my mind, so I'm fucking dollar signs
Road dog on my hip, that's a plastic Glock 9
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Crazy, crazy money put me in a psycho ward
26's got me sitting like a yacht, so hop aboard, hop aboard
Never bored, it's all work, no play
Strong K with a scope on it, I'll hit you from the long way
Go on and think I'm lying, but my dope hole like Pinocchio
Just sold him a dummy, got you for the okey-doke
Call me nachos, get my cheese and then I dip
Ain't no toilet by my ear, so baby, you can't tell me shit, bow!
Bitch, look at my chain, wow
Sparkle like some cider dust
Pupils white, biting down, scare you like the spider web
Boo! I apologize, but baby, you can't be my boo
I got too many hoes, so I simply got no time for you
that's all I care about, tell you the truth
Flyer than the fairy, but I'm after money, fuck a tooth
You can't help me get no dough? Sorry, I don't fuck with you
Niggas say they fuck with [?], who the fuck are you?

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The guap, the cheese, the bread, the dope
I'm hungry, starving, trying to get more
'Cause of money, money, money I'm running, running, running
She's calling my name, I'm coming, honey
I'ma marry her so I can call her mine
I think about that girl all the time
I have that dream 'bout dollar signs

Taliban strapped up like the Columbine
So you can't tell me shit, nigga
Right side, green flag, that's the clique, nigga
Word on the street that you got a brick, nigga
One phone call to the squad, that's it, nigga
They coming to take your shit
Tie you up and take your bitch
You love that hoe, we hate that bitch
Money make you go remake that shit
So all that flexing, boy, you better quit that
'Cause we'll snatch your chain and you won't get your shit back
Wet your block up, get your whole clique wet
Turn around, nigga, too late, click clack
Now everybody got something to talk about
Just like hoes, love to run their mouth
When I come around, better watch your mouth
Before I bust your ass in the whip while I drop you off
Some of y'all probably think a nigga popping
'Til a nigga pull out a pistol and start popping
Nigga get shot in the leg and start hopping
Nigga get shot in the head and start dropping
So if you got them, we coming 'cause we want it, nigga
Hit Squad and Brick Squad, them my homies, nigga

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I've always been Blood, Juaquin Malphurs, he a thug
I don't trust shit, so all I do is mean mug
Prices so high that I wish I had a plug
Get mud drug if you say, "Fuck Flocka"
Rolling off a yopper, parking lot chopper
Hundred round clip, everybody better dip
Blank out shawty, Brick Squad balling
Hoes keep calling and these fuck niggas stalling
Strip club tipping, location is Moreland
Me, J, and Capp down for a kidnap
You know Waka Flocka Flame, I don't always keep a strap
Down with my hood hoe, so fuck a Top Model
X pills and bottles, that's gon' make the hoe swallow
Trued up swag, Trued up shoes
Trued up jeans, you can call me Mr. Clean
Bright ass green diamonds got this young nigga shining

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