

I Work Hard

Waka Flocka Flame

I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
On the block with the crack and the midget
Niggas trying to haunt me like they running with the coppers
Want to rob me, see me make them stupid ass niggas
Posted at the gas station, hand-to-hand pitching
Clayco pulled up, now I'm running from the snitches
Seven days trapping, now I'm stunting on them bitches
Hoes, they in love with me, they wanna get new bitches

I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling
I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling

Young nigga there, young nigga here
Fuck with me, shawty, this a young nigga year
Truckload backing in, truckload backing out
So much fucking mid in this trap house
Boy, I'm plugged in, yes, my hands in
Got that mild mid, got that loud mid
Got a juug for 50 pounds, I call Mario
That young nigga, Chaz? That's my little bro
I'm posted on the Grove with B. Ceezy moving beans
My life green and white, and 4K
Married to the game, my wife name is Mary Jane
Waka Flocka Flame, that's my stage name
Learn the real name before you judge this young nigga
Ask a lame nigga and ask these fuck niggas
I don't play with niggas, games is not played
Stunt, ball, keep it real and do my fucking thing

I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling
I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling

Yeah, nigga
And I'm not using no red rag or this lime green flag
To move on in life, partner
This shit one hundred, nigga
Matter of fact, this shit is five hundred to three hundred, nigga
What's happening with that, pussy ass nigga?
And you know I fuck with everybody, nigga
Everybody fuck with me, nigga
This shit strong right here, partner
And I ain't talking about muscles, nigga
'Cause I don't lift shit, nigga
Whole motherfucking Fab 5, man
Free my nigga Chaz

What it do, Slim? What it do, Dae Dae?
Trap, what's happening, man?
You know this shit 'bout
B. Ceezy, P. Ceeze

I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling
I work hard, shawty, I'm out here trying to get it
Selling crack, selling pills, yes, we got them midgets
I work hard, dog, trying to see a million
I'm talking money so high, you can stack it to the ceiling