

## Slight Work

Wale

Got work (slight work)  
D-Town to the DMV  
Diplo wassup  
Probably got your girl going crazy  
Drunk white bitches  
(work it, wo-wo-work it, oh)

I can do it all and it ain't no problem  
Ain't nobody harder than a nigga Folarin  
Bitch I go hard, I'm ballin' I'm globe trotting  
And my flow art my nigga, I'm Mozart with it  
It's all good, I do this  
I turn a straight prude bitch into a nudist  
Foolish I be on that new shit  
And I'm blowing up like bitches we went to school with  
Ain't nobody checking for your garbage  
Lot of intuition I ain't even finish college  
Never hit the mall and forever get it all  
Any broad better layer like I'm dressing for the fall, nigga  
And I'm all that, hit the passenger door  
Shawty was Pinkberry sweet and I ain't lactose  
I ain't tryna brag tho, I'm just know I'm that dope  
Kick game Bo Jacks, my Bo Jacks Tai Bo  
Haha, and it ain't no problem, you race to these broads  
I relay 'em, baton 'em  
Bitches in here, one thou  
But when you step out why the bitches run out  
Double MG shit I put the set down  
Rick James back, bad bitches on the couch  
Ahh, wordplay, Olubowale my first name  
I think I'm Koko B. Ware, you just a bird babe  
I got a pair of J's, I roll a pair of J's  
We up in Diamond supply, spending that carrot cake  
Let it marinate, you forever late  
A million home sellers couldn't find a real estate

(Work it, work it)  
Slight work, its light work  
(Work it, work it)  
The wrong drink, the right work  
Slight work, light work  
(Work it, work it)  
The wrong drink, the right work  
Work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work

Bitch you ain't a boss til you cut a pay check  
Only thing between me and your bitch is latex  
Man, and I ain't into saving these hoes  
My nigga tell me where you see a cape at  
B-I, B-I bitch B-I-G  
The two things I don't need are you and my ID  
I'mma need a yellow cab and a yellow bad bitch  
Green faces but a nigga dodging yellow badges, wooop (sirens)  
Cause I'm drunk, yeah ok  
Under 25 living the fucking life

White America said I'll be doing 25 to life  
And just for that, I'ma blow 25 tonight  
You make 25 a year, I make 25 a night, whoa  
Blucka, blucka, blucka  
Bitch get hit with my Ciroc Vodka choppa  
(Go) takin' body shots, blocka, blocka, blocka  
Probably in your girls dreams, probably in your daughter locker  
Top floor like I'm out tanning  
And they stole your whole delivery, now that's outlandish  
I guess like a delivery man, I'm out-standing  
Car tinted, I'm in it, til like I'm out camping, goddammit  
I'm one hell of a guy, looking down on a cloud, that's one hell of a high  
Bitch, I gets ghost, the way she screaming Big  
Niggas couldn't tell if I was dead or alive

You already know, Finally Famous in this  
D-Town to the DMV,  
Probably got your girl going crazy, crazy, boiii, boi, boi

From the D-Town to the DMV, I got all these bad bitches tryna get with me  
From the D-Town to the DMV, I got all these bad bitches tryna get on me  
We need to see ID