

Lil Scrappy, Oh Yeah (Work)

(feat. Sean P (of the YoungBloodZ), E-40)

[Lil Scrappy:]

I hear everyone of you,
We do it like the army do,
I can go vertical,
Let's go, hey, hold up(hold up).
No!!! Blow!!! Oh!!!
C'mon, crank it, c'mon! Eh! Oh!

[Chorus:]

Got Cartier frames coverin' up my eyes,
26 inches inbetween my tires,
Knot in my pocket man atleast three grand,
diamonds on my neck and a pistol in my hand,
I'ma get money nigga, a grind like hell,
when I'm short on my G's I'ma crank up tha scale,
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale,
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale!

[Lil Scrappy:]

I ain't never goin' broke no mo',
aslong as my folks keep guns and the blow,
They sell it on up and then they bring back mo',
and everybody askin' what I got that work fo'.
(Got What!!!)
Got diamonds in my shades, that Cartier frame,
You look up at my face,
and tell her you wood grain, the ho be amazed,
they be like OH!
Nigga see it from the boss, see the way it glow.
Yeah! Them thangs twinkle in the light bright,
I don't know, I jus twinkle in the lime light,
gotta Chevy same color as a can of Sprite,
sippin' on the X.O. got me feelin' right.
I've been livin', my whole life pimpin',
you'll never catch me slippin',
fuckin' with ya'll women,
Scrap be chillin', I stay on tha grind,
It's hard life we livin', I stay with my nine.

[Chorus]

[Sean Paul of Youngbloodz:]

I ain't gotta hit these streets no mo'(no mo'),
Criss inten-ed-ed fo' a show.
Notice I ain't out but four times every week(every week),
during the time four every week get G'ed(get G'ed).
Cartier shade with tha gator cut wood(cut wood),
proud of footwear, damn ya'll niggas do it(do it).
Whenever we in Atlanta now they callin me in Europe (Europe
everyday I'm hustlin' diamonds up against tha wood(wood).
Dope boy fresh dressed in red monkey clothes(clothes),
gotta stay fresh fo' you dead monkey ho(ho),
26 inches sittin' tall like whoa(like whoa),
Get tha cameraman I'm a God damn show.
Shower cap and all, bitch you already know(know),
fuck around wit dope, and squeeze some money outta ho(ho).
I'm a get money nigga, yeah I grind like hell,
rubberband around my money, like a God damn playa(damn playa).

[Chorus]

[E-40:]

Ooooooooooh!
Swapped out grill,
they say that hustla that(that) boy worth a few mill,
he sittin' at the bar tearin' up hundred dolla bills,
that's his car parked in the front door on them big wheels.
He ain't never been a punk!
Ooooooooooh!
Booga Suga Pusha,
fuck a state troopa,
I'm livin' fo tha moment,I ain't livin' fo tha future.
Producer bring it to you, bring the noise like a tuba,
crack your peanut shell, run up on you with tha ruga.
Smoke herb like a hippie(hippie),
drank like a pirate(pirate),
wrist real crisp (crisp), haters don't like it (like it).
Jacket full of trays(trays), gotta get my chips(chips),
manipulate your braud, put your chick on Craig List(List).
Traffic I'm in and out(out),
don't work when it's a drought(drought),
don't take the main street(street),
take the under route(route).
Sucka use your head,
dumby...
you heard what I said,
I'm gettin' carpal tunnel while I'm countin' all this bread.