

# Young Scooter, Work

[Chorus: Young Scooter]

Only thing I know is get them packs in  
Don't ever let a nigga think you need him  
Fuck a friend, be about your business  
Stand ten toes down and get it  
And work, work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work

[Verse 1: Young Scooter]

When you call a nigga phone and they don't answer for you  
That mean that nigga never gave a fuck about you  
You in the streets, don't keep your ID in your wallet  
I got like six names, I can be anybody  
Early in the mornin' got the stove rockin'  
Everything I do I see somebody watchin'  
Lost everything I had and Future said he got me  
I turn them free bands to millions of dollars  
Made some juugs with Dolph now I'm good in Ohio  
Do you like my slick partner blow them packs by you?  
Hit up dope phone, ain't workin' in the gump  
So anything you want, I got it in the trunk

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[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

They say crime don't pay, well, if crime don't pay  
Then I'm lying, I'm flying and the sun ain't shine  
Say it all the time, It'll come in due time  
I ain't got no time, Imma rob for mine  
Don't ask how, I'm a cash cow  
Can't wait then because I need it now  
Say I'm insane cause my pistol hang  
I'm at the shooting range like I'm Jesse James  
Got great aim, yeah, I'm accurate  
I'm a pimp nigga, I can mack a bitch  
And I can't turn water to wine, bitch  
But I can turn half a brick to a whole brick  
That 2Pac, that old shit  
Fill a nigga ass with holes quick  
Use a nigga head for a trophy  
Then dump a nigga body in the ocean  
Finger a bitch with my trigger finger  
Same finger that I roll a blunt with  
How the fuck you a Hitman  
And I paid you and you ain't hit shit?  
Not Byrd Gang but it's Bricksquad  
But I make a nigga whole set dip quick  
Got a new Mac with a cooler on it  
Hope you folks got insurance on it

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[Verse 3: Young Scooter]

You in the streets and you ain't got it  
Nigga, you better take it  
Every nigga 'round me is impatient  
Down in Miami, I know a couple of Haitians  
Man, guardin' projects the bricks stupid crazy  
Before the day over, twenty to a eighty  
Remix like a cater, I serve you like a waiter  
You on the block with no pack, nigga, I see you later  
Got dope all flavors, catch me working daily  
All I want is paper, BMG we made it  
We gotta go to work, you can't be looking crazy  
Your trap will go berzerk, if you know how to play it  
I had to switch my house, these niggas snitching crazy

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