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## Yo Gotti "Work"

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Niggas playing Pac-man, chasing power pennies, lâ€<sup>™</sup> m playing Call of Duty with that mac eleven. If devil in the zone I shoot it long And if you go against the team is bad, call me hell at it. Lord, forgive me for my sins, lâ€<sup>™</sup> m just trying to get a benz. In the kitchen with the pirates, last brick, I gotta make a stretch. Spread your wings, let me see you fly, Can you bring the nigga back, twenty five. I rubber band that, damn, shit still wet, double fan that. Work, where is that? Work, quit saying that. Work, what you mean with that? Work, thousand grant man. Work, where is that? Work, guit saying that. Work, what you mean with that? Work, thousand grant man. God, forgive me for my sins, I fucked the game, tired of making plans. Broke a brick down, tried to buy billions, Diamonds all black, caught it, take it for the tens. I bought a big house with a fence And had to pay taxes for them ams. I paid what was off in magic city, I pay cars off sin city. Flying with a model, drinking out the bottle, She donâ€<sup>™</sup> t like to drink but sure she like to swallow, Early on the road, grabbing on the faulty, Fifty in the morning spend sixty in the party.

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That boy shit, boom, turn on, I have plans on the hoe, will she burn up? You nigger fighting over hoe, you kidding me, So you think that bitch belong to you? You shitting me. Fly like shit, real nigga, we donâ€<sup>™</sup> t holla at shit, This real, that chain, these watches, my shit. Gold chain is the side shit, black creator and itâ€<sup>™</sup> s popping. Standing on the couches with my head calling, lâ€<sup>™</sup> m in this bitch acting like itâ€<sup>™</sup> s my spot, Lights on us, prime time, you know it breaks all us, grind time.

Work, where is that? Work, quit saying that. Work, what you mean with that? Work, thousand grant man. Work, where is that? Work, quit saying that. Work, what you mean with that? Work, thousand grant man.

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