

Crawford Billy

"Work Somethin"

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[Dougie D]

One time for your mind, now get this bitch crunk
Let me see you throw the deuce for your hood, if you
ain't no punk
Who scared you scared, hell naw how we bucked
We be bout it bout it and rowdy, and knocking in the
trunk
Creased up pieced up, sipping on a cup of drank
While these bitches popping they pussy, and twerking
blowing dank
All my bitches on the flo', watch a nigga body rock
So thoed up in the game, and we leaving hoes in shock
C-Walking cross the flo', and sliding down on you hoes
(bia-bia), get your hands off of my diamonds and my
gold
Throwing bows on you hoes, the Maab enough to get it
hype
Steady body rocking and shocking, all through the
fucking night
Let me see your tongue ring, bitch you know that's what
I like
Cause there ain't nothing, but nasty little thoughts up
on my mind
Wide up up in this bitch, and we fin to shut the do'
Ain't nobody leaving up out of here, till I see you hoes

[Hook - 2x]

Work something, twerk something don't stop
All my niggas throw the deuce up, if you representing
your block
Work something, twerk something don't stop
All my bitches on the floor, watch a nigga body rock

[Swab]

You've got to, work some-thing
Third Coast, let's get it jumping
It's time to, let our nuts hang
So bitch get out the way
If you ain't talking bout working something
And twerking something, yeeah
Guerilla Maab will do you, run right through you

Like I said, get out the way
Cause all we wanna see you do is

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Picture me coming round the corner
More fly, than boppers on choppers
That's why these niggas, gon knock us
But ain't no way they gon stop us
Guerilla Maab we put it on you, from France to
California
We street made block roamers, with a gray on blue
toner
On slab or foreign cars, so niggas we don't barre
And if they wanna plex, then we gon straight up bring a
war
We self made millionaires, so act like you know
We slamming do's on 4's, when body rocking the road
And I'm about to explode, when a nigga starts to get
hyper
Doing it everytime, walking on bops on jock and I'ma
wear no get her shine
A three-wheel swang abuser, and a three time straight
bruiser
Better believe I ain't no punk, you better move like Luda
I'm a Guerilla fight thug type, when I'm sliding past
hoes
With a baddest bitch that's shaking her ass, and steady
dropping it to the
flo'
Throwing bows on niggas, to keep this motherfucker
crunk
Like ten 18's in the trunk, swanging on screwed up funk

[Hook - 4x]

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