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Juelz Santana "Make It Work For You"

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Boy, let me show you how to make that crack How to spend that money, how to make that back Girl, let me show you how to hit that strip How to get that grip, don't give back lip

Go head, do what you do, make it work for you Go head, do what you do, make it work for you Go head, do what you do, make it work for you Go head, do what you do, make it work for you

Put the coke in the pots, whip it over the rocks Ship it over the blocks, it's movin', movin' I do the damn thang, I get a brick, shit I don't let it sit quick, I move the damn thang

I can show you how to mix that shit How to whip that shit, how to twist that wrist I can show you how to get back more And the shit that you get back is just as raw

Girl, I can show you how to hit that Ave With that big fat ass and go get that cash But you know you got to give back half I'm somethin' like a pimp, now go, get that cash

Boy, I don't play when it comes to money I guess that's why I'm okay when it comes to money I got two coups a truck and one four door I can pick up all my hoes and have a one four org

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Copped ten, sold five then I hide three Baking soda residue, I'm gone with the other two Fuck a magic stick, Jeezy got a magic wrist David Copperfield on the stove, all types of shit

Stack it up like Pringles all type of chips AR-15, all type of clips G.A., yeah, Atlanta Dipset Harlem World call Santana

Hit Jim on the hip, Cam on the celly We gon' call Ace, I get 'em for R.Kelly That's seventeen a chicken, I know the birdman 140th and Lenix, I know the birdgang

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Ugh, you can smell it through the wrapper That's that shit nigga, sit it in a pamper I still got two sittin' in the hamper I let 'em sit and air out or else you on them dampers

My lil brother got piff on them campers We call him The N.O Capo New Orleans that's what we ride for We got Cash Money on the table layin' underneath the flo'

Shit it's like I got a pan, how I heat the flo' Aye, but I really got a pan when I hit the blo Shit, aye, [Incomprehensible] this beat is so Motherfuckin' G.I. Joe and the hydro

Got me high, I can't see where I go When the rap stop movin' you just follow the coke When your bitch start choosin,' she won't ride wit a pro I'ma have that hoe swallowin' coke, Birdman Jr

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