

# Yung Ralph

## "I Work Hard"

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(Chorus)

I kick it with the OG's  
And listen to the oldies  
I work so hard  
I think I deserve a trophy  
I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard

In 1982 my mama had her first child  
My daddy left her before I learned how to crawl  
It was hard  
Yea she struggled  
Tracy Thomas (Tracy Thomas)  
Definition of a mother  
She had me too more brothers  
And a little sister  
Two more cousins that stayed wit us  
Five aunts and a uncle  
Lotta sweet Grandma  
Pools in the winter  
Family reunion in summer  
Times got better  
When the work came in  
Started rollin' up the long way  
When the purp came in  
My name Yung Ralph  
For the ones that don't know me  
This all for my cousins, every hood, and my homies

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

I kick it with the OG's  
And listen to the oldies  
I work so hard  
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I work hard  
I work hard

I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard  
I work hard  
\*Repeat\*

Fisrt day, 9th grade  
Couldn't wait to go to school  
New hat, new shirt, new pants, new shoes  
Me, Bayo, Big Jay and Mon act a fool  
I didn't worry bout the Bee my nigga Pool had the  
booze  
Found a connect  
It was in the South  
Ever since then man I never seen a drought  
Fat head had bag

....  
A whole case of blunts  
Smoked a whole lot of refer  
Neck like a chandelier  
Wrist like a lamp  
Money maker, stayed down  
Yea I loved my camp  
A lot of haters mad  
They didn't know about the movement  
Until the seen me in the 5-50 just crusin'

(Chorus)  
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And listen to the oldies  
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I work hard  
I work hard  
\*Repeat\*

These haters smile in ya face  
Talk behind yo back  
But they never tell you  
That Raplh got a sack  
Had to shake them haters off  
Man they was all on me  
A whole lot of ... imposters, and phonies  
Kick it wit the OG's  
And listen to the oldies  
Down to earth, rich rapper  
Ask whoeva know me

I lie a little, make mistakes  
I ain't perfect  
No matter what I get I'ma still eat Church's  
I go hard when I writing my lyrics  
Why you think the OG's and grown folks feel it  
Grew up being broke so I'm careful wit my money  
Goe advice and businesses  
And I thank Big Tommy

(Chorus)  
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And listen to the oldies  
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I work hard  
\*Repeat\*

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