

Calliko "Wrkout"

Visit "[Wrkout](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I fell asleep drunk, woke up turned up
Reeced over to the camera, where the earth was
Received a text from a chick I ain't heard from
Saying she horny and, in a mood to twerk some
But the money is what got her attention
So I stay on the paper, all the way to the finish
I got material goals while I'm shooting for Guinness
Taking it back to the 90's, I'm a motherfucking menace
On the money making mission like my nigga 2 chainz
Tryna top the chop off like a tupee
I drown them water boys like I'm bobby bushe
I done top of in the booth and leave a bunch of poop
stains
Bees in the trap, bee, bees in the trap
With a, my 24 double cup that
I can smell it, cause this stuff full of sex
By the end of the month, I'm tryna see a bunch of racks
I been the man forever, the top is so lonely
So I find confident these rows go rollie
When I get to fucking bitches always try to hold me
But I'm cold on them hoes, yellow mac call me goldie
This is bindess, nothing personal, I am not your homie
Just a humble nigga sharing wealth, passing nigga,
If you way meet me back at high school, you don't know
me
I am on it, you know my song, like a motherfucker,
On my way, on my way, yeah they say I'm up next
I'm on my way, on my way, yeah they say I'm up next
I'm on my way, on my way, yeah they say I'm up next
Cause I'm the truth, every time a nigga shooting
So I let them, I'm on my way, on my way
Nigga try to remove them,
On my way, on my way, nigga try to remove them,
On my way, on my way, nigga try to remove them,
On my way, on my way, nigga try to remove them,
I'm a truth, , so I'm next nigga, callie, aha.

Visit [Calliko](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

