

Isaak Chris

"Work it Out"

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[Intro]

Yeah, NFL, Boyz II Men

Characters baby

Meet me on the dance floor, come on

[Nafis]

Yo

It's like this, in a nice miss we faked it some tight whips

Chromed out (*edited*) out tokens'll right this

That frozen alley had my lip on some mad (*edited*)

Cuz we stack chips, had us grove to a plat' list

When they see us, yeah run

They hopin' out the Beamers, Pourches Range Rovers

and Hummers

My crew the cleanest, we the grittiest, back the

meanest chick

Get the Nafis dip, bouncers at the door clear the path

It's Nafis forever clique

[Boys II Men]

Have them take a place

People sittin' 'round

Riders on the side

No one's even tried to get down

Brotha's being fly

Ladies acting shy

Ain't no doubt to loose

I'm gon' get my groove on tonight

Gotta dance, gotta dance, gotta dance

1 - Ain't no use in holding up the wall

Come and get that body on the floor

Baby, lose control and scream and shout

Get your boogie down and work it out

Everybody's out, party's going on

And we're gonna rock until the sunlight crash and dawn

('Till the break of dawn)

Ain't a thing that you can do

When the rhythm's calling you

Let it work it's way right into you

Gotta dance, gotta dance, gotta dance

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Na na na na na

Na na na na na

Na na na na na

Na na na na na

[Garrison Hearst]

Make it move there's no need to hold back now

Hit the floor, let loose and watch me break this down

Keep it mellow or we can get wild

See you haters in the corner tryin' to peep my style

You want my stash, gold, checks, sports illustrated

I'm motivated by the fact that I'm being hated

Now my pockets swell, game straight outta ATL

G-land, Boyz II Men, work it out

What's the deal

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

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