

Workin Out

JID

Take your heart, don't let me break it in two
I'm sure that I could possibly do nothin' for you
I'm nearly on the edge
I'm 'bout to jump in the fuel
I'm really not afraid of nothin' Look on everything
I gave everything and got nothing back
Ain't looking for no pat on backs
That ain't how we got where the fuck we at
Mama call, "Where the fuck you at?"
"On the road, and I ain't coming back
Until my hundred stacks make a hundred racks
And that hundred racks bring a bundle back"
I was blowin' gas like the Honey Badger
J.I.D, bitch, the money snatcher
C'est la vie, shit I'm coming after everybody
Don't get the bloody splatter
I'm fly and I got my niggas fly too
Shit is like buddy passes
I wanna cry cause I'm numb inside
If you wonder why, ask, "What's the matter?"
'Cause I been working hella hard
Shit ain't really working out
I been praying to the Lord
Shit ain't really working out
I been looking to the stars
Keep my head up in the clouds
Shit ain't really working out
Shit ain't really working out
Shit ain't really working out Quiet
Don't explain
What is there to gain
Shit, shit ain't really working out
Now I got a little bread
Got my niggas working outta town
Baby your ass fat, shit
I can see you working out, hoo
And you got a new job?
Tell me, how that shit working out?
Heard you doing pretty good
Yeah, people talk, word of mouth
Wasn't 'round when you had the dirty house
Now they won't leave when you kick 'em out

These type of people can't stick around
Only down when there's
Liquor 'round or the spliff around
That's why I don't fuck with niggas now
Well I fuck with all my niggas
You know the difference
You been living with tunnel vision
You and all of your friends are
Like wonder women, Wonder Woman
Working for it if you ever wanted something
Searching for a purpose, I see what you on the
Difference in how you be using your gifts
In the midst of the shit that you dealing with
Really specific, you paid attention, panoramic
Got the vision like a fer-de-lance
You attack and you kill it
Sinkin' your teeth with the venom
Kinda like me with these instrumentals
Or the pen and the pencil
Or off the pimpin' since been pimpin'
Keep it sensible
Since you winning you a object of ridicule
Objects appearing closer than you ready for
Obviously you don't know what's ahead
But that's the reason you can work 'til you dead I been working hella hard
Shit ain't really working out
I been praying to the Lord
Shit ain't really working out
I been looking to the stars
Keep my head up in the clouds
Shit ain't really working out
Shit ain't really working out
Shit ain't really working out C'mon bruh, come to the booty club one time
Throw some of that Dreamville money
Throw some of that Dreamville money
At these hoes, bruh
They got dreams too, nigga
They got shit to do too nigga
They got dreams too bruh bruh
Y'all Dreamville-uh aye aye, aye aye, uh uh
Next time you see that nigga J. Cole bruh
You tell that nigga the same thing man
I fuck with y'all niggas bro
Why that nigga J. Cole
Got all this money, look like he 'bout to
Borrow somebody charger or something
"C'mon bruh, let me get your charger bruh
Let me get my shit to uh, uh 10% percent
And I'll give this shit back to you bruh bruh"

C'mon bruh flex some of that
Dreamville money, let me see it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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