

# Work

## Iggy Azalea

Walk a mile in these Louboutins  
But they don't wear these shits where I'm from  
I'm not hating, I'm just telling you  
I'm tryna let you know what the fuck that I've been through  
Two feet in the red dirt, school skirt  
Sugar cane, back lanes  
Three jobs, took years to save  
But I got a ticket on that plane  
People got a lot to say  
But don't know shit about where I was made  
Or how many floors that I had to scrub  
Just to make it past where I am from  
No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami  
No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami  
No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami  
I've been up all night, tryna get that rich  
I've been work, work, work, work, working on my shit  
Milked the whole game twice, gotta get it how I live  
I've been work, work, work, work, working on my shit  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Working on my shit  
You can hate it or love it  
Hustle and the struggle is the only thing I'm trusting  
Thorough bread in a mud brick before the budget  
White chick on that Pac shit, my passion was ironic  
And my dreams were uncommon  
Guess I gone crazy, first deal changed me  
Robbed blind, basically raped me  
Ran through the bullshit like a Matador  
Just made me madder and adamant to go at em  
And even the score so, I went harder  
Studied the Carters till a deal was offered  
Slept cold on the floor recording, at four in the morning  
And now I'm passin' the bar like a lawyer  
Immigrant, art ignorant  
Ya ill intent was insurance for my benefit  
Hate be inconsiderate  
But the Industry took my innocence

Too late, now I'm in this bitch! You don't know the half  
This shit get real  
Valley girls giving blowjobs for Louboutins  
What you call that?  
Head over heels No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami  
No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami  
No money, no family  
Sixteen in the middle of Miami I've been up all night, tryna get that rich  
I've been work, work, work, work, working on my shit  
Milked the whole game twice, gotta get it how I live  
I've been work, work, work, work, working on my shit  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Working on my shit Pledge allegiance to the struggle  
Ain't been easy  
But cheers to Peezy for the weeks we lived out of duffle  
Bags is all we had  
Do anything for my Mama, I love you  
One day I'll pay you back for the sacrifice  
That ya managed to muscle  
Sixteen, you sent me through customs so  
All aboard my spaceship to Mercury  
Turn First at the light that's in front me  
'Cause every night I'mma do it like it's my last  
This dream is all that I need  
'Cause its all that I ever had Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Working on my shit Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Now get this work  
Working on my shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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