

All Work (feat. Young Dolph)

Curren\$y

[Intro: Curren\$y]

Heaven, crib big, it's like a church

I'm going straight to heaven, crib big it's like a church [Verse 1: Curren\$y]

My first ride in a Phantom was with my homie Lil Wayne

Now I got one myself and I'm ridin' in my own lane

Me and my brother got labels and got 'em both on my chain

Jet Life, nigga, Taylor Gang, yeah, it's all the same

Then I flew out to Memphis with a pound and some champagne

I poured it with Dolph, then flew home to my vault

Smoking one in celebration, Fendi P just bought a Porsche

Spitta never fallin' off, he'll forever be a boss

And I never switched the sauce, been myself from square one

Rep the 'jects, that I done, that Corvette ZR1

I'm not there, I'm on the run, gettin' checks, more to come

Both my pinkies, both my wrists lit up like I'm on the sun, wait

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

I'm going straight to heaven, crib big just like a church

I'm going straight to heaven, crib big just like a church

I'm going straight to heaven, crib big just like a church

Fresh to death, I should've pulled up in a fuckin' hearse

Rap game, dope game, yeah, it's all work

Rap game, dope game, tell me, what's worse? [Verse 2: Young Dolph]

I just motivate all the hustlers, especially the dealers (Yeah)

All my bitches my bitches and all my niggas my niggas

Yeah, I'm all 'bout my figures (Yup), I ran all out of feelings (Yup)

Rollin' weed up while I'm counting, my lil' bitch think that I'm brilliant, ayy

Rollin' out the pound (Pound), pour it 'til it's dirty (Raw)

Eatin' pancakes, drinking champagne, it's just 12:30 (Damn)

All this ice around my neck, it got your girl flirting (Woah)

I'm a legend where I'm from, nigga, like Pee Wee Kirkland (Ayy)

You a pussy where you from, nigga, like Pee-wee Herman (Damn)

Seven gram blunt, half OG, half sherbet (Woo)

Five chains, two rings, and my Rollie on (Ayy, ayy)

They say he on that mob shit, I feel like Al Capone

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

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