

[Hook]

She say five for the table, ten for the lap
Twenty five a song if we take it to the back
And I said "Damn... tell me what would you do for the rack?"
And she said "Damn... I don't know if I should answer that"
'Cause she work hard for that money " work hard for that cash
Work hard for that money " work hard for that cash
I work hard, so she twerk hard, she love shakin' that ass
She work hard for that money " work hard for that cash
Cash...

[Verse 1]

Girl, you see how many bottles we've popped
So don't stop dropping that ass
Down up, down up, jiggle that back
Drop it to the floor, girl, make that ass clap
If we take it to the back for a stack, it's a wrap
And you know that " you love hearing that real shit
I love the way that them heels fit
And the way they're making that ass sit
And you outfit is the dopest
Now take it off, stay focussed
Got a tattoo of your stage name
Them other niggas don't notice
You killin' hoes with your pole tricks
You work hard or get no tips
You ball hard, I've got more whips
And a drug dealer got more chips
And I can't, I won't stop... staring at your body
'Cause it looks so good on the stage
That's why you've got every nigga in the paint...

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

New day, new money " more than often
Nowadays my lifestyle is more than costly
Them nights at the Saint, drinkin', so exhausted
No for me, girl, for you " I'm more than bossin'
But girl you're stunning, Stone Cold Steve Austin
What a Hell of a catch " Calvin Johnson
You belong on the cover, sugar thanks to your mother
Man, need time to recover if we go to the buzzer
Got to know I'm a drummer, fuck it then I'mma beat it
...but she was happy to meet it
So she wrote down the number in case I wanted to keep it
But I don't stop at the pass, only counter I needed
Some would call it conceited, but I call it original
Dark and spicy, that line was subliminal
Call me Mr. Clutch, put me in when it's pivotal
Watch me kill it and leave it, I'm a hell of a criminal

[Hook]