

# Work for It

DJ Khaled

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Make me give up everything I worked for  
You gon' make me give up everything I worked for  
Sunday, you ain't got to church though  
I still bless you but you what come first though  
Make me give up everything I worked for  
Sunday, that's what they pray to church for  
You gon' make me give up everything I worked for

You gon' get this Rollie off the wrist, yeah  
You gon have my phone full of all your pics, yeah  
You gon' have me flying in and out of town  
You said you've been losing weight and dropping pounds  
Damn, I think I'm 'bout to leave the one I'm with  
Start a new relationship with you, this is what you do  
I had you after twelve but you came right after at two  
I could have anything I want but I still want you, that's the truth  
I'm not really into the sentimentals  
Just me and you behind the tinted windows  
While you throwing all these innuendos  
We just finna' f\*\*k up all the incidentals at the SLS  
That's LA confidential, show me everything that you've been through  
We only do what we meant to like, woah  
This that, titties on the glass, pull the curtains shit  
This that, f\*\*k you in the air, no service dick  
This that, call his ass right now, say you're deserting him  
This that, call him while we f\*\*king so he heard the shit

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Money stalking me its like the money talk to me  
So if you ain't talking bout money then don't talk to me (shh)  
I work with dope boys, I keep a fork on me, (skrt)  
I'm in my drop top but won't let you get the drop on me (catch up)  
I keep the yop on me in trouble since the follow me  
I take my pistol to the mall my pistol shop with me  
That bitch is jockin' me, and young niggas admire me  
Yeah, but I'm a product of the streets so they won't hire me

Can't let you play me off the streets you know I got kids  
And more major keys than a locksmith  
I could teach you niggas how to rock this  
My bed was a pallet on the carpet  
My ride was a bus named MARTA  
Pillow full of Estee Lauder  
Nigga, I'm allergic to a charger  
Nothing but foreign cars in my garage, ah

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I'm takin' risks, she takin' pills, takin' pics, day job night job  
Jamaican shit, I stick to the basics, not a basic bitch  
You deserve a young young legendary  
Heart throb speeding up your respiratory  
Treat these others hoes secondary  
I couldn't even cheat with my secretary  
Faithful to you even when I'm on road  
Even if I'm on a different coast  
I'mma still make you feel close mama  
I'm addicted to your ass and titties  
When you dance the bedroom turn to Magic City  
Got my ass thrown hundreds, fifties  
Outta thin air yeah thats magic tricking  
I take you to the Caribbean  
Your mind is clear as the water you swimming in  
In and out that bitch like we amphibians  
I won't change next season for ya like they did Aunt Vivian  
I'mma put you on the businesses, I'mma divy up the dividends  
I'mma show you what the f\*\*k commitment is, baby

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