

# Ain't Gone Work

Shawty Lo

All I know, know, know, know  
I know you hit everything, we won't fi go broke  
Ak 47 hanging off my trench coat  
They been tryina rob us, no, no, no  
Ain't gone work today, I swear to God  
Ain't gone work today  
You play, you gonna end up on our check today  
I'm a treat you like a wreck and I'm a chase it baby  
I'm a taste it

Not again, the chris thugging, mister done done, ah  
2 gun game but I brought one gun, ah  
See my fun got fuzz, and my one throw ones  
All my shooters got shooters  
I'm the shit that come  
Damn, I got that line for thought  
I got all kinds of plugs, I'm on my kind of drugs  
I need molly please, need molly please, I'm in love with her  
Not drink wierdo, I drink muddy stone  
That act the viss, no robo tuts  
Don't know what car to drive  
So I rode the bus  
The one I tour in, no promote for us  
I'm in haitis, patiently rollin up

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We gonn turn up the beat, 24 for a chicken  
While a ounce of the gat, 15 ounces of midget  
I'll go treat em intriguing, zero busts for a body  
Hunneds racks for the mase, hunned bags in the lobby  
Mpa body count, no chiko but they stunt  
Old racks on me today, good like old food stamps  
Run the lights on that stove  
All I need is a lamp  
If they ever start trippin, put this shit to an ounce  
I got so many drugs, it could last all year  
Just cause I blew here don't mean I ain't grew here  
Been on this shit so long it's my career  
I hit the club and make it rain, no dear

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I'm a taste it, run, run, run

Icecream man like I done cook it all  
Ground on the white split that oreon  
You already know, it's for the low  
I'm at the low, she a shawty lo  
30 for a hoe like how the t shirt  
Try and rob me on the t shirt  
White cho, yellow line, shawty in the streets like the yellow line  
Posted on the block like stop signs  
Fake ass rappers need to stop lying  
Fake ass rappers need to stop crying  
King the bay kid, yeah I won't stop

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