

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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