

# Hard Work Pays Off

Waka Flocka Flame

Hard work, nigga  
I'm talking 'bout sweat, blood, tears, nigga  
I'm talking 'bout you working so motherfucking hard that your feet work, nigga  
Work so hard that your body gets weak, man  
And your muscles get to hurting, man  
Trap so hard, don't give a fuck that the police watching, man  
Nigga, we go hard in the paint, nigga  
Like, real talk, nigga, we work hard, nigga  
What's up, Capp? What's up, J?  
Nigga, we working hard, nigga  
You know my boys going ham, nigga  
12 might run, let's grind

Hard work pay off, you can't tell me shit, nigga  
All white yayo, rob you for your bricks, nigga  
Money on my mind, so I'm fucking dollar signs  
Road dog on my hip, that's a plastic Glock 9  
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Crazy, crazy money put me in a psycho ward  
26's got me sitting like a yacht, so hop aboard, hop aboard  
Never bored, it's all work, no play  
Strong K with a scope on it, I'll hit you from the long way  
Go on and think I'm lying, but my dope hole like Pinocchio  
Just sold him a dummy, got you for the okey-doke  
Call me nachos, get my cheese and then I dip  
Ain't no toilet by my ear, so baby, you can't tell me shit, bow!  
Bitch, look at my chain, wow  
Sparkle like some cider dust  
Pupils white, biting down, scare you like the spider web  
Boo! I apologize, but baby, you can't be my boo  
I got too many hoes, so I simply got no time for you  
that's all I care about, tell you the truth  
Flyer than the fairy, but I'm after money, fuck a tooth  
You can't help me get no dough? Sorry, I don't fuck with you  
Niggas say they fuck with [?], who the fuck are you?

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The guap, the cheese, the bread, the dope  
I'm hungry, starving, trying to get more  
'Cause of money, money, money I'm running, running, running  
She's calling my name, I'm coming, honey  
I'ma marry her so I can call her mine  
I think about that girl all the time  
I have that dream 'bout dollar signs

Taliban strapped up like the Columbine  
So you can't tell me shit, nigga  
Right side, green flag, that's the clique, nigga  
Word on the street that you got a brick, nigga  
One phone call to the squad, that's it, nigga  
They coming to take your shit  
Tie you up and take your bitch  
You love that hoe, we hate that bitch  
Money make you go remake that shit  
So all that flexing, boy, you better quit that  
'Cause we'll snatch your chain and you won't get your shit back  
Wet your block up, get your whole clique wet  
Turn around, nigga, too late, click clack  
Now everybody got something to talk about  
Just like hoes, love to run their mouth  
When I come around, better watch your mouth  
Before I bust your ass in the whip while I drop you off  
Some of y'all probably think a nigga popping  
'Til a nigga pull out a pistol and start popping  
Nigga get shot in the leg and start hopping  
Nigga get shot in the head and start dropping  
So if you got them, we coming 'cause we want it, nigga  
Hit Squad and Brick Squad, them my homies, nigga

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I've always been Blood, Juaquin Malphurs, he a thug  
I don't trust shit, so all I do is mean mug  
Prices so high that I wish I had a plug  
Get mud drug if you say, "Fuck Flocka"  
Rolling off a yopper, parking lot chopper  
Hundred round clip, everybody better dip  
Blank out shawty, Brick Squad balling  
Hoes keep calling and these fuck niggas stalling  
Strip club tipping, location is Moreland  
Me, J, and Capp down for a kidnap  
You know Waka Flocka Flame, I don't always keep a strap  
Down with my hood hoe, so fuck a Top Model  
X pills and bottles, that's gon' make the hoe swallow  
Trued up swag, Trued up shoes  
Trued up jeans, you can call me Mr. Clean  
Bright ass green diamonds got this young nigga shining

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