

Oh Yeah (Work)

Lil' Scrappy

I hear everyone of you
We do it like the army do
I can go vertical
Let's go, hey, hold up (hold up)
No!!! Blow!!! Oh!!!
C'mon, crank it, c'mon! Eh! Oh!

Got Cartier frames coverin' up my eyes
26 inches in between my tires
Knot in my pocket man at least three grand
diamonds on my neck and a pistol in my hand
I'm a get money nigga, grind like hell
when I'm short on my G's I'ma crank up the scale
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale
Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah I'ma crank up the scale!

I'm never goin' broke no mo'
as long as my folks keep -guns-? and the blow
They sell it on up and then they bring back mo'
and everybody askin' what I got that work for
(Got What!!!)
Got diamonds in my shades, that Cartier frame
You look up at my face
and tell her you a -grain-?, the ho be amazed
they be like OH!
Nigga see it from the boss, see the way it glow
Yeah! Them things twinkle in the light right
I don't know, I just twinkle in the lime light
gotta Chevy same color as a can of Sprite
sippin' on the X.O. got me feelin' right
I've been livin', my whole life pimpin'
you'll never catch me slippin'
fuckin' with you all women
Scrap be chillin', I stay on the grind
It's hard life we livin', I stay with my nine

I ain't gotta hit these streets no mo' (no mo')
Criss inten-ed-ed for a show
Notice I ain't out but four times every week (every week)
during the time four every week get G'ed (get G'ed)
Cartier shade with the gator cut wood (cut wood)
proud of football, damn you all niggas do it (do it)
Whenever we in Atlanta now they calling me and you (you)
everyday I'm hustlin' diamonds up against the wood (wood)
Dope boy fresh dressed in red monkey clothes (clothes)
gotta stay fresh for you dead monkey ho (ho)
26 inches sittin' tall like whoa (like whoa)
Get the cameraman I'm a God damn show
Shower cap and all, bitch you already know (know)
fuck around wit dope, and squeeze some money outta ho (ho)
Get my nigga, yeah I grind like hell
rubberband around my money, like a God damn player (damn player)

Oh!
Swapped out grill
they say that hustler that (that) boy worth a few mill
he sittin' at the bar tearin' up hundred dollar bills

that's his car parked in the front door on them big wheels
He ain't never been a punk!
Oh!
Booga Suga Pusher
fuck a state trooper
I'm livin' for the moment, I ain't livin' for the future
my dudes will bring it to you, bring the noise like a tuba
crack your peanut shell, run up on you with the ruga
Smoke herb like a hippie (hippie)
drank like a pirate (pirate)
wrist real crisp (crisp), haters don't like it (like it)
Jacket full of trays (trays), gotta get my chips (chips)
manipulate your braud, put your chick on Craig List (List)
Traffic I'm in and out (out)
gotta work when it's a drought (drought)
don't take the main street (street)
take the other route (route)
Sucker use your head
dumby..
you heard what I said
I'm gettin' carpal tunnel while I'm countin' all this bread