

# Workin Out

JID

Take your heart, don't let me break it in two  
I'm sure that I could possibly do nothin' for you  
I'm nearly on the edge  
I'm 'bout to jump in the fuel  
I'm really not afraid of nothin' Look on everything  
I gave everything and got nothing back  
Ain't looking for no pat on backs  
That ain't how we got where the fuck we at  
Mama call, "Where the fuck you at?"  
"On the road, and I ain't coming back  
Until my hundred stacks make a hundred racks  
And that hundred racks bring a bundle back"  
I was blowin' gas like the Honey Badger  
J.I.D, bitch, the money snatcher  
C'est la vie, shit I'm coming after everybody  
Don't get the bloody splatter  
I'm fly and I got my niggas fly too  
Shit is like buddy passes  
I wanna cry cause I'm numb inside  
If you wonder why, ask, "What's the matter?"  
'Cause I been working hella hard  
Shit ain't really working out  
I been praying to the Lord  
Shit ain't really working out  
I been looking to the stars  
Keep my head up in the clouds  
Shit ain't really working out  
Shit ain't really working out  
Shit ain't really working out Quiet  
Don't explain  
What is there to gain  
Shit, shit ain't really working out  
Now I got a little bread  
Got my niggas working outta town  
Baby your ass fat, shit  
I can see you working out, hoo  
And you got a new job?  
Tell me, how that shit working out?  
Heard you doing pretty good  
Yeah, people talk, word of mouth  
Wasn't 'round when you had the dirty house  
Now they won't leave when you kick 'em out

These type of people can't stick around  
Only down when there's  
Liquor 'round or the spliff around  
That's why I don't fuck with niggas now  
Well I fuck with all my niggas  
You know the difference  
You been living with tunnel vision  
You and all of your friends are  
Like wonder women, Wonder Woman  
Working for it if you ever wanted something  
Searching for a purpose, I see what you on the  
Difference in how you be using your gifts  
In the midst of the shit that you dealing with  
Really specific, you paid attention, panoramic  
Got the vision like a fer-de-lance  
You attack and you kill it  
Sinkin' your teeth with the venom  
Kinda like me with these instrumentals  
Or the pen and the pencil  
Or off the pimpin' since been pimpin'  
Keep it sensible  
Since you winning you a object of ridicule  
Objects appearing closer than you ready for  
Obviously you don't know what's ahead  
But that's the reason you can work 'til you dead I been working hella hard  
Shit ain't really working out  
I been praying to the Lord  
Shit ain't really working out  
I been looking to the stars  
Keep my head up in the clouds  
Shit ain't really working out  
Shit ain't really working out  
Shit ain't really working out C'mon bruh, come to the booty club one time  
Throw some of that Dreamville money  
Throw some of that Dreamville money  
At these hoes, bruh  
They got dreams too, nigga  
They got shit to do too nigga  
They got dreams too bruh bruh  
Y'all Dreamville-uh aye aye, aye aye, uh uh  
Next time you see that nigga J. Cole bruh  
You tell that nigga the same thing man  
I fuck with y'all niggas bro  
Why that nigga J. Cole  
Got all this money, look like he 'bout to  
Borrow somebody charger or something  
"C'mon bruh, let me get your charger bruh  
Let me get my shit to uh, uh 10% percent  
And I'll give this shit back to you bruh bruh"

C'mon bruh flex some of that  
Dreamville money, let me see it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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