

# Werkin' Girls

## Angel Haze

Okay I'm Rambo I ramshack  
I'm next to that cheese like rat traps  
On top of that green like grass ass  
That's over y'all head like snapbacks  
I get it where I fit in, put up then I put in  
Tryna find an ass I can put my fucking foot in  
Run this shit no I run this shit  
Don't give one fuck bitch I done this shit  
I did what I say I did  
Did not fabricate one bit  
I have been the fucking realest since my exit near the clit  
That's where I was born fuck what you on  
All about me bitch fuck what you doin'  
Round of applause bitches slap me with some clappin  
Show my whole fucking ass like a fat bitch in chaps  
But I'll be running that shit like a motherfuckin' tracker  
Like a run-on sense like a motherfuckin' chopper  
Like a cheetah in the jungle but I'm motherfucking faster  
Like a pre-teen boy in the church with a pastor  
Hold up I'm not serious I'm just playin — psych!  
Fuck your opinion bitch I mean it when I'm sayin that  
Money and more money is the only shit I'm after  
You can cut the fake shit  
I'm not a motherfuckin' actor  
I'm on top of my green like a motherfucking tractor  
You niggas you 'bout to be bitches you bitches 'bout to be Casper I'll be on that other shit got  
that from my other bitch  
She come from an island or a desert or some tundra shit  
I am multi-faceted, bitch I do a ton of shit  
Like I'm diarrhea or whatever's sitting under it  
I'm nasty, I'm insane, I'm too much, I spit grains  
I came from the fuckin' bottom  
I'm top now, I shit flames  
I kick shit, like dope shit  
Like no shit, like oh shit  
Get in my way I fuck up everything  
Like ho shit  
See, they said that I wouldn't  
I do whatever they said I couldn't  
I'm not the one to be fucked with  
Or to be tough with  
I be on your head like duck, duck, duck bitch

I be in the air like pump-pumped up fists  
Nah, I'm like up-chuck like gut fish like hands up my skirt  
Like when you gon' let me fuck bitch  
I'm an undefeated bastard  
My tongue is the fucking rapture, bitch  
I be at my peak, I am not the one to be mastered  
I'm the one to be after, I'm sweeping you while I'm dusting  
I just popped up out the blue, I'm spontaneously combusting  
Spit a little different, give me just a minute  
Beat the beat down bitch, fresh it then I kill it  
We are not the same but they don't really get it  
Tell 'em do the math, hoe—fraction, division  
Sick flow sick ho, drop me in the clinic  
Eat 'em 'til the end 'til they back at the beginning  
Cause I ki-ki-ki-kill it 'til it's flat dead  
And never pass a rock like a motherfucking crackhead  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>