

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>