

# NLE Choppa, Always Workin

Hah, hah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Got-got it on Smoke)  
Yeah (OG Parker)

The Glock on my hip, but I don't need no holster  
You beefin' with me, I won't stop 'till it's over  
And just like the bread, I see 'em, I toast 'em  
My niggas, they tweakin', they movin' like soldiers  
They callin' me Rondo, I keep me a nine  
They sayin' I'm chosen, I'm one of a kind  
My bitch, she bad, you know she a dime  
He ran from me, shot him in his spine

Hoe, they judges, I'm loadin' the Glizzy  
Fifty plus fifty, them drawin' like titties  
I'm rockin' Versace, I'm feelin' like Biggie  
I bang to the pole, no company like Diggy  
I'm up in New York and it feel like I made it  
They playin' my songs on the radio station  
Remember them days a nigga was slavin'  
Now for a verse, they send me a payment

Always workin', I'm always in the booth  
I saw a opp, he was lackin', you know I had to shoot  
I tried to stay out the way, 'cause I got Mus-Mus  
But don't get it confused, I wet him like a pool, ooh

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Pop him with a light and I shot about ten  
You know I'm not selfish, I'm him and his friends  
And free all my niggas that's stuck in the pen'  
I took a few losses, I just wanna win  
The Perc got me zooted, I'm outta my body  
Thirty-three shots, I feel like I'm Scottie  
Seven point six-two, knock off his noggin  
Hot grease 'cause a nigga is poppin'

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Huh  
Yeah, yeah