Work (Explicit) by Iggy Azalea

Walk a mile in these Louboutins		
But they don't wear these shits where I'm from		
I'm not hating, I'm (1) telling you		
I'm tryna let you know		
What the (2) that I've been through		
Two feet in the red dirt, school skirt		
Sugar cane, back lanes		
Three jobs, took years to save		
But I got a ticket on that plane		
People got a lot to say		
But don't know shit about where I was made		
Or how many floors that I had to scrub		
Just to make it past where I am from		
No money, no family		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
No money, no family		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
No money, no family		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
I've been up all night		
Tryna get (3) rich		
I've been work work work working on my shit		
Milked the whole game twice		
Gotta get it how I live		
I've been work (4) work work working on my shit		
Now get this work		
Now get this work		



Fill in the gaps

Now get this work work (5) work		
Working on my shit		
You can hate it or love it		
Hustle and the struggle is the only thing I'm trusting		
Thorough bread in a mud brick before the budget		
White chick on that Pac shit		
My (6) was ironic		
And my dreams were uncommon		
Guess I gone crazy, first deal changed me		
Robbed blind, basically raped me		
Ran through the (7) like a Matador		
Just made me madder and adamant to go at em		
And even the score		
So, I went harder		
Studied the Carters till a deal was offered		
Slept cold on the floor recording		
At 4 in the morning		
And now I'm passin' the bar like a lawyer		
Immigrant, art ignorant		
Ya ill intent was insurance for my benefit		
Hate to be inconsiderate		
But the Industry took my innocence		
Too late, now I'm in this bitch!		
You don't know the half		
This shit get real		
Valley girls giving blowjobs for Louboutins		
What you (8) that?		
Head over heels		

No money, no family

Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
No money, no family		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
No money, no family		
Sixteen in the middle of Miami		
Sixteen in the (9) of Miami		
I've been up all night		
Tryna get that rich		
I've been work work work working on my shit		
Milked the whole game twice		
Gotta get it how I live		
I've been work work work working on my shit		
Now get this work		
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Now get this work Now get this work		
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Now get this work work work work		
Working on my shit		
Pledge allegiance to the struggle		
Ain't been easy		
But cheers to Peezy for the weeks we lived out of duffle		
Bags is all we had		
Do anything for my Mama, I love you		
One day I'll pay you back for the sacrifice		
That ya managed to muscle		
Sixteen, you sent me through customs so		

All aboard my spaceship to Mercury

Turn First at the light that's in front me

This dream is all that I need

'Cause every night I'mma do it like it's my last



'Cause its all that I ever had

Now get this work	
Now get this work	
Now get this work	
Now get this work	
Working on my shit	
Now get this work	
Now get this work	
Now get this work	
Now get this (10)	work work work
Working on my shit	



1. just

- 2. ****
- 3. that
- 4. work
- 5. work
- 6. passion
- 7. bullshit
- 8. call
- 9. middle
- 10. work