

Keep Up the Bad Work

Suga Free

[Intro]

Ooh, hey, two

This song right there, was inspired by a real good friend of mine, Mr. Terrell Brandon, Portland.
Check it out man

[Verse 1]

Now Peter Piper picked a pack of peppers pimpin and they never seen him do it cause he
dashed back over the hill

Never save a hoe! She's a hater

I walk on toilet paper, cause I'm the shit

Hold the red carpet baby, don't mistake me for him

Smiling faces tell lies, and the word motherfucker is a noun, it describes "a person, place, or a
thing" like the motherfucker now

(Haa haa)

Can I talk to you? We family

My baby momma from hell, keep up the bad work bitch, you probably still ain't shit
You want to play a good game of VA tech? I'll play too and shoot 170 rounds in your mother-
fucking neck

Now feet don't fail me now, ah bitch it ain't nothing you can tell me now, you should have
listened when I told you lazy ass before "once a hoe always a hoe" so now you know, hee heee

So fuck-fuck you, Duck-duck goose

And don't laugh nigga, cause some of yall baby mommas sitting out there fucked up too

Ain't got a lick of sense, education, job, house, money for her kid

Fat tramp! Keep up the bad work bitch

And you will

You are, you is, you disrespect me, but you quick to tell him these kids his
You can't keep living off my name forever, you can't keep living of my game forever

Pimpin Pimpin

"You know them irritating bumps sometimes you get on the tip of your nose?"

She said: "Uh huh"

I said: "Bitch you remind me of one of those"

(Girl laughing)

"that's alright"

[Chorus]

But you just

Keep up the bad work, bitch and don't change
Though I'm trying to tell you over and over again
"Either you a stand-up hoe or a fall-down bitch"

[Verse 2]

Sometimes!

And now, can I talk to you? We family
That's why I kicked her in her coochie and gave her tooth decay
And yall seen that bitch "Jewels"?
Yeah man, she got high and said "bye" and went and watched a butterfly fuck a pitbull
Keep up the bad work bitch, like Rosie O'Donnell
I see you socking her in her jaw like "I'm a Soprano"
Telling her "bitch I ant no punk"
Hoe, I'll about-face, pivot, and fire yo ass like I was Donald Trump!
Keep up the bad work! And quit beggin' bitch
I don't need no pussy unless I'm heading shit, you wanna go "hee hee"
She asked me to give her a "little head" right?
So I went "bada poof" and shrunk her head down to a little biddy BB
Do I love her? Probably, if she let me come from way back here and sock her in the chest like I
was her brother
Can I talk to you? Can I say something? We family
For no apparent reason, my baby momma just can't stand me!
"Suga Free where them hoes at?"
Oh they down there in a brown chair, watching a frog fuck a dog off of some Prozac
I need a joint see, man I pray this bitch die in her sleep, I told her every time she wakes up she
disappoints me!

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]

I can't stand the sight of Hilary Clinton and Obama
I swear to God bitch
If Hilary win I'm knocking out you and yo momma
You think these bitches trying to run shit now? Let that happen
The pimp-God told me don't even call him, he'll call me, his phone finna be down
"My Son, go to the desert of Phoenix with the righteous. You'll meet to kings, one of a Dark
descent the other of Hindu spice. There you will receive the "P-key" let the disciples know
Satan's rejecting you, you don't have much time they're expecting you."
Thought I didn't get up and get on the first thing smoking to go get that?
When these bitches get the devil in them now, we got some get back
I think I need me a Ginsu-gun
Cause when I clear my mind up and meditate on some hustling, here you come!
Can I say something? (fighting noises, pimp slaps)
You know, as a matter of fact, don't say nothing!
Keep up the bad work bitch, and don't let that drama go
Like the favorite game I like to play, dominoes (domino sounds)

[Chorus]

[Outtro]

(Laughter)

And 30 when I LEAVE bitch! Get yo shit right, keep up the bad work. Mmm. Ba daa, yeah.
Sometimes! Now Peter Piper picked a pack of peppers pimpin and they never seen him do it

cause he dashed back over the hill. Never save a hoe! She's a hater
Aaah Got to tell you feelin that I'm feelin you tight
Just come back and pop my collar tonight right?
Saaay goodbye
(Laughter, we gon take this all the way to the top, show ya right, basketball)
Keep up the ba-ba-bad w-w-work bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>