

# Waiting

Fivio Foreign

Gang, gang, gang, psh, bang, bang, bang  
Psh, gang, gang, gang, gang  
Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang  
(Great John on the beat by the way)  
Look, look

Turn up, what you waitin' for? Huh (Gang-gang)  
Let me see you turn up, what you waitin' for? Huh (Gang)  
I wanna see you turn up, what you waitin' for? Huh (Gang, gang)  
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They say they gon' do me this and that, huh (Bah), tell me what's the facts,  
huh (Bah)  
You know we them niggas, throw some cash, she throw it back, huh (Huh)  
Lookin' at your neck, huh, that's where we attack, huh (Gang, gang, what? Ga  
ng)  
Even what you show, don't make me have to double back, huh (Gang, gang)  
A hundred sittin' on my neck, don't make me hurt somebody, huh (Bah, bah, ba  
h)  
Cadillac's gon' have to hurt somebody (Let's go)  
Up in the hood with all my jewelry, G-Lock on my body, huh  
Look, look, they know my body  
I fuck the both of 'em, they twins  
Baby, bring your friends  
Function ain't no party 'cause the function never end

Drivin' me to the porta, huh, huh, huh  
Drivin' me to the porta, huh  
We up in the North and (Huh, look, uh)

Hit you (Hit you), touch you (Touch you), bustin' out knuckles (Baow)  
Why would I (Why would I) tussle? (Uh) Stand tall, never buckle  
Baow, uh, yeah (Stand tall, never buckle)  
This a Fivi' party, uh (Uh)  
Bodyguard don't have to bodyguard me (Nah, uh, uh)  
Watch her, she on my body, pro'ly, yeah (Uh, yeah)  
After I fuck, she get dismissed (Uh)  
She wanna suck on a lit dick (Uh), uh (Yeah)  
Crip shit (Uh), I fell in love with a rich bitch (ay, ay, ay)  
Fivi', I'm one of them niggas  
Yeah, Fivi', I'm one of them niggas  
They know I'm one of them niggas  
Say, we go, I come with the killers (Baow), yeah (Uh)  
Everywhere I go, they say I'm the realest, huh, yeah  
Everywhere I go, they say I'm the, look  
I gotta bounce, huh, I get that money out of town (I do)  
They book me another show in the A and I ain't even turn 'em down (Grtr, baow)  
I play a big part, I throw a drill and I switch cars  
I took a Perc' and I lift off  
Shooter shootin' like he Chris Paul (Grtr, baow)  
Hundred thousand on my neck, don't make me hurt a nigga  
Huh  
Turn a scene into a murder, nigga  
All this fuckin' shade that they keep throwin', it ain't workin', nigga  
Nah, nah (Ah)  
See me in person, then get nervous, nigga

(Grrt, baow)

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