

**WOOOA**

**Pardison Fontaine**

Woooooaa (ay)  
Woooooaa  
Yeah  
Woooooaa  
Yeah  
(What you saying?)

Couple racks I got some change on me  
Wooooa  
Walk like I got the thing on me  
Wooooa  
[?] trippin' and we bang homie  
Wooooa  
I never switch I got the same homies  
Wooooa  
Ain't a bad bitch if she fire  
Aim the chrome quick and it fire  
She'll buss it open, he'll buss it open  
If you heard something different you a liar

I'm in the club but I just left recording (recording)  
Nike Tech sweatsuit and some Jordans (woo)  
Bouncers and the DJs always make me feel important (eh)  
Promoters in the dances always make me feel important  
They wasn't sure about a nigga but they know it now  
Everything I touch a hit, boy I'm the golden child  
When we did need help they gave us the run around  
Tell them niggas take another lap, we don't want it now  
Had the city on [?] niggas thought it was a fluke  
Now we still running round like Bobby Brown and Uncle Luke  
All my niggas play ball, all them niggas wanna shoot  
They catch bodies and party man, that's all they wanna do  
They call me Cognac party, the hunnid rack shawty  
If [?] we was Dom Perignaughty  
They saying all my verses are [?] and Glock 40s  
I'm the same to St Lukes what John is to Marcy nigga

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When I was chasing checks you was chasing bitches (you was)  
When I was making plans you was making wishes  
Now you can fuck with me and get paid  
Or you can fuck with me and get paid a visit  
It be like that, I'm a G like that  
I don't never let no nigga talk to me like that  
If a sex tape leak of me and my bitch

Your girl gone ask you why you don't fuck me like that  
Pumping up my air mattress and pumpin out classics  
Damn, they ain't see all my potential and my passion  
They ain't recognise the golden ticket when they had it  
They always talkin' shit but then they switch when I ask 'em  
But fuck them niggas, fuck them niggas, Imma kill em all then  
Keep on getting bitches like R Kelly with the bald head  
Me and money go together collard greens and corn bread  
You ain't step a hater then get money off the wrong leg  
Biiiaaaaatch

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You know me nigga, Imma call a spade a spade  
I could never cuff a woman that was in the trade  
I ain't judgin', I ain't judgin shawty, I'm just sayin'  
You too experienced for me but baby do your thang  
When the team need a hit, I'm the one that they depend on  
Do my dance on em like I'm Cam in the N zone  
Your baby mama crazy, let me touch it while the kids home  
I do my dance on 'em like Odell in the N zone  
When a nigga come for me then he getting left stranded  
Laying on the head, I could whip it left handed  
Niggas talkin' down but I'm the one that's left standing  
Y'all supposed to be [?] for a Grammy  
Damn, dope got all the plugs for the drugs  
Damn, I go to [?] for the love  
Damn, this is what it is to what it was  
Damn, this is how you drop and get a buzz nigga

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