Hands uuuuup, lay dowwwwn Count to ten before you get up off the ground When you do I disappear, like the matrix But if you don't, then my thumper gon' leave you wasted

Dude tried to steal on me, so I'm already pumped (WHAT!) Why you steady standin there talkin that shit? B-Hype gon' go to the trunk

Unload the fivers, SK's and millimeter choppers

I got niggaz that be killers with some shit

that when you shoot it on the block it sound like a helicopter

It's hard out ch'ere, motherfuckers ain't got no work

It's a few niggaz got cocaine, few niggaz got dope, most niggaz got p
urp'

Lil' nigga tried to play you shady, instead of yellin out three folks and almighty

They be talkin 'bout '80s babies, shorties that was born in the '90s is grimy

No respect and no morals, actin like you owe that shit

Fuck up out my face big homie, matter fact gon' load that shit

It done got so crazy up in the streets sometimes I can't believe that this my land

Lil' girls used to wanna fuck a dope boy, now they wanna fuck a stickup man

Hands uuuup, lay dowwwwn

Count to ten before you get up off the ground

When you do I disappear, like the matrix

But if you don't, then my thumper gon' leave you wasted

Midwest comin in the club with the Folks, Midwest comin in the club  $\boldsymbol{w}$  ith the Lords

Midwest comin in the club with the [?], the Latin King boys man they minds straight gone

What's bangin joe? Pants hang low, why you start playin, that's the g ang

Came a long way from sellin weed, pills and cocaine

Niggaz catch a body just to get a little street fame

C'mon got crunk, that's cream now Flocka

Keep ya on ya toes, I ain't playin wit'chu nigga

The way a nigga rob ya I think I need a Oscar

Trick booty nigga I ain't playin wit'cha partner

They say Flock (WHAT!) yo' friends don't know how to act

We shootin and fightin over here, and that's a real muh'fuckin fact Blap, bottle full of Fukiversion of Tookie

All these tats make a nigga wanna shoot me, all these diamonds make a groupie wanna do me

Who are you to judge it bruh? Hoe please trip, hell yeah we grippin Cut me one time yo the nigga catch you slippin

All that bullshit everyday set trippin (WAKA FLOCKA! FLOCKA! WAKA! FLOCKA! FLOCKA!)

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