

3 AM

Waka Flocka Flame

Salute Me Or Shoot Me Volume 7

Young nigga hustle for there son and daughter
Don't make me call Waka flocka for them choppas
Any nigga got a problem we got problems
I'm play it cool only when that money calling
That money calling, that money calling
Bricks came in you know we balling

Bust open the rapper break it down it fall in shape
Put it in a pot watch how quick that shit cake
61 grams to a whole one ten had to get that shit again caught it on the first spin
Shawty want it tan said he don't want it white
Can't even lie live my life off the white
Coca coca Coca Cola baking soda baking soda
Please grab a box before you pass the store
I'm just tryna get a millions dollars of that yay
Last nigga tried had to pop him in his face
Usually I don't wear my jewelry I had to flood the bezzel
Had to cut you and your partners off your dog was telling
Niggas snitching on my dog
We can't wait to ride on y'all
Whole hundred soldiers in the motherfucking trap wit me
You ain't got no pistol on you dog you in the wrong business
Niggas coming up missing every got damn day
I can't even leave I just fucked a brick of yay

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We on that disrespectful gang shit take a nigga chain shit
This one for the dope boys cook a whole brick right in your face shit
Fuck this industry because the streets gone embrace it
15k for some sneakers ruin human races
I don't trust shit but the green I'm a racist
My team stick to the basics
You a real nigga I'm a real nigga
You a rap nigga imma street nigga
You gave your life to god I gave it to the streets nigga
Money calling like a side piece
I got Damus riding west to East
Plus I made it off this music shit so you know I'm lit
My way you know I'm having it you know I know you counterfeit
Riding wit it crazy shawty got me on some trapping shit
In the stash house hours pass by we still counting it
You a whole hoe don't act surprise that's why them candles lit
Clayton county shawty keep a cannon like a camera man

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