

## Barry Bonds

### Waka Flocka Flame

Shoutout to every nigga fronted me a pack when I was fucked up  
Always been a gunner, my nigga, never ducker  
Bet she wanna ride with a nigga like me  
And she wanna hang and smoke with me  
Man I love when the crowd recite every lyric  
Rappin from the heart, rappin from the spirit, know the Lord hear it  
Grandma gotta eat, I gotta get it  
What they talkin bout we livin'  
Waddup lame, what it do bustas  
Know y'all don't like us but your girls wanna fuck us  
My gangstas on E, so I'm pimpin  
Nigga what you drinkin, what you sippin  
Most my niggas blood, some crippin'  
Out in Chi-Town with some real GD's and some VL's  
Gangsta worldwide with this shit my nigga can't you tell  
Some say "Crime don't pay," it's hard to tell  
Niggas said they want my chain, eat the shells  
Thank God for the Shells and Citgo, Chevron and the Ammaco

I be on my Maserati boss shit  
Top down in the winter  
Middle of the summer but it's feeling like December  
Yeah, I wake up in the morning with a bitch I don't remember, I'm a winner  
So my whole team start  
Ballin like I'm Barry hitting bitches out the park, home run  
You better get your own son  
I'm on now, and I'm on one

I thank God for another one, then roll another one  
Hit my connect up, tell him I need another one  
King size bed them sets of double Ds in it  
Nigga the condo smellin like a weed clinic  
Room 1017 that's at the top nigga  
Smokin Grade A while I'm getting topped nigga  
BSM the new Row, and I'm Pac nigga  
Stomping niggas out in the lobby, me and Flock nigga  
I love my squad  
Money over bitches I love my mob  
In a four door Porsche with a hip-hop vixen  
And the diamonds in my charm clearer then KY Mixing

I rubberband the work so you know a nigga stretch it  
And if she stepped on we just call that bitch neglected  
Whip it like a slave, all white, I'm a racist  
Running for the money like a horse when it races  
Cash on my mind, money on my mental  
Cocaine ? I bring it back like a rental  
Look me in my eyes, can you tell me what I've been through  
I've been to hell and back, I've got some passes I can lend you  
Chef up in the kitchen, but this ain't Benihana's  
But I'm working two Pacs, I call 'em baby mommas  
Verses the new [?] she go in labor  
I'm tryin to make a profit so I cut it like a razor