

Cold Hearted Killaz

Waka Flocka Flame

I got some cold hearted killaz from the three round me
They some real OGs I can't put on TV
And I keep a shooter with me
Too many niggas need me
In the three with a nine
I see twelve don't drop dimes

I ain't never tell on nobody
All white bricks like I'm Yo Gotti
Rappers trying to diss they some broke copies
Catch you at your concert shooters in the lobby
Catch you in your own hood that's a dead body
Man these rap niggas don't want smoke
Have them young niggas shooting at your throat
TTK my young niggas trained to kill
That young nigga a mass murderer on the pill
One hand on the stick one on the steering wheel
Put his ass to sleep like some Benadryl
It's a celebration if I'm in the field

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I got niggas in the bushes that you can't see
Them young niggas on your head like some Dre Beats
He talking wreckless catch him first can't let him take me
Menace to Society
Ken and Stacy
Got a bitch that set you up like Davies
Quarter million for the chickens that's a eight piece
You can get your brick fried like Zaxby's
Running through the elbows like an athlete
And if I get caught taking time like Max B
My plug ain't never ever ever tried to tax me
He know that I get my hands dirty
I got plex these molly-eating bitches thirsty

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