

## Drops

Waka Flocka Flame

See, we did shit for the streets  
My niggas in them chain gang  
All my guys behind the walls  
Where my mom-fed ass niggas at?

Thirty hanging out the Glock  
Nigga play, gon' hit his top (For real)  
Sending shots back to the opps  
Like a picture, he get cropped  
I was just a young nigga  
Like Embiid, I hit the block (Volume 6)  
Got 'em thinking we custodians  
'Cause the traphouse full of mops  
I just fucked your bitch in crocs  
You kissed her and she gave me top  
.40 on me, I don't box  
My niggas fuck up the game like a...

Your man DJ Big Tiny  
Trapaholics  
Volume 6  
For the streets  
For the world  
Hoodrich, bitch

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My niggas fuck up the game like a bot  
Ain't talkin' Dora, we was takin' shit like the fox  
You play, you get put in a box  
I heard you were snitching  
Just like a radio station  
Boy your ass givin' out drops

Lingo, lingo, lingo (Flocka)  
You be screaming bands, I be sayin' crates  
You call it a mansion, I call it the estate  
You be sayin' drip, we call it the lake (The lake)  
You say you gettin' bread, they know I'm gettin' cake (You know)  
My lingo old-school, your lingo new-school  
Million dollar studio, you still usin' Pro Tools, my lingo  
Is crispy like a C-note  
I'm in a G5 blowin' good weed smoke  
We are not the same (No), we in a different league (Yeah)  
Cut from a different cloth, boy, I'm from a different breed  
I talk different, crate money, we talking fortunes  
Countin' up a half a billion in a fortress (Flexin')  
Big drip, but I'm somethin' like a big lake (Squad)

Just know it cost and course these bullets faster than a Porsche  
I dump ashes on your corpse if you fuck with Jimmy (Rocket)

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Don't fuck with the cops  
The way I'm dressin', boy, I been had the rocks  
The stick get to clappin' like it's giving props  
It's a homicide, police bringin' out the chalk  
Niggas' mama cryin', 'cause son died, they fault  
On his block, we gon' make it hot  
Potato barrel, that's a tater tot  
I'm going down like a moron  
Extendo longer than my forearm  
Butterfly doors, cocoon  
Sticks, they lookin' like brooms  
Banana clip on the baboon, huh, huh  
I got 'em watching like toons  
Lil' Jimmy take off to the moon, huh, huh  
They keep on askin' when the tape dropping  
That shit coming soon, huh, huh  
My lil' nigga tote the MAC  
And he gon' spray it like perfume, huh, huh

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You can walk outside, then boom, now you're dead today  
Life could be a meme, bitch, or she could be a golden child  
Poverty and welfare, growin' up as a poster child  
Hitsquad, nigga  
What they gon' call me, everything but a broke nigga

I remember kicking doors, entire coats, nigga  
Now I'm ridin' down Terra in a Ghost, nigga  
Call me Flocka, I'ma bet every penny on Jimmy  
If you touch him, it's smoke