

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