

Feed Me

Waka Flocka Flame

200 pounds I grew that shit, You knew that shit, I do it that shit
Pulled up with a hundred pounds, bails and bricks, filthy rich
All I know is grind time, nickle dime, slime time
I Intercept like Prime Time
My mind gone like nine times
Call it engineering, Gucci might steal it
A new European, everybody peekin
Is robbing season, goons out searching
Lurking, surfing, call it reimbursement
Southside on the beat, Gucci on the street
Let me take a listen... why not drive a [?]
Wow, pow, bricks right now
Slip and slide I'm glidin by
But I'm so high I just might die
Flocka told me go in! Roco told me go in!
PJ told me no end, my hand, I will throw in!
Gamble with the joker and end up in a shoot out
Wooh he on the lookout, Juice Man throwin cookouts

I'm in the strip club, the girls looking like zombies on the pole
They're screaming feed me, feed me, feed me!
And when the club [?] we monsters making scary movies girls be
Screaming, screaming, screaming!
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In the strip club shorty throwing up the racks
Gucci come my back, fifty stacks in the back
Mean mugging? Shorty I ain't worried bout that
Brick Squad Monopoly: we a wolf pack
Rolling in my zone, baby make the bootie clap!
Slapped her on the bootie like I'm trying to hit that
How much it cost cause I charge your stack?
Bottles in the air, hell yeah, I'm stoned!
Leaning left to right, double cup styrofoam
I'm full of racks, just stacks on stacks
Never been a [?] only shop at Sax
Drinking Remy by the fifth
They say Waka Flocka got a gift
Six speeds, I just shift
Every blunt I lift
I'm higher than a motherfucker, think I might fall
Bad bitches always calling me
LeBron fucking James I ball, my G
Shut the fuck up bitch, clap that ass
White fans screaming "Waka Flocka, you rad"
Always catch me with a fucking red rag

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I got em like ah...
Love this nigga, two hoes slobbering on the pole
Screaming out loud I love this nigga!
[?] seen the same girls that work in Perfections
They say they came straight from Magic City
So I know don't gotta teach 'em no lesson!
Girls [?] my songs on
Put down those pom poms
Oriental, I think she's from Hong Kong
In the club full of ho zombies
Screaming out feed me
But I just got this stacks girl, it ain't gonna be that easy!
Four girls leaving, they coming
All girls fucking they coming
Just like Gucci said I left a hundred dollars on the dresser
Just to show the bitch it ain't nothin'
If you think you coming home with me, you're fucking
You got much potential, I turn you into something
Get in my V, my music we bumpin'
You steady talking but I ain't hear nothin'

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