

## 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, 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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