

Fire Squad

Waka Flocka Flame

Niggas actin' like they're kings 'til i walk up on their throne
Take a piss, kiss the ring, know it hurts, know it stings
Red alert on the beam... Flocka home
The kids misdirected and the cops are wrong
Man they rattin' on each other, then they back at home
Actin' like it never happened, backstabbin' wow
What's next? Another rapper dead, no flex
I'm goin' at your head, who the best?
Cut the check, closed mouths never get fed
Take the food off your plate, chew it in your face
I can't hear your shit, moment of silence
Condonin' the violence if you're proposin' a rising
Their fan base mad I killed their favorite rapper
I'm still your favorite trapper's favorite trapper
Fuck freestyles, kill 'em with the written rhymes
And all you cokehead rappers better get in line
No subliminals, I'm direct gettin' off
Your clique is soft, let your bitch kick it with a boss
We're two people from the bottom, we're just different lanes
Cole I feel your pain, feel like I was born again
This the tiger and the lion, this is David and Goliath
This Qua-ran and the Bible, this the pistol and the rifle
In the cypher I ignite you - boom!
It's a cold fuckin' world and I'm sneezin' bricks
And we got grey tickets, on my season shit
Break them chickens down, then we season it
Re-press it, then send it, that's an easy flip
Crush my enemies, they just envy me
Now it's business entities, it was meant to be
Squad life 'til they sentence me to centuries
Can't get to me, I handle shit differently
We never had shit, wonder why we lootin'
If he ain't got a pistol, why the fuck he shootin'?
I think them drugs pollutant, should've stayed a student
But then I wouldn't be on stage givin' out the blueprint
Holler at the movement, I'm about to lose it
And when I do, lay it down, ain't no fuckin' movement
They like, "Flock, what up with EDM?"
Same rappers lowkey don't wanna see me win
50 thou for a verse, I don't need a friend
And I don't really like your music, so why pretend?
And how you gangbangin' after you're famous?
Swear half of you brainless, you rappers are aimless
You rappers are anus, I'm clappin' the stainless
This accurate aimin', start droppin' your names in
It's a new world order
Made a dollar out a quarter, made some dollars out of quarters
Now the show's across the boarders and they're slaughterin' our daughters
And they're killin' all our sons, this shit ain't just for fun
We used to put our hands up and box on the block
Now you put your hands up and get shot by a cop
I sat first class by Donnie McClurkin
He said, "God got a plan, young man, keep workin'"
I know, Flocka!

"Fire Squad" remix, man. "I Can't Rap: Vol. 2", man.
J. Cole, what's poppin', bruh?

Still looking for a blunt roller, man. 50k a year, man.
Make sure you bring your Pine Bros.
Yeah, get it. You dig what I'm saying, man?
I got bars, man. I ain't talking about prison, man.
Fuck you mean, man?
Waka Flocka! Flame! Flocka! Rrah! Rrah! Rrah!
They hate that shit, man, but they love it at the same time, man. You gotta
respect this shit, man.
Three bars of flame, man.
Leader of the new school, Waka Flocka Flame, man.