

I Can't Stand You

Waka Flocka Flame

Huh?

Oh, you can't stand me bitch, huh?

Well, sue me, then, bitch, 'cause pimping is pimping

Pimping is pleasure, hoe

Boy, I can't stand you (she said she got a dude)

Boy, I can't stand you (and I be acting rude)

Boy, I can't stand you, nigga, kick rocks

Boy, I can't stand you, you must pay for that box

Boy, I can't stand you (I told that bitch, "Please")

Boy, I can't stand you (I see she want a G)

Boy, I can't stand you (Look, bitch, I'm a boss)

Boy, I can't stand you (listen, get lost, go on)

Girl, you can't stand who? I can be your man, boo

Me and you is so old, why you acting brand new?

You was just a hoodrat, just something that I ran through

Open up your mouth wide, I know how your glands do

Come up out your bra, matter of fact, yeah, your pants, too

Tell me Vicky's secret or this whole shit is canceled

You ain't got a man, you do that same shit that Pam do

Just like Marty Mar, get to stepping out my Lambo

Girl, that's my Lambo, you just want a sample

You can just keep moving, you got corns all on your damn toes

Whistles in the trunk would turn the block into a dance floor

Strip still jumping, fiends asking where the grams go

Chickens and some water, I ain't cooking up no Campbell's

You don't understand, though, I'm trying to let my fans know

I can cook an ounce and a half off a damn O

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I can't stand a broke bitch that demands shit

Ain't have shit, wearing her best friend's shit

I got a New York bitch that I call "Broomstick"

'Cause she suck up and she got a mean But my L.A. hoe, I swear she blows the best dro

And my Memphis chick, she gutter, she'll lick a bitch

Up in North Carolina back down to South Carolina

I'm fucking sisters, aunties, even baby mommas

Keith Flocka Sweat, leave a bitch pussy wet

This shit intense, shawty, so she might break a sweat

She licking on my neck, I whispered in her ear

"Is this dick good?" She like, "Hell yeah

Don't stop, right there, baby, that's the spot"

I don't do the cuffing, shawty, man, I hate the cops

Earrings, wrist and watch, reached for my chain

I'ma fight murder cases like Gucci Mane

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