

## Lock Rags

Waka Flocka Flame

Rockstar shit, man, I ain't talkin' 'bout a guitar  
Rockstar  
La4, Flocka  
Hoodrich  
Huggin' the block, over the stove  
Lean with the pot, know how it go  
I'm with the Bloods, I'm with the Crips  
Make 'em lock rags, purp out the zone  
We got the weed, we got the pills  
We got some coke, bitch, come play with your nose  
John Madden, throwin' them loads  
We get 'em in, get 'em...  
Rockstar shit, man, I ain't talkin' 'bout a guitar  
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La4, Flocka, yeah, yeah

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We get 'em in, we get 'em off  
Blow 'em out good, we put dick in their mouth  
Put a brick in your hand and run in your house  
I put that dope inside my granny couch  
I had a half and turned it to an ounce  
Shoot up the party, hit all of the bouncers (Hoodrich)  
Fuck the law, they want me up in the cell  
I got them birds in the A like a Falcon  
Pop a lot of X, no Malcolm  
If you got the sack, I talk it  
Shoot a nigga down, won't wrestle  
Hachoo, I bless 'em  
AD get the sneak and stakeout the rest of 'em  
Hoes be the prettiest but my three be the teacher  
Nigga better listen up 'cause them young niggas teachin'  
Trappin' real hard, we been goin' all season  
Buyin' all the cards from the boosters and the skeezers

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You'll never catch me on the phone  
Pay a little extra, I'll send 'em to your home  
You a lame ass nigga, you won't get that dough  
If you ride in my car, bitch, you know how it go  
La4ss fresh out the feds

He ain't say shit, that's a real ass nigga  
That's why I'm in the booth tryna build with you, nigga  
Keep it real with you, nigga, slide a mil' to you, nigga  
Over the pot but not cookin' a meal  
Ho tryna move to the hill  
Pop me a bottle, I threw back a pill  
Smoke me a blunt then I pop me a seal  
We got them drugs on the side, Navy Seals  
That's how it go, nigga, fuck how you feel  
Heard you got blocks like Shaquille  
Up with the Glock in your mouth, make you heal, pussy

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