

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
Rockstar
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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