

Murda

Waka Flocka Flame

I got life in the trunk, 30 stacks in my pocket
Chopper in the back seat, my young nigga gone pop it
15 he gonna murder some, 16 he gonna murder some
17 he gonna murder some, 18 he gonna murder some

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I got young niggas getting off, 40 cal's spitting off
BSM this the law, niggas flex, getting chopped
We German shepherds, got big dogs, big weapons
If you ain't ready for action, then pussy nigga keep stepping
I'm a boss, you a bitch nigga; beefing not a smart move
Cause I'll come to your house and kick the door in like them narcs do
You niggas shark food, pack it up and fall back
Cause I come out the bush and fade his ass like a sidewalk

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He threw his set up in the air, I put my pistol in the air
Let him know I'm strapped in here, he can lose his life in here
He can die tonight in here, hit him with a fucking beer
My young niggas got no fear, I got the check over here
Put that kush off in the air, I don't really give a fuck
How you really from Wichita? Man I wish a nigga buck
I got four sips in my cup, 3 bad bitches in my beer
Red tips off in my clip, on my L phant shit

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I got pistol in my pocket, pull it out and pop it
My young niggas wilding in Chiraq catching bodies
GBE, we mobbing, Chief Sosa co-starring
My niggas tote pistols, it's a issue, please don't start 'em
Them pistols get to popping, bodies get to dropping
Smoking wheezy, feeling gucci, on that We Be Steady Mobbin'
Like Flocka, Oh Let's Do It, click clack, who you with?
A lot of hundred shots, and a bunch of niggas can shoot 'em

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