

No Doubt About It

Waka Flocka Flame

Louney G, baby
(Hooligan on the beat)

Got hunnids on me, got bundles on me, no doubt about it
Big face Rollie on me, no doubt about it
That foreign bitch, she with me, yeah, no doubt about it
Just selfish niggas, homie, you really sour 'bout it, yeah
No doubt about it
Got hunnids on me, got hunnids on me, no doubt about it
Got shooters with me, got shooters with me, no doubt about it
Got the hand choppa with me, I don't leave home without it

Don't make me resort to violence
Young nigga really chilling, don't resort to violence
I'm making more deposits
Run it up to a Porsche and Masi
Young nigga looking too clean, yeah
Standing in the Nordstrom lobby
I got your hoe at hibachi
I got that dough, nigga, no [?]
I'ma go stretch the dope out like [?]
I'ma go buy my bitch a baby Rari
I know it ain't a nigga that's gon' stop me
I know it ain't a nigga that's gon' stop me
I just might find a bank and plan a robbery
I just might go get drunk and fuck [?]
I know these niggas ain't but carbon copies
I know these niggas ain't but carbon copies
They don't be 'round when you down, yeah
Then they come back when you get it popping

Got hunnids on me, got bundles on me, no doubt about it
Big face Rollie on me, no doubt about it
That foreign bitch, she with me, yeah, no doubt about it
Just selfish niggas, homie, you really sour 'bout it, yeah
No doubt about it
Got hunnids on me, got hunnids on me, no doubt about it
Got shooters with me, got shooters with me, no doubt about it
Got the hand choppa with me, I don't leave home without it

Ran through, can't fuck with [?]
Street smart, I ain't go to college
These hoes too grown and childish
Making plays in the oval office
Me and Louney got money on our mind, yeah
Nigga, I fuck with bosses
Fuck do you know about losses?
Niggas run they mouth just like they was [?]
I seen the biggest gangstas turn to mice
I done seen the realest change into crosses
You don't know half the shit that I accomplished, yeah
You don't know half the shit that I accomplished, yeah, yeah
Sky is the limit, go straight to the ceiling
Pull up with bitches on bitches, Brazilian
You know I'm keeping shit trap for a living
Tryna see me [?] where I'm living

Got hunnids on me, got bundles on me, no doubt about it
Big face Rollie on me, no doubt about it
That foreign bitch, she with me, yeah, no doubt about it
Just selfish niggas, homie, you really sour 'bout it, yeah
No doubt about it
Got hunnids on me, got hunnids on me, no doubt about it
Got shooters with me, got shooters with me, no doubt about it
Got the hand choppa with me, I don't leave home without it