

On Everything

Waka Flocka Flame

Everyday my phone rang
I'm bustin' down the whole thang
Whip same color cocaine
Big pistols, big gold chains
I love it (I put that on everything) [x2]
I love big pistols, big gold chains
I love it (I put that on everything)
I love it
I love it (I put that on everything)

Mulsanne On my pinky ring
Pop that pussy for me Dana Dane
I won't let up, that's on everything
I just want the money, you can have the fame
Shooting for the top, I got perfect aim
All that pussy shit, I can't entertain
When I bought the Ghost, I blew out the brain
Your advanced check I spent that on my artist change
Whole lot of bitches and some champagne
I don't fuck with lames, real nigga campaign
Feds snatched my nigga Poo tang
Rocking rave shows and I still ain't changed

Got the AR 15, that mothafucka rock ya
The first time I met Flocka, I had to get 40 Glock on my waistline
The young nigga tryna throw gang signs
Had bought 5 bricks from the Mexicans
Flock still there talkin bout I how wasn't flexin then?
I have a white Lamb with the blue top, and that big drop on Forgiato's
Now I'm selling mo' weed than Colorado
Need to get a dispensary
Fucking off a sack wasn't shit to me
Going against a nigga with a stand on that
Nah nigga we don't play like that
I don't talk on no phones
I don't fall in love with hoes
Keep it real with my youngins
Shit that's how I thought it goes
Guess I had the wrong answer then
Phone ringing might be tapped so don't answer then