

# Sinning

Waka Flocka Flame

I go to work, say my grace  
Pray my dog, he beat his case  
Send another load, send another pack  
Walking through the trenches with a knife in my back

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons  
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'  
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen  
Dodge demon in the yard, ain't no way Clay' Co' gon' catch me  
Had to get back in my bag, ain't no way they fucking with me  
I got bells and bricks and bags, man I pray the feds don't get me  
Got my lawyer on retainer 'cause I know this shit get sticky  
First nigga in my hood to pull up in a black Bentley

If you break a red crew promise, we gon' have to cut your pinky  
Ain't no way we going broke, we gon' hustle for that shit  
Break every brick and bell, down to dimes in mix  
Grew up kicking dopes, grew up hitting licks  
Grew up rolling in the mud, grew up with them Glizzys  
Grew up pockets empty, grew up dreaming driving Bentleys  
Grew up dreaming playin' ball but instead I grab the pack  
In the streets, it's a rule and law, don't conversate with rats (snitches)

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons (demons)  
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'  
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen  
Dodge demon in the yard, ain't no way Clay' Co' gon' catch me  
Had to get back in my bag, ain't no way they fucking with me  
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80 on my wrist, no ticky tickies  
Thought you was a gangster, why the fuck you so friendly?  
Better watch your words and who you 'round, because we listenin'  
Trigger finger itchy, better watch your pivot  
In the spot with goblins, really runnin' up profit  
Coupe found in my pocket (flex)  
If she with me, she a rider  
Brick talk, that lyric shit  
Taking trips, I don't fear shit  
Wipe a nigga nose real quick  
My hood lookin like a dealership  
Lit nigga

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons  
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'  
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen  
Dodge demon in the yard, ain't no way Clay' Co' gon' catch me (skrrt!)  
Had to get back in my bag, ain't no way they fucking with me  
I got bells and bricks and bags, man I pray the feds don't get me  
Got my lawyer on retainer 'cause I know this shit get sticky  
First nigga in my hood to pull up in a black Bentley (flex!)

Red crew, nigga!

Trap!

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