

## Target Practice

## Waka Flocka Flame

Fuck with your hurt, I keep that tool on my hip  
And this is business, some flight  
My youngest ever to step  
Yelling flocka, my niggas don't living at no runna bella  
Your niggas, our niggas shouting it's whatever  
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Erase that shame, a hundred rounds  
They don't need no mother fucking aim  
He come here, with me he explain [?]  
Turn you in and talking punches in slow lane  
It's, it's like a fame nigga, flocka  
Pain, you motherfucking ratchers nigga  
Aim, you motherfucking ratchers nigga  
Can't come in and hang with the bell watchers  
Flame, this is not a game  
Then you get a casket nigga  
You fuck, what you hurt  
I could get you thirty two rest for a bird  
I could get you twenty three hundred for a bird  
Nigga [?]  
So you better watch your words

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Fuck around with those fuck niggas  
Money and all in that truck nigga  
Am cashing out for them drugs nigga  
And I really don't give a fuck nigga  
When am full of crowns and I'm fucking hoes  
Get, get money and scoping out hoes  
Think shit's funny, it's been wise  
Get these homies in the city streets  
It's like fuck the fucking haters, niggas new stripe  
Bitches on my lap, naggas know I clap it  
And I want shoes on, [?]  
You wanna strap me  
Nigga would and they're twelve feet  
'Cause I kill them and that all for the year  
Get in commas, tug, tug down  
Strapped up, no seat belts  
In the ATM, niggas try  
I swear to God, they gonna need help  
And am getting money, doing me, try me, sue me

I don't give a fuck, let's prove it  
A single priority, move it nigga

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