

# Temptation

Waka Flocka Flame

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Yeah, I'm tryna turn this into somethin', turn this into somethin'  
And we ain't tripping on the summer 'cause the stars out  
Chrome wheels, candy paint, bring the broads out  
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See Young Krizzle, what you know about me?  
Money come and it go but it's all I see  
Land in the cut with a bitch that suck  
So much she need pads on her knees  
Cadillac, rims on wild with the boat to match  
Tell a motherfucker what you know 'bout that  
Old school whip with the grain and dash, popping tags  
Back again, one more time  
Got to have it down the stairs  
But she hike it up, I get the pussy like she throwing passes  
Jerry Rice on that hoe  
Turn it down and spike it up though  
Beat the monkey up till it's sore  
Soon as I hit the do' she got low  
'Cause she know

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I'm forever balling, nigga, all about my pockets  
I got too much money in my hands, I need a lot of wallets  
My conversation money and I'm never talkin' cheap  
What you made in a year, I blew in a week  
Louie V on my clothes, Bugatti for my folks  
Fast life, codeine fiend, everything slow  
If I was you, nigga I'd prob'bly hate me too  
I'm shopping for a new crib while you making due  
Racking up these paper cuts from stacking all this paper up  
Money don't bend, ends won't end, Juicy J don't give a fuck  
I stay high as hell, homie it's the only way  
Rolls Royce all white, call that bitch Labor Day

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Big ass rims, bad ass bitches  
Baby pour some liquor, dawg roll up a Swisher  
I think she feeling me, mayne, hypnotized by my pimping  
When I talk bitches listen, d-d-diamonds be glistenin'  
So many colors in my chain, man it looks like a prism  
Bring a freak out any girl, turn a nun to a Christian  
I spit this izm, now she tricking  
On the strip, getting money

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