

# They Be Choosin

Waka Flocka Flame

These girls, they be choosing  
Diamonds be so sparkly, they think my chain was moving  
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No ID, who the hell is that?  
Them chicks pointing that it's me  
Me, who? Just Rich, fresh up in a Ralph Lauren hat  
ATL, South Cakk, holler back, we on the map  
This for the fly boys, D-boys hit the club, then hit the trap  
I'm rocking Polo, you're rocking GAP  
I'm smoking kush, your smoking bap  
You're a lame lamb  
You look shocked, I'm throwing stacks like I don't give a Jean Claude Van Da  
mme  
Why? 'Cause bro, I'm paid in full like Rico  
Oops, I meant Alpo, my chain and my ring  
Yeah, it got the Mec glow  
Lights off, I'm shining like the po-po  
Them chicks on my jock, they love my orange swag  
Cowabunga on you hoes  
I'm so rad, I'm so rad

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You can catch me in the club drinking bubbly  
Two-stepping with Lauren London  
Or too deep in VIP  
Flocka and Alicia Keys (popping bottles, smoking kush)  
Or hanging on the block with G's  
Re-rocking Rico keys  
And '09 is our year, wrapped the So Icey van  
Hold up, homie, show me homie  
Please stop all that fussing, homie  
Rob me, homie, sorry, homie  
Not Waka Flocka, homie  
Sucking titties like a baby  
Waka Flocka, you so crazy  
Know my motto: "fuck you, pay me"  
Four Deacon rings on like it's the eighties  
One night, that bitch love the excitement  
.45 with me, that's my hype man

I'm poured up, screwed up, that's my right hand  
Rolled another bean, shawty, can't stop biting  
My neepiece raining, it's like lightening  
call that shit frightening  
Waka Flocka Flame, say I'm high like the Jetson  
Roll another pill, I'm not flexing

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G-E, J-C-E, campaign, whoa man  
Goons gooning out, going Conan  
803, this S-C, J-C-E, 15 South, what I'm 'bout  
Shut your mouth, shut it up or we gon' shut it down  
I'm the one, I'ma show them how it's done  
Got ice like a blizzard, lick that pussy like a lizard  
She "ooh-ing" and she choosing  
Look, I don't want that hoe  
I want a dime piece looking like a Ashanti  
Diamond look like when the coast is clear  
Shine like car headlights, y'all looking like a deer  
My flow stupid, say I'm dumbing out, keep it Benji  
We so rad, aura up  
Aura up in the club, feeling like a spaceship  
On the moon, on some spaceship, call me Mr. Spacely Sprockets  
'Bout to blast off like a rocket  
Automatic, we so galactic