

To da Max

Waka Flocka Flame

Dunk, Dunk
(Turn up)
Dunk
(Turn up)
Let's go
(Turn up)
Travvy
Flocka, Waka, Flocka, Flocka, yeah!

To the max, ride to the max
Grind to the max, fly to the max
To the max, crunk to the max
High to the max, drunk to the max
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Hold up, freeze, please turn that nigga down
Roscoe Dash, I'm in this bitch, I'm smelling like a pound
Shawty, I'm a clown, we got goosie by the gown
Man, I turn up, burn up, everywhere I go, man, I show out
See the, me and Teezy this shit easy, please don't try to duplicate
Roscoe's pockets beepin' out your man, y'all niggas super late
New SS on 28's just to make these niggas hate
Most these niggas say they balling, but I know they really ain't
I'm like...

We here now and we 'bout to show out
And we them dude that your girlfriend know 'bout
But shouts out to the north side (What's up, boy?)
But I fucks with the east side (Ain't that's where Travis from?)
Okay, we bust these niggas' heads with this, now these niggas bleeding
East side Decatur boy, but I fucks with Teezy
Strap the fool-fool, Quez the Black Boe
Li the weed weed
Who that is? Travvy!

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I just maxed it out like a college kid with credit cards
Damn, I swear to God, your squad, I tear apart
Like one by one, two by two, I skip a few
I do me, so you do you, I'm ProTools, you Fruity Loops
I'm a dog-og like Scooby Doo
Open your mouth, bitch, like a hula hoop
They go, "Hootie hoo" and I say, "Here I go"
I'm on Broad Street and there be plenty hoes

O let's do it... Flocka!
Turn up to the max, the club deep from front to back
They say Waka Flocka Flame bringing gangsta back
Drinking, smoking, rolling, thugging, banging, what the fuck you claiming?
Right side, red flag hanging, Maxi pad Blood ganging

M-A-X them to the max, they wanna buck, then I am jacked
get rid of them, I'm killing them, I'm dicking them hoes
Gucci on the and I put it on fours
Roll the window down and I'm blowing on thrax
Waka Flocka Flame, little shawty to the max like ha!
Flocka, Waka, Flocka, Flocka, yeah

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I'm like, Kid stepped in, whole club gives me dap
North side Atlanta, dog, where your city at?
Tee, step aside, he ain't really that
I know that he pussy, they call him kitty cat
I started out my day with a fucking bitch
And Elz already told she could suck a dick
Put my niggas on, that'll have my nigga home
Flyest nigga in the club with some slippers on

Hopped up out the bed, turnt up to the maximum
Country boys, we taxing them
Out-of-town, we jacking them
Peons, we smacking them
They girls, we be smashing them
Call me Mister Mister, I'm your boy, then I'm clacking them
Never joke, say something 'bout it
Will I ever call her? Nah, nigga, doubt it
Why trust me? I don't trust myself
Chop his ass up, leave his body on a shelf
Everybody's hood know Dunk keep it G
That's your son? Then why he look like me?
Kickdoor, you ain't no crook like me
Kickdoor, you ain't no crook like me like
Dunk, Dunk, Dunk, Dunk, Dunk

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