

Traffikin

Waka Flocka Flame

Bricks coming in and I'm loving it
Out-of-town plays, call it trafficking
Twenty bricks in the trunk, hit the road again
Trap trafficking, trap trafficking
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Driving real slow like my grandma drive
I'm doing sixty-two on a sixty-five
If they search the trunk, I'm doing twenty-five
Got a couple birds flying down 85
Got my suit on, looking like a church man
Hundred pounds of popcorn in the caravan
See, you the dope boy, I'm the dope man
Quarter mill play, dog, that's the plan
Driving lowkey in the Honda Civic
Cartel hits the road for a good ticket
What a life to live and this is how I live it
I made my mind up, I'm finna get it

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It's Mexican Goon Mafia, that's the move
Thirty-six bricks of blow coming out, out the coop
I got a call, they say the truck's ready
Hit the highway, drive straight, drive steady
Watch them folks be prepared, yeah, be ready
Jump out boys, always looking for a 'migo, man
They say I make the plays, on the move all day
I'm just a hardworking Mexican trafficking
My back is wet, so I dry it up with money
I listen to coritos while I count that money
It's drug dealer music, the block is ready
From the border to Atlanta in the Tahoe, Chevy

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