

Tweekin

Waka Flocka Flame

I said I'm tweekin', off the molly's
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These niggas claiming that they killers, where's the body

I'm from Clayco, big scraps and bad bitches
Foreign cars nigga, I keep foreign bitches
Blowing Backwood's, Fed's snapping pictures
Waka Flocka Flame, I'm on Gangland
Sit back youngin', I got the game plan
My youngest tweekin' off the molly's and the zan's
Big dog status now nigga
I ain't gon' get you later, I'm gonna get your ass now nigga
Me not bucking, how about that
Bitch I doubt that, I'm gon' shoot back
I keep big stacks, ass clap
Throw another rack, all I do is say

I came a long way from the bike, now I'm in a foreign car
I came a long way from the block, now I'm on my world star
I could buy the bar, buy you a new car
Four blunts in my cigar, that's just how a nigga roll
My boy's they outta control, disrespect you get your head bust
That's how it go, 50K for a show
Boy I got that glow, V.V.X.'s on my neck
Ruffy on that company, a nigga dropped the check
Don't disrespect, don't tell them rate that
Clay County we on top, bet these pussies hate that
Money we gon' make that, run the sack up
Yes a nigga tweekin' but my shooter's in the cut
Sizzle roll a blunt

Everybody real now, everybody trap
Claiming he gon' kill and he flexed up with the sack
Boy I doubt that, my young niggas take that
Your town, I'm a paint that, red money make that
Pills gotta go I bet they hate that, oooh, it's pay back
Up six million just to let you niggas know that
Dirt Gang reckless, you run up they gon' shoot back
Waka Flocka Flame in this bitch
I, change your bitch life, change your nigga life
With one verse I make that nigga a millionaire off that song, Jesus C
hrist
Them molly's got me tripping, twenty gold bottles in the VIP, nigga w
hat you sipping