

Warning

Waka Flocka Flame

DP on the beat
Damn, son, where'd you find this?
We bustin' bottles, we be countin', rockin' chains
'Cause we came from shit, nigga

I got niggas in the kitchen, I get pounds dirt cheap
I'm in New York with the plug, now we eattin' at Felipes
I know niggas that got rich, now they ass flat broke
When them good girls start strippin', man, they ass turn to freaks
My young niggas TTG, you gon' die if it's beef
I don't want no fuckin' peace, pour my Henny, roll a leaf
I don't wanna see no flex, bitch, I tatted up my sleeves
I told Cannon if he kill 'em I'ma send him three bricks
Man, we love robbin' robbers and we love extortin' trappers
I'm a disrespectful nigga, you might catch me in your house
Fuckin' your bitch on the couch, puttin' dick all in her mouth
I'm just a nigga from the South so you know them pistols out
You niggas tuckin' chains in, I thought y'all was some gangsters
Swear I'm just a street nigga, somehow I got famous
Rob Waka Flocka, bitch, you talkin' out your anus
Leave you brainless, you niggas lame to us
Bitches shakin' ass, young niggas twisting fingers

Bitch, I came in with the chop, me and Wak', and I'm sippin' Wock
Your bitch tryna fuck, she a dyke, that bitch gave me top
Lamborghini Murciélagos, V12 skrrt off the lot
Told that lil' dumb slutty bitch, take off your skirt, bitch, keep the top
If that boy want smoke, hit where it hurt, I make his body drop
Bitch, I'm TTG, I'm trained to go, on go, I never stop
This fuckboy a dork, a dweeb, a ho, that boy gon' always flop

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