

# What the Hell

Waka Flocka Flame

Might as well sell a bale  
What the hell? Oh...  
I'm just a nigga with a fucking scale  
Trying to stay outta jail, oh...

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I am just a shooter, shorty  
I hang out with shooters, shorty  
Put you in that torture rack  
Call me Lex Luger, shorty  
You can call me Jason  
Or you call me Freddie Kruger, Shorty  
Forty's just a feature, charge you fifty for the after-party  
Gucci Mane's the shooter boss  
No, not a producer, shorty  
Eighty goons on your ass, like some barracudas, shorty  
Young ass nigga with a mouth full of gold  
Bitches know I'm rich as fuck  
Dumbass nigga with a mouth full of hate  
Grab my AK and chop 'em up  
Still fuck at least ten bitches a day  
Like I'm a pornographer  
Gucci Mane and Flocka  
Can't even see us if you had binoculars  
Ice cream's backordered  
New color chat water  
Call your girlfriend "Trapitha"  
Everybody grabbin' her  
Everybody stabbin' her  
Suckin' on us like Dracula

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Mid-grade, mid-grade  
Been sellin' it seventh grade  
Stay with that throw away  
Cellphone chirping, catchin' plays  
Fifty slabs, hundred slabs, seven grams, half-a-ounces  
Offer that, runnin' that, from the back  
No commin' back  
Shorty want an eight-ball, told her call Gucci  
Trappin' with my gutter chick, work up in her coochie  
Dope man Nike's, Levi's with the white tee  
I fucked my money up, now I think that they don't like me  
Shorty's pilled and talkin' told me where her nigga's white be

You that I'm shiesty  
These niggas' nothing like me  
Money, money, I be countin' hunned  
Looking for the jackers  
You know that I'm gunning

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I'm Just trying to see another day  
Yesterday it was okay  
Hopefully today'll be better though  
Hopefully I'll get some better blow  
Snowflakes out here finna go  
I'm just trying to keep my ho  
Hopefully I'll hit the lotto  
I'm so tired of sellin' this stone  
Every day we live for the moment  
Every second we got to do what we go to do  
If I finessed you, I had to  
I had to do what I had to do  
You retaliate, can't be mad at you  
Gotta do what you gotta do  
I can't take offense to it  
Still, I gotta play defense  
Cold-hearted amphibians  
In this street, all this slime  
Nigga told you he ain't never thought he hit no lick  
That nigga lyin'  
At night I get on my knees  
Free my conscious, free my mind  
God, help us find another way  
We're so tired of committing these crimes, ay

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