

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 pillin' 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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