

## Workin

## Waka Flocka Flame

I been workin' nigga  
Cocaina, she be flirting nigga  
Back my 'Rari out the driveway  
500 pounds, 200 squares, John Gotti

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Pussy ass nigga you ain't never jug  
I'm a real Piru, ask Big Suge  
I'm a real trapper, ask Victor Hill  
For the thrill, I pop a pill, shoot at the ops to catch a kill (Hey)  
I'm Waka Flocka, nigga  
Kill a family member, shawty El Chapo nigga  
Throw your sets in the air for my blockas nigga  
Two shots of the [?] that go Flocka nigga  
I'm on the block my nigga  
Where the youngins going crazy, shooting cops my nigga  
Red, blue, white flags like a Haitian killer  
I will never back down, I'm from Clayco nigga

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A lot of rappers start trapping it's like recess  
Real jet boy I snatch the chain off your neck  
Set the game for you niggas, that's a preset  
Elm Street, Dirt Gang nigga that's the G set  
I'm like Meech, my nigga  
Bricksquad live off loyalty, fuck you niggas  
Waka Flocka name still good in these streets  
Five thousand shooters nigga, you ain't hard to reach  
When it come to killers, got a fleet my nigga  
Pull a chopper out, holes in your fleece my nigga  
I know you thinking to yourself I'm a beast, my nigga  
Hundred shootouts, we ain't never faced defeat, my nigga

I been workin' nigga  
Cocaina, she be twerking nigga  
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Check his background, he ain't who he say he is

Acting hard to them youngins, come shoot up your shit  
Boy I must admit a lot of rap  
Early in the morning and my dog baking cookies  
John Gotti  
Wish he try me, cross the line, you a body nigga  
Go against Waka Flocka, kamikaze  
Hands like I'm Ali, south side where you find me  
Heard they trying to take me off the streets, my nigga  
Pussy niggas snitching, talking to police my nigga  
Now the feds tryna kick in my front door  
I got lawyer fees, burn money, case closed (Flocka)

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