

Faka Faka Yeah

Wildways

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You can check my pulse, you can feel this shit
Every time you hear this sound, scream like a bitch
My homies with me, everybody know these words
If you start to sing, you have no chance to go
Bitches in the club, and bitches are standing outside
What the fuck is going on here? Man, fuck, this shit is raping my mind

Ain't that shit? Ain't that shit, bitch?
Hey, hey, faka faka yeah
Ain't that shit? Ain't that shit, bitch?
Hey, hey, faka faka yeah

My life, my shit, I'm doing what I want
Everybody knows these words
My life, my shit, I'm doing what I want
And you can enjoy the show

Hahaha. Aw nah, nah, man. Are you kidding me? Ah, ah, ah

You hear the sound? See the crowd?
That's my kids, they scream and shout
I'll die for them, they will die for me
Now play the song, all eyes on me
We'll play breakdown, they scream and shout
I sing the song, they scream and shout
We have no friends, that's our family
You see the crowd? They will die for me

Ain't that shit? Ain't that shit, bitch?
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Ain't that shit? Ain't that shit, bitch?
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Faka faka yeah
Ain't that shit? Ain't that shit, bitch?
Hey, hey, faka faka yeah
Ain't that shit?
Bitch

Hey, hey, faka faka yeah
Wildways from Russia with love