

## Wacka Flocka Flame "Rumors"

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[Chorus:]

They wanna see me dead puttin prices on my head  
Spreadin rumors round town like I fell down  
They cant hold me down they cant stop my shine  
They cant block my grind shawty its game time  
Pyr for life breads off the elms nigga ian big on lick  
Cause ian been to the mother land here I stand grown  
ass  
Man gun in my hand ion fear no man FLOCKA!!!

[Verse 1]

These niggas fuckin trippin second guess am I livin  
Better tell em I'm gone kill em twenty bags and tell em  
Come get em make ya boy scared to say nun him  
I thank that I scared him I swear to god  
Dont fear them these niggas straight trippin  
Thinkin that I'm slippin pull it out  
Then I'm rippin my whole click  
Itchin lookin for the fuckin victum  
Free my partner isum tunnel fuckin vision  
I swear to god on jesus christ I dnt fuckin hear em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

These niggas say they kilt me and kidnapped my  
daughter  
Ion even got no daughter they mad cause imma baller  
And they hoes a caller you know that imma stall her  
Then dick her and ball her then never ever call her  
Grind hard like my mother I'm the problem solver AR  
Or revolver you hard then I am harder stop actin like a  
killer  
You pussy ass nigga you aint wanna murder  
Thats why I'm still alive nigga BRICKSQUAD!!!

[Chorus]

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