

Waka Flocka Flame

"Anything But Broke"

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Featuring French Montana & Frenchie

Trippin of molly, with yo fuck niggas try me
Now Wooh's in New York, California and Romney
Two turnt bad bitches, all in the party
Playin with they nose, yea the hall off the viby
Sorry you broke and I got money
Flex hard on em with the blunt, red Rrari
Young bong street, can't run a Maserati
Every day car fly, spur in the arry

(Intro)

Free throw and one
Two hands nigga, like you're timin nigga
Run that shit the fuck back

(Verse)

Hit that block like 12 bundles
Now a nigga G, 5 tell a number
We do's the face, shake 12 hundred
Know a nigga high bitch, 12 summers
Ghost boy, 34 motherfuckin showboy
Get on the motherfuckin road boy
Chef on the motherfuckin stove boy, coke boy
Started from the lockout, now I'm by the block out
Started from a dropout, now I bring that drop out
Talk a hundred clip small car
Bad bitch, pornstar
Get money like a athlete, fuck your throat

(Hook x2)

Man them fuck boys know ain't no ends over here
We gon fight and fuckin shoot til our souls disappear
Fuck next shit, it's about now nigga
Disrespect, I'mma knock you down nigga
He bleed like, scared of no nigga
Call me anything but a broke nigga

(Verse)

Trippin of molly, with yo fuck niggas try me
Now Wooh's in New York, California and Romney

Two turnt bad bitches, all in the party
Playin with they nose, yea the hall off the viby
Sorry you broke and I got money
Flex hard on em with the blunt, red Rrari
Young bong street, can't run a Maserati
Every day car fly, spur in the arry
I'm from banko where the noise get roudy
Disrespect me, be your head in a baggy
No pussy niggas, just real niggas round me
Keepin hell above what a for nigga try me
That's a no no nigga
Love my boys, no homo nigga
Pulled up, no man's thong oh nigga
40 cal but you never saw no nigga
Let a couple shots, now we holdin this nigga
Waka Flocka Flame show a rapper more realer
Wind down grow, feelin like Godzilla
808 bars, inhaling that killa
Trippin, can't stand up on Xans
Cookin dope no fryin pans
Yes that's good, no anti ends
You see that flack hanging out my pants

(Hook x2)

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(Verse)

Flocka, that one nigga you need to pass it
Be a sim forever mackin
Throwin up nigga, what's brakin?
What's happenin
I'm walkin inside of that car and I'm getting that strap
Speed action
So if I said I done gone pop, then no need for you
asking
Be a sim all about the take
You might hate us but you gonna show respect
Niggas wanna act like hoes
Let me show you how that pussy get popped
You ain't bout that life
But you stay talkin like you think you is
I got all this ice
It's a frozen day when I claw my wrist
And it's fuckin yo chick
It's mo flow than it gets
Fight me over some money

Nigga don't shoot me over no bitch
Frenchie all on his shit
You iced up, you a lick
Bands will make her dance
But this 40 a make you straight, yea

(Hook x2)

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