

## Waka Flocka Flame "F\*ck These N\*ggas"

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Featuring D-Bo, Wyld Pack, Ice Burgandy & J Mike

(Intro)

Check too big for them skinny jeans  
She suck dick better when she out the beans  
Brick squad monopoly, my home team  
On red flag, drop the green

(Hook)

f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these  
n\*ggas  
That's what I'm yelling out  
f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these  
n\*ggas  
That's what I'm yelling out  
f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these n\*ggas  
That's what I'm yelling out  
Squad up in this bitch, Freddy gang in this bitch  
(Flocka, Flocka, Flocka, Flocka)  
Aye man we turnt the f\*ck up man  
f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these n\*ggas  
Shorty f\*ck these n\*ggas  
f\*ck these n\*ggas, f\*ck these n\*ggas

(Verse)

First off f\*ck you and the clique you claim  
BG, be here soon, we are quick to bane  
n\*ggas claim to make some gangstas but they took  
that ice  
Walking through Jurassic Park, you might lose your life  
Get to the whole name, bitch I'm snatch disgrace  
And it's Jeezy to the death of me, afterlife  
Bitches deep fast deo, got a big ego  
Welcome to Jurassic Park, which road bout the legal?

(Verse)

I ain't f\*ckin with these haters, these haters can't fill my  
shoes  
More dough spots in my hood than your city got  
schools  
Cut these f\*ckers like a game of spades

Wild pack, FETA gang nigga, color is red  
I be f\*cking with these killers that's throwin the letter B  
Tip yo ass like some checkers, you direspectin the P  
I've got a gon platoon, I call em blood hounds  
They eat the peas by the pound, better calm down

(Hook)

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(Verse)

Nigga f\*ck you want? So shoot you broke  
Ain't got no hustle, you weak  
Ain't got no muscle I met you  
You know each trouble's a bubble  
All know my Nikes' is f\*ck you  
If you don't like me I'm powered  
You know bout I be f\*ck yo bitch and then his wifey too  
Two thousand on my head you gon need you some mo'  
money  
20 thou under my bed and all of its hold money  
I be on these n\*ggas head, I be getting these show  
money  
They ain't getting to they bread, why they swag if it's so  
bummy?

(Verse)

Chyeah f\*ck these n\*ggas and all this shit they pocket  
I'm countin up all this cash, these broke n\*ggas in  
there watch it  
It's squad nigga we deep, Cody here with that heat  
Don't make me pull up on you  
And beat yo ass til you leap  
To hell with all these f\*ck n\*ggas  
Mad hell cuz we up nigga  
RIP to duck nigga  
In the squad we twerch nigga  
NFL no words nigga  
Try me once I bust nigga

We 50 deep, that's 100 strap  
What else can I say? Good Lord nigga

(Hook)

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