

Waka Flocka Flame

"Fell"

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Featuring Gucci Mane & Young Thug
Prod. by Lex Luger

(Hook: Young Thug)

I fell in love
Plus the bottom of her shoes look like she fell in blood
I stay sipping, never slipping, but I fell in mud
Every time I wake up I be with a different slut
Then I dropped up out of school, soon I fell for drugs
Then I fell off in the club with a couple guns
Then I fell out with my plug, he wasn't keeping up
Stack of hundred's, hit the rug, that's your trust fund
Fall for bitch, banking on one's

(Verse 1: Waka Flocka Flame)

Big bank, all hundred's, pussy nigga no one's
Pocket scale, real niggas and a fucking handgun
I'm from Clayton County, we bring shooters nigga, we
don't run
Come through with it from them baggie's, now we
selling big bumps
Assault rifle, two-two-three, we chop you down
No diss hoes and re-tweets, just bodies found
In and out of town, local joker ass nigga
In the club popping Spade's by the twenty nigga
Smoking loud nigga, popping molly's nigga
Your dog just went state, not mine nigga
But not mine niggas
We live by the code, mob ties nigga

(Hook: Young Thug)

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(Verse 2: Gucci Mane)

Man I fell out with my girl, man I fell out with that bitch
Get the hell out of this house ho, gon' and pack your
shit

Man I fell out with the plug and I fell out with my home
boy

Ain't lose sleep about it, tricked out my Jeep about it
If I get ten nigga bricks tonight, then I hear people 'bout
it

Fell up off it, penicil, by two-twenty, I'm smoking
chronic

Pouring big tonic, Gucci Two Time's so drive two
Ferrari's

My life is a mini movie, everyday's a video

Nigga is you kidding me? Cause Gucci Mane got baby
choppers

Fall out with my baby mama if she said she ain't
fucking with Flocka

Versace shades I see you nigga, I got on these baller
glasses

Chicken long way, all my pockets, all my hoes come
pour some shotta's

(Hook: Young Thug)

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(Verse 3: Young Thug)

Got them big ol' clips, inside of them little guns

No Nelly, got bands on the Air Force, no one's

I'm sellin, I got xan', worked hard, my car

Just made it, to me, where I come from ain't far

For you to see a rich, I'm a geek and a monster

She wanna suck the sheik, guns up, she got hunger

No no I could never beat her up, on my mama

But she got more red bottom's, then the number one
stunna'

And that's Baby, I would love to help you start a candy
lady

My most ride me with cherry blossom, now fuck old
ladies

And I nut right in them bitches, and have her oh so
baby

And also baby

(Hook: Young Thug)

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