

## **Waka Flocka Flame "Hard In Da Paint"**

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I go hard in da muthafuckin' paint, nigga  
Leave you stankin' nigga  
What da fuck you thinkin' nigga?  
I won't die fo' this shit or what da fuck I say  
Front yard, broad day with da SK

See Gucci that's my muthafuckin' nigga  
I hang in da 'Dale with them Hit Squad killas  
Waka Flocka Flame one hood ass nigga  
Riding real slow, bendin' corners in my nigga

Gotta main bitch and got a mistress  
A coupla girlfriends, I'm so hood rich  
Keep my dick hard and keep me smoking  
You get pills free, shawty no joking

Aye what I stand fo', Brick Squad  
(Flocka)  
I'm a die fo' dis, shawty, man I swear to god  
In da trap with some killas and some hood niggas  
Where you at? Where your trap? You ain't hood nigga

Keep this shit 300, put that shit on my hood  
Crips fuckin' with me, G's and the Vice Lords  
Eses and amigos freestyle off the dome  
Brick Squad, Waka Flocka Flame, it's fuckin on!

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Wassup prissy nigga, wassup fuck nigga  
I got on dat nigga, make yo momma's momma richa  
Hope you got yo killers wit' ya, hope you got yo niggas  
witchya

Hope your goons ridin witchya, they gon' fuckin' miss  
you, nigga

Nigga what, I had a tool like Easy Q  
When my lil' brotha died, I said fuck school

I picked the burnin' log and I grabbed some marijuana  
Two years later screamin out yeah Rhonna

Glock 9 to SK if you want to beef  
Shawty point blank range, I put yo ass to sleep  
Shawty talk is cheap, so watch what ya say  
Broad day in the air, like this shit legal

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Flocka  
Waka, Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka  
Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka  
Flocka, Flocka, Flocka, Waka  
Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka  
Waka, Flocka  
Waka Flocka Flame

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