

Waka Flocka Flame

"Hi Jackin Planes"

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Is it me I am tripping
No calls on my phone
When I talk I hear echoes in your background
Lord I am a winner see no... hard till two guys two black suits
They say I am wanted for 33... me and... another 30 It ain't Gucci
Sex... shorty all I do is shout All of you... make a nigger... for monopoly
This is it the way to go I join... like a fucking pig
See life is a bitch show a finger fucking it
Pop the finger... cause I don't trust shit
Put your light in the air put your red cups up
Blow it backwards... up Hijacking planes 3 years in the game
Got the money and the fame but it ain't nothing really changed
Bitches on my dick stay on phone keep talking
... at the window they think a nigger hustling
I am gonna keep grounding
I am gonna keep grounding I am gonna keep gunning
I am gonna keep gunning You want me for a feature
That's one brick
Show's gone for two bricks
... off my dick
All I know is... go get it win
... all from a niggers while they can You can't even trust your bitch or your
Best friend
Rip it down nigger just like... barking my nigger we get it poppin
You're gonna feel attention as soon as I walk in the building
Walk it stay low... I am gonna keep grounding nigger don't stop
In this industry lames get all the credit put your light in the air
Put your red cups up blowing back what's back and fall down Chorus
Hijacking planes 3 years in the game
Got the money and the fame but it ain't nothing really

changed
Bitches on my dick stay on phone keep talking
Police at the window they think a nigger hustling
I am gonna keep grounding I am gonna keep
grounding
I am gonna keep gunning
I am gonna keep gunning I don't care about no... she
say
Tasting money... like my fucking DJ
Love for the... no freeway
You all niggers industry I do this the G way
I am a... pussy nigger about that gun play
Sell... triple... all day Can't do it with the... give my
brother...
White diamonds on my neck call it...
I am gonna be ok I don't need too much
Just a red cup and one vanilla touch
Put your lighters in the air if you are fucked up
Fuck... three mores... and pore me up Put your red cups
up blowing back
What's back and fall down Chorus
Hijacking planes 3 years in the game
Got the money and the fame but it ain't nothing really
changed
Bitches on my dick stay on phone keep talking
Police at the window they think a nigger hustling
I am gonna keep grounding I am gonna keep
grounding
I am gonna keep gunning
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