

Waka Flocka Flame

"Short Fuse"

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Keep hustling, don't stay down
Keep serving nigs till you wear the fucking crown
On my side of town he rose down
Shot with you 3 times and rub your ass the 4th
Pack in, so the young niggas workin

Pulled up on your block in the maybach with boss
curtains
Never could be broke with a loaded pistol
Stay down in the trap till the laws get you
Ah, hey shout out to the real niggas
Hoe is showing my jewelry, fans snappin pictures
I got money I got guns and I'm bout to issue
May the lord be with you when the fuckin hollows hit
you
Clayton county, clayton county

Blood on my hands, I done got my hands dirty
Niggas went to playing girls, so we went to murkin
Gun fights, porch tries
No witnesses, so they had to throw it all
To the death of me, I'ma be a living legend
Rich crest king nigga, you a fuckin peasant
Wise guy, I got mob ties
Feds follow me around, I lie a mob life
I give a order, niggas getting wet
Pull up on the set, my young niggas got that set
I supply the town nigga when I come around
Me and waka flocka, we gonn gun you down!

I was born in a cellie full of drug dealers
Started sellin dope as a young nigga
I make a hustle you ain't never seen nigga
You just smoking reggie and I smoke og nigga
On everything I love I put you on your feet nigga
I don't need a bitch to free band sleep with me
And everything I got, I got it out the jug miss
Do what the fuck I wanna do cause I'm a boss nigga
And every 3rd time I serve you, take you off nigga
Bricksquad monopoly, shake the dice nigga
Parking mob place, we gonn do you right nigga

Young scooter, flock flame on sight nigga!

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