

Waka Flocka Flame

"Smoke, Drank"

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A long ride to the west
M.O.B. across my chest
Lord please don't let me rest
Why these niggas wanna test
Nigga please give me strength
One time, I don't got friends
Ride this shit to the end
Can't lose man I got to win
Flockaveli im that Damu, oc
Light skin, tats and dreadlocks
Niggas playin cops like Madlock
Aim on point with his scope and his beam
Aim at your head like oily machine
Leave a nigga dead eyes open
Ba-ba-ba nigga hold that
Bitch I'm from the Grove
Where niggas have a hand, they get on the stove
Some pop pills, some take it up the nose
Where niggas fucking hoes at thirteen
Living street life, fuck a hoop dream
Bricksquad that's my home team
[Hook: Waka Flocka Flame] (x12)
Middle finger to the feds
M.O.B tatted on my leg
A couple niggas wanna see me dead
Act like D-bo get Craig'ed
Pussy niggas heard what the fuck I said
Room service too, I'll make your bed
Bury your body in a backyard shed
Make a nigga whole body shake, no dreads
Niggas don't really want to roll with kids
I got more connects than a highway bridge
Flow been cold, stored in a fridge
A lot of niggas talking about what they should of did
Call the niggas square like a mother fucking grid
I'm on my grown man like a nigga had a kid
Got to ball on you niggas like I'm playing for the Knicks
Hit 'em with a shotgun, call that shit the crips
I ain't worried about the cops, I'm too legit
I got to put money over every single bitch
Mouse in the hood, trapping for that cheese

Balling cause I hustle like I'm playing overseas
I was raised in the streets, me and my pistol
Moving these pounds on my bicycle
I'm so official, I earned my stripes
Bitches on my dick like a parasite
I make her tap out like the cane's spiked
Then I smoke and drank all fucking night
Waka, what it do cuz?
I'm fucking with you nigga the long way
Let's get this money
Bricksquad in the building
See I'm gonna smoke till I can't smoke no more
Then drank till I can't drank no more
? money see and my chick grow
Stand up tall till it can't no more
Try me if you want, I swear to God I'll split your
cantaloupe
My chopper fully loaded, I'm a squeeze on you till there
ain't no more
I run with a C like Flock and them
Green flag, my partner them
Hitsquad, yeah there's a lot of them
You get an Oscar slim, for acting gangsta
A boss to him, better get your rank up
Real money, been hell I bank up
In the club? to the? drank
Who is this nigga trying to act like me
Suede, getting money, bounce back like me
Every hood, every block, count stacks like me
Fully loaded Glock, stay strapped like me
You no body, of Kebo Gotti
Flocka with a tool, been none got him
Been none hit him, been none shot him
Been none off him then laugh about it
Then blowing on kush, straight from Cali
I ring shit straight out the valley
I'm a duct tape stealer and I ain't talking alley
Riding in the bird and I ain't talking falcon
Plead the 5th, every time they ask me
Disappear, just like it's magic
Then reappear, lights, camera, action

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