## Waka Flocka Flame "That Make Me"

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## [Hook]

I got money off that, that make me the shit I got money off that, that make me the shit I got money off that, that make me the shit Hold up, hold up, hold up, yeah

I got money off that, that make me the shit I got money off that, that make me the shit I got money off that, that make me the shit Squad, hold up, yeah, yeah

I ain't gotta talk about money, bitch I look like a check Bossed up, I got my own shit, put them big diamonds on my neck

Put 2 bands on my feet, turn up, foreign cars when I drive

5 stars when I eat, and I never tell like I'm meech Street nigga like ... I'm a real nigga with a diamond chain

You a walking rig with a diamond chain
Shoot more bullets than a gun range
Bfm the new wu tang, kicking game like liu kang
You saving hoes like bruce wayne
I'm a rockstar like sugar cane
You run the streets like you propane
I can help the future like propane
Money insane, the membrane, throwing mary jane
Bitch with me is her chain
Nothing to me, too much jewelry
No worries, I shoot good I keep racks
And I'm fought for scary, waka flame!

## [Hook]

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I'm still the man in my city, diamonds dancing like diddy

My bitch nasty like kimmy, pockets big like biggy Should never fuck with molly, that bitch ain't shit Got me in the club, trippin like a bitch Like sloppy john but I'm neat, like classy bitches that freak, I love

Cars I ride be tinted, swear I'm so authentic Take a piss it's a gold mine, my shit 24 karats Ain't no wings in my jet hoe, I can't wear it, no I can't wear it no, I can't wear it no Hunned thousand dollar car, I can't stare it Love flexin in the club, why they starin? Young nigga taking over, and we ain't sharing

## [Hook]

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