

Waka Flocka Flame

"You A Lie"

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[Wooh Da Kid]

His gun bust, he lying
Cause when them shots ringed off, he was flying
AK's play don push his stomach through his spine

All over a nigga tryna get me for my shine

[Waka Flocka Flame]

Dese nigga's kill me, talkin bout they money
talkin bout they bitches, talkin bout they diamonds
Boy dese nigga's ain't shinin
That's yo brother shit,
Or your partna shit, You a worker bitch
Yeen never bust a brick in the trap
Yeen never bust a pound in the trap
Dets were your raps nigga
I could tell you a pussy, type of nigga go down the road
and turn a sissy
You the type of nigga let yo girl but the drink
I'm in the club rockin chainz drinkin easter pink
Smokin blunts back to back wooskii bout to faint
I'm to high to hear yo award story's nigga get a drink

[Chorus]

Ya Lying, Ya Lying
Yeen never sell dope on the block
Ya Lying, Ya Lying
Yeen never hit licks and run from cops
Ya Lying, Ya Lying
Yeen from that side of town
Boy Ya Lying
You ain't gunning nigga's down
Boy Ya Lying
Yoon live that life stylethats write in rhymes

[Slim Dunkin]

Aye, You the type to go to jail and get yo ass took
Then come to Clayton County and get ya ass whoop
Nigga say he got that chevy on that 24
Seen that nigga in the hood on a skateboard
Nigga say he got that work, but he gotta work

Old ass nigga thats that grandaddy purp
You the type that get knock, cant get out of jail
Need to get a job, Yo trap slow as hell
Say you got them blocks, but u cant post bail
12 get that nigga, bet he gon tell
Shawty say he got a Benz, I'm like boy stop
Drove by and seen that nigga at the bus stop

[Chorus]

[Wooh Da Kid]

His gun bust, he lying
Cause when them shots ringed off, he was flying
AK's play don push his stomach through his spine
All over a nigga tryna get me for my shine
I'm boo'd nigga I'm straight
Pockets on E, I thought he was movin weight
Sharks to a guppy, Your career is just bait
It's a fucking closed casket, know me for a weight
Cant fail, I'm on my grind, we do it everyday like our
life is on rewind
Wooh the kid straight, Bank Account fine
Think about robbing Ima pull a calibind

[Chorus]

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