

Bob

"Fist Pump"

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Do you know where we at now? (at now)
Drinkin' bottles 'til we pass out (pass out)
They don't even know how to act now (act now)
Now put your fist in the air, fi-fist in the air air air air...

Now fist pump fist pump fist pump fist pump
Now fist pump fist pump fist pump fist pump
Now fist pump fist pump fist pump fist pump
Now fist pump now fist pump now fist pump now fist
pump

[Verse 1: Waka Flocka Flame]

Baby jump around for me, bounce
Say that shit now break it down for me (down for me)
Let's hit the buckle, couple rounds with me (rounds with
me)
Grab my hand, let me take you to VIP (chuck chuck VIP)
See, my life is like a movie
Patient, what the fuck is you thinkin'?
Better yet, what the fuck is you drinkin'?
Better yet, what the fuck is you smokin'?
What's hapennin'? What's up?
If you feel like me, you're fucked up, put your cup up
I'm in the club poppin' bottles, got a girl drunk
Say the instance of a fist pump
If you that call, if you that jump
Arms in the air, Shawty do the fist pump

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[B.O.B]

Fuckin' off the club when we fist pump

Whole party lookin' at us crazy cause we destruct
My body showin' symptoms of liquor in my system
Her booty workin' hard like it's time to own a pension
Now listen: face face I'm drash
Don't really wanna see me no more
Can't say we gang high, ballin' like a bank shot
Around, get your ego broke
Last time I was dissed up
I swear it was a year ago
From standin' up when we leave the club
I'm a call that shit a miracle

Cause damn, I'm gold
Twist up, mixed up, twist up
And her booty too big for the seats in my coup
I'm a have to put it in the pick-up truck

Damn, I'm gold
Mixed up, twist up, mixed up
And we feelin' leave here with so many bad bitches
We gon have to take 'em home in the pick-up

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