

W.A.L.E. "Waka Flocka Flame"

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[Roscoe;Chorus:]

Girl the way you're movin'
Got me in a trance
DJ turn me up
Ladies dis yo jam
I'ma sip Moscato
And you 'gon lose dem pants
Then I'ma throw this money
While you do it with no hands
Girl drop it to the flo'
I love the way yo booty go
All I want to do is sit back
And watch you move
And I'll proceed to throw this cash

[Waka;Verse 1:]

(Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka, Whoa, Whoa)
All that as*
In yo jeans
Can Wale be
Can Roscoe scheme
Long hair she don't care
When she walk she get stares
Brown skin or a yellow-bone
DJ this my favorite song
So I'ma make it thunderstorm
Bud, want it Flocka yea
Blowin' fck it i dont care
Chests' flyin' everywhere
Got my partner Roscoe, like bruh
I'm drinkin', help can't you tell
Booze help me hit them 15 steps[?]
I'm fuckin', well i'm tryna hit the hotel
With 2 girls that swallow me
Take this d while i'm swallow[?]
Moscato got her freaky
Aye you got me in a trance
Please take off yo pants
Psxy pop on her handstand
You got me sweatin'
Please pass me a fan damn!

[Roscoe;Chorus:]

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[Wale;Verse 2:]

(Aye, aye, Wale, uh)
She said look ma no hands
She said look ma no hands
And not darling I don't dance
And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka
I think i deserve a chance
I'm a bad mothafucka
Gon' ask some mothafuckas
A young handsome mothafucka
I sling that wood
I just don't chuck 'em
And, who you wit
And, what's yo name
And, you not hear boo, I'm Wale
And, that D.C. shit I rep all day
And, my eyes red cuz of all that haze
Don't blow ma, ha
Let me shine
Drumma on the beat
Let me take my time
Nigga want beef we can take it outside
Fight for what broad

These hoes ain't mine
Is you out yo mind
You out yo league
I sweat no bitches
Just sweat out weaves
Where our tracks
Let me do my thing
I got 16, for this Roscoe thing
But, i'm almost done
Let me get back to it
Whole lotta loud
And a little backwood

Whole lotta money
Big tip I would
I put her on the train
Little engine could, bitch

[Roscoe;Chorus:]
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[Roscoe;Verse 3:]
(Roscoe Dash, let's go)
R-O-S-C-O-E-Mr. shawty put it on me
I be goin' ham
Shawty upgrade from baloney
Them niggas tippin' good
Girl but I can make it flood
Cuz I walk around
With pockets bigger than my bus
Rain, rain go away
That's what all my haters say
My pockets stuck on overload
My reign never evaporates
No need to eleberate
Most of these ducks exaggerate
But, i'ma get money nigga
Everyday stuntin' nigga
Ducks might get a chance after me
Bitch i'm ballin'
Like i'm comin' off of free throws
Cuz the head of the game
No cheat codes
Lambo, Roscoe
No street code
And your booty got me lost like Nemo
Go, go, go
G-gon' and do yo dance
And, i'ma throw this money
While you do it wit no hands
(I'm gone!)

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