

Bickin Back Bein Bool

Waka Flocka Flame

Shoot at a nigga three feet or nine feet
Dump at yo mama house, now pussy nigga come and find me
Shoot at a nigga three feet or nine feet
Dump at yo mama house, now pussy nigga come and find me
Ice and kush got these bad bitches around me
Still that same nigga shawty from grade school
I'm bickin' back, bein' bool
Bickin' back bein bool
That mean I'm mellow right now, man
I'm on one man, I'm smokin' one
I'm hijacking planes man
Only smoke dutches

I'm just bickin' back bein bool
Bickin' back bein bool
Bickin' back bein bool
I'm still the same nigga from grade school

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I'm still the same nigga from grade school
Shoot at a nigga three feet or nine feet
Dump at yo mama house, now pussy nigga come and find me
Ice and kush got these bad bitches around me
Still that same nigga shawty from grade school
Whitey that ho shoot
Look at my shoe don bitches shinin'
I be grindin'
Roll up pills like time rewindin'
I'm bickin' back, shawty bein' bool
Riding in an old school soft top
On sixes, get my dick sucked
Sipping shawty on a triple cup
You ain't like Waka Flocka give three fucks
Hold up
Baby girl do you know how to roll up
Lets hit the night club and get fucked up
(flex)
And have the time of your life
(flex)
Pop and bus mothafucking price
(flex)
I'm seeing double in the club
Everybody's bitch start to look alike

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I'm still the same nigga from grade school
I drop sane shit
Buzzed and got paid

I fuck with the crip but all my cousins got k's
Like this shit sound great nigga
Still won't tuck my chain nigga
Dunk just shoot for aim nigga
Hit you and who came wit'cha
Dunk!
What the fuck you expectin' nigga
Red flag who you checkin' nigga
Pop quiz no question nigga
Get your lesson nigga
Stop guessin' nigga
I'm just bickin' back
I'mma bang mine
Same country-ass nigga throwing gang signs

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I'm still the same nigga from grade school
I'm just bickin back being bool
Stay strapped keep a tool
Get back who are you?
Two words, I'm King Wooh
R.I.P. Nate Dogg, the streets lost a gangster
BSM gon hold it down everything is danger
Everything is caution
Everything is chill
Wooh da Kid be bool and don't fuck up your deal
Nerves bad gotta smoke
Like a fiend when it come to dope
Puff puff never pass. Lungs filled with hella smoke
Just because I'm bickin' back please don't take me for a fool
Wooh Da Kid, yes I'm still that same young nigga from grade school
Slim Dunk up next no cups just sex
Waka flocka still flaming what the fuck did you expect?

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I'm still the same nigga from grade school [x3]