

# Brother's Keeper

Waka Flocka Flame

This is on my face, I see you aviator haters  
Homeys with the elevators, call Indiana Pacers  
Never rockin alligators, just some red bottom charts  
Goin off a grim of mollies, I don't fo fo fo forty talk  
When she brought you came with a new better dog  
All I know is stay strapped, get money and run it up  
Got my foreign choppas on my nigga Soulja  
Talkin bout Flocka then you know it's game over

All I know get it get it, got it now it's gone  
Keep a lot of straps 'cause I know the war's on  
Never cross the line, you know I'm a brother's keeper  
Hurry, het in quick, this a message to the reaper

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I'm fuckin nigga queens, I'm lookin for a queen  
I guess it's only right since Wooh to the king  
Yea Wooh to the man but ya fit me in yo plans  
Niggas sleepin on me, guess they fucked up on the sands  
It's time to wake em up, pour white coffee in a cup  
Every ball fly paper, it'll leave you stuck  
Wooh da I'm the K I N G  
BS in the army, be all that you can be  
Squad!

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10 bands on line 1  
20 racks on line 2  
45 racks on line 3  
75000 for a show, now that's monopoly

Waka Flocka that's my brother, fuck with him I put you under  
Wooh da packin heat but keep it neat like a thunder  
All I know get it get it, got it now it's gone  
That's my part brother, it's gon be until we gone

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