

Damn

Waka Flocka Flame

Damn, I'm iced up, damn I'm booming
Damn, 32 and So Icey moving units
Waka Flocka Flame and my nigga Young Juice
And we keep that good coke and we smoke the best weed
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I was nine years old, guns sold like coke
H-I-T, Hit Squad, man, them niggas cut throat
You can catch me on the Grove with my nigga Lil Capp
Or my nigga Triko, catch me in Morrow
Fab 5 boys, they wild, yes, they gutta and they dirty
Shad bit them down like that boy was a surgeon
She's a brain surgeon, she slurping and burping
My chain look like detergent, green and white, diamond bright
M-A-S-E made this, my chain look ridiculous
Green and white diamonds, call that shit the Flocka chain
32 E-N-T, call that shit the Juice Cake
S-I-B President, call that nigga Waka Flame
SuWoo to my Bloods, you can call me the down south gang
Always wearing red and I always get that money, mane
Waka Flocka Flame, Waka Flocka Flame
Waka Flocka Flame, better remember the name

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Ayyyeee, man, I'm posted in my trap house
Pounds of the mid got me packing in my weed house
Damn, man, we in my weed house
Switch that bitch around, now we working out my brick house
Man, it's Waka Flocka Flame
And Young Juiceman and this ain't no game
Yeah, we are fucking booming
Busting bricks down and my diamonds like a movie
Stupid crazy swag and we smoking on that loud pack
Gold grill, dog, and we also with them gats
Hundred-fifty round, that's a head fucking shooter
Young Juiceman and my watch is a Muller
Pull up in they Hummer, damn, I'm a stunner
8's on my arm-uh, shitting for the summer
Fifty bricks in, hundred pound of that booming
Young Juiceman and I keep them pounds of fruity

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