

Fuck Nigga

Waka Flocka Flame

I said
You a fuck nigga
You a-You a fuck nigga
You a fuck nigga
You a-You a fuck nigga
You a fuck nigga
You a-You a fuck nigga
You a fuck nigga
You a-You a fuck nigga

(I said)

Heard you were snitchin'
I can't fuck wit'cha
Just bought a FM for a fuck nigga
I just bought that new for you fuck niggas
I just seen your main bitch, I might fuck with her
You ain't keep it real when your partner went to jail
Took the charge for you, you ain't even post his bail
I was in the 9th grade in Clay Co. busting bail
R.I.P. To Travis Scott, D. Marks and fish scale
I don't fuck with rappers
I don't want no features
I don't do no swap-outs
You ain't living what you rap 'bout
Rap gang with me, so you know them racks out
And you know them sticks out, I call Bruceto blow your brains out

(I said)

Young, rich nigga, I me
Southside living that Make to that homie Flocka
Told clean up the street
Even though we riding too deep
Got 60 niggas under the seat
And another 100 on the back seat
You niggas really don't want beef
Got 30 of the blue tip
30 of the red tip
Got 4 pistols posted on my hip
Greco, nino, I do not slip
Hit 'em with the chopper make her do a whole front flip
Say Drecco be on the whole fuck shit
split, now I got a whole brick
Back in the trap still selling these nicks
Damn I'm special, I still on a nigga dick

(I said)

You a fuck nigga
I don't fuck wit'cha
I don't trust nigga
Run up out, bust niggas
You a lame, I don't fuck wit'cha
You ain't heard that
Hit them with that 40 pussy nigga bet you heard that
Bitch where them birds at I'm cooking dope

I feel like Richard Porter, rich off selling, cooking dope
We got that Perc we got that Xanax we got-gotta smoke
we rolling off that molly, let's turn up some more
Everyday I roll that reefer
I feel like Wiz Khalifa
I got a foreign barbie with me, got some things to teach her
I got her singing like a choir, I feel like a preacher
No I don't fuck with lame niggas so don't ask for features

[Hook x2]