

Ghetto Child

Waka Flocka Flame

The homie flag, be as simple
Automatic singing dice games,
We was gettin money to the fancy tangs
Two gold chains be dedicated
On my clothes you can still smell cocaine
But my family have so without cocaine
We thank God when that blow game walking though the rain without a co
ke
Living all upon the truth, hope that we all make it all to get tongue
Lil know they way I pay this bitches
My nigga so illegal ambitions
Full with the dish now all your family lives with the memories and pi
nches
Fuck niggas, fuck bitches, fuck niggas, fuck bitches, get money, stag
money
I wish they act wrong even that funny
I got bitches that will die, killers that will clap for me

It's all about this struggle to make it all we are the hustle
When your bro they won't trust you
When your money right they gonna love you
Friends stay first, keep your enemies close, enemies close,
Cuz those ones that stay by your side they be doing the most
Doing the most

Please don't get it confuse this is rap money
Mix with the little street money
I talk about long drives no sleep money
Bitches walking on the that dirty deep money
Always told don't talk just look
Family from the street I was raise by th street
Certify streets never raise by the book
Straight educated, I can tell that you shut rapper
Every goof girl love a hood nigga
Real recognize real when you real nigga
I'm taking over companies sunny deal
If you want a bill make a mill
Never skip a mil, keep your lips still nigga
Fuck nigga it's time to heal figure
You take cake and fame, you keep it real I fuck with you
Boy this level to the shit
I said fire to the ass life with the devil in his bitch

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