

Go Hard

Waka Flocka Flame

[Intro]

Lex Luger

[Chorus]

I go hard in the motherf*cking paint, nigga

Leave you stinking, nigga

What the f*ck you thinking, nigga?

I won't die for this shit or what the f*ck I say

Front yard, broad day with the SK

See Gucci, that's my motherf*cking nigga

I hang in the 'Dale with them Hit Squad killers

Waka Flocka Flame, one hood-ass nigga

Riding real slow, bending corners, my nigga

[Verse 1]

Got a main bitch, got a mistress (What else?)

A couple girlfriends, I'm so hood rich

Keep my dick hard and keep me smoking

You'll get bills free, shawty, no joking

And what I stand for? Brick Squad

I'ma die for this shawty, man, I swear to God

In the trap with some killers and some hood niggas

Where you at? Where you trap? You ain't hood, nigga

Keep this shit 300, put that shit on my hood

Crips f*cking with me, G's, and the Vice Lords

Esés and amigos freestyle off the dome

Brick Squad, Waka Flocka Flame is f*cking home

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[Verse 2]

What's up, p*ssy nigga? What's up, punk nigga?

They got on that nigga, make your mama's mama miss you

Hope you got your killers with you, hope you got your niggas with you

Hope your goons riding with you, they gon' f*cking miss you, nigga

Nigga with an attitude like Eaze and Cube

When my little brother died, I said, "f*ck school"

I picked the burner up and I grabbed some marijuana

Two years later, screaming out, "Your honor"

Glock-9, the SK, if you want to beef

Shawty, point blank range, I'll put your ass to sleep

Shawty, talk is cheap so watch what your say

Broad day in the air like this shit legal

Desert Eagle, gold and back, that's to pull the trigger

[Chorus]

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