

I'm From Grove Street

Waka Flocka Flame

Squad, Squad
Flocka Rant, fuck these bitches good, nigga
Let's go

Black Brick Squad gears, I feel like Kevin Dunn
I'm from Riverdail, tought to squeez, nigga, don't run
Where I'm from, we sell bricks, nigga
Where I'm from, we sell dimes, nigga
My partner got the pounds, my partner got the bricks
My lil buddy got pills, these lil hoes on my dick
I'm the shit, nigga, I'm the shit, nigga
I don't need no fuckin stylest, fresh by myself
Brick Squad Monopoly, we don't need no fuckin help
Waka Flocka Flame, sell rhymes by the pound
I'm on too many pills, that's why this young nigga got a frown
My young nigga on that brown, my young nigga on that white
505 Levis, and some Dope Man tights
Tryna get fucked up all night, I wish my bed was in the club, so I could fall
asleep in VIP
Tell my niggas we rollin up the tree
Streets, that's my left wrist, also I done been broke
You smokin blunts, I don't wanna hit that
Bounce that ass, girl, bend your back
We cheatin on a bitch, if I throw another stack

I'm from Grove Street, where my niggas ride a stolen V, ain't low key
We got pills, hard salt, nigga, OZs
Overhere, we all OGs
Fighten case after case, fuck the police
All for one, one for all, fuck who want beef
NBA statis now, bitch, I'm ballen
Bitch, I'm ballen

I'm the shit, you can call me colen
That hoe chosen, since you passed the trogen
I'm so focused, she got the nerve to act boujee, but she pulled up in a Focus
It changed too little, I told him keep cookin
My bitch badder than his, that's why he lookin
It's goin take some more money to live this lifestyle
I'm from Grove Street, got goonies on spead dial
Bitch, I'm ballen, bitch, I'm ballen
Number 35, be smokin all my weed, no fallen
No hoe shit, Brick Squad Monopoly, fuckin with Bloods and Crips
Roochi Ds, Vice Lords, nigga, I'm from Grove

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Blunt after blunt, yop after yop
All stitched up, so I never fuck with cops
All my money changed, all my niggas still the same

Headline on the front page if you want some fame
Shout out to Dukin Twin, and Coach K
Ain't need the point, coachin with the K
It's the kid king Wooh, in your speakers loud
My lil boys gotta eat, so Imma make 'm proud
Leave you MIA, I got stupid heat
AKs, they goin spray, bodys in the street
Wooh Da Kid and Waka Flocka, that's a bad move
Two 7s or the Glock, I'll let your ass choose

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