

## Obituary

Waka Flocka Flame

DJ Scream, Waka Flocka  
Hood Rich  
Kliko, we in this motherfucker man  
I'm back, now I've been all around the motherfuckin world man  
42 cities, 11 countries  
Nigga I'm still tourin man  
Off 3 years ago music and I'm still makin millions off my old s  
hit

I'll bust yo head, It ain't shit to me!  
Have you plankin dead, It ain't shit to me!  
Flocka!  
Arms up screaming victory  
Obituary, read you out of history Have you rob me, statute deat  
h a unsolved mystery

Rappers comin out the closet like they Jason Collins  
Rappers beef with other niggas, they don't want these problems  
I just get it poppin, grew up, I didn't have an option  
My youngins, they ain't got a option, they'll shoot yo shit up  
That's facts nigga, stay strapped nigga  
Ridin round town with that same fat nigga  
That's deep dash, window smack, choppa with a blast  
6 hour surgeries and a body cast  
Ah, ride on the enemy  
Give a fuck about this industry  
Shoot one, I shoot two, you know the remedy  
Headshot, top back, JF Kennedy

Adopt yo soul, it ain't shit to me (adios)  
Parties droppin, I see murder like Master P  
Obituary, you just made history  
No prints, just an unsolved mystery  
Copped my first strap when I was 14  
Real painkiller like morphine  
Don't pause, add em, I need more fiends  
I can see it in his face, he soft as Ice Cream  
Wooh da Kid, Waka Flocka - bad news  
I swear these boys nuts, no cashews  
Cross the line, you gon die today  
Droppin money on the head like he DOA

[Hook]