

Spazz Out

Waka Flocka Flame

I can be real nice, or I can be real mean
I can get down and dirty, or I could be real clean
I can get real quiet, or I could be real loud
Might just walk inside the club and just spazz out
Bitches errywhere when I spazz out
Bottles here and there when I spazz out
Money everywhere when I spazz out
Then I passed out

Seven chains on me (Flex!)
I could be Mr. T (Flex!)
My boys got no limit
I could be Master P (Flocka!)
I'm so fuckin' G (Uh!)
Bitches after me (Flocka!)
Paparazzi flashin' cameras, they all over me (Flocka!)
I could be drinkin' brown (What else?)
I could be drinkin' white (Oh, what?)
Bottom triple cup, drinkin' mud plus ice
Shawty, don't lose your life
Choose your words right
You could be in the ground with worms, niggas and ground mice

These days I look at everything sideways
Custom street ? got them broads lookin' my way
They know Chill Will all about his dividends
Swag president, drug evidence
I'm a computer with this now, call me Dow Jones
When I compute her with your headlight in my zone
I done seen some things, touched some things you've never touch
ed
I can roll the dice, hit numbers you ain't never bought

I ain't choose the game, the game chose me
So, I been playin' in the game since I was three feet
My girl wash my clothes, and O's fallin' out my jeans
Good thing she ain't find it ? behind the ? machine
Between the devil and God, I don't know who to thank
So I just try to get money, I don't care who to bank
You oughta be glad I ain't robbin' and stealin'
Cause what I'm dealin', it got the palms of my hands peelin'

[Hook]