

# Throwin Fingers

Waka Flocka Flame

Public service announcement, man  
Waka Flocka, Papoose, and Rich Kid is in the building, man  
Verizon boys on deck  
Hundred deep (Waka Flocka)  
Might get stomped with two hundred feet, man  
Verizon boys on deck, man  
Rich Kid Shawty  
Forty niggas deep  
We in the V.I.P  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with it, man  
Rich Kid Shawty, we deep  
(Brick Squad)

Forty niggas, V.I.P  
Bitch, we deep, bitch, we deep  
Blowing on that gasoline  
Bitch, we geeked, bitch, we geeked  
We in this bitch throwing fingers up (fingers in the air, the air)  
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We in this throwing fingers up, clearly we don't give a fuck  
And we snatching girls, so them, they gon' give them bitches up  
I think they buck, listened to the waitress, hit her on the butt  
I think they riled, outside in the trunk in case it gon' go down  
My folks gon' clown and we repping southside of the whole dang time  
Now hold it down, five fingers up, you're stupid, we will clown  
This Rich Kid Shawty, they done fucked 'round, made me get with Waka  
So now when we hit the club, it's gon' be two midget choppers  
dollar, nigga, and my bankroll budging like Big Poppa  
If you wanna stop her, get the [?], partner  
Dread head like Shotta so you know who we be  
Real nigga, no TV, bitch, we deep and we geeked

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Mug that nigga, tell him: "Fuck you, nigga"  
Throw your set up like: "Fuck y'all niggas"  
Mug that nigga, tell her: "Fuck you, bitch"  
Throw your set up like: "Fuck y'all bitches"  
We thugging over here, drinking over here  
Banging over here, put the birds in the air  
Straight fraud a nigga  
Jump little shawty, we ain't fighting fair  
Brick Squad in here, Rich Kids in here  
Throw your sets up, nigga, put it in the air  
Security mug us, tell them we don't care  
Get stoned up, get drunk as hell  
Red rag shawty, throw them B's in the air (Blood)

Blue rag shawty, throw them C's in the air (Crip)  
Yellow rag shawty, throw them L's in the air (King)  
Black rag shawty, throw G.D. in the air (G)

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I'm from a block of drama, Papoose and Waka Flocka  
Seven Rich Kids, got copper-topppers, who shot you, partners?  
See you got your dollars, got your block up, I got my chopper  
It go "blocka, blocka", motherfucker, you got your doctor?  
The south love me, I push lines  
I be all up in Florida like James from Good Times  
Keep acting like you Kimbo, man, I'll put so many holes in you  
You gonna sound like a whistle when the wind blow  
They know my M.O.: stop him out with the Timbos  
We geeked up, blowing on that indo  
I knew he was a punk, I seen him in the club the other day  
I mean-mugged him and he looked the other way

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