

Uh Huh

Waka Flocka Flame

They call me Shawty Dread better yet Flocka, a handgun can't do
it better use a chopper.
Dis nigga had a 30 clip and used one bullet, next time u pull I
, t aim for the head.
Police need a statement, I can't talk homey, fuck a bestfriend
do it by my lonely.
But that can't go phony CB4 nigga, he acting like Gusto, he sup
er pussy nigga.
Vet here no rookie nigga, hood ledgend like Tookie nigga, white
wrist white blue ring nigga, but I ain't cripin doe. Shoot yo
ass from head to toe when I see you nigga.
I heard they set this stack I heard so many rumors.
I heard so much bullshti, u got a dick or a click, better yet y
o click on bitch, pussy nigga.
They call me Flocka I ain't got no lyrics nigga, straight blunt
nigga I don't want no lyrics nigga.
Riding in my box chevy, aye that's my hood car, graduated from
a hood star.
These niggas get me mad, I don't need bread 30 bands I got swag
.
My show 15 bands, quarter every month muthafucka let's stunt.
2 chains, 2 rings, 1 bright, 1 bracelet, nigga you got goose fo
r brains.

I throw money out my window just to front (uh huh uh huh)
Loud purp in the swisha that's the blunt (uh huh uh huh)
I heard I'm ugly but you can't call me broke (uh huh uh huh)
Waka Flocka Flame lil shawty dope (uh huh uh huh)
Tay on the beat that's them stacks (uh huh uh huh)
Hit the strip club just to watch that ass clap (uh huh uh huh)
Niggas buck we gon bust em ASAP (uh huh uh huh)
This rap shit boomin like this shit a trap (uh huh uh huh)

Ok, what the fuck to say.
I got juice nigga, I'm the truth nigga.
U can play Bishop nigga I'm a play Q, Elm street. shawty I'm a
die py ruu.
G shit here nigga, u square nigga you could neva fit up in my c
irlce, geeked up like I'm Erkel off the triple stack, niggas ta
lk off white, they ain't neva trapped.
You can call it sneak dissin, this nigga answer back he, gon en
d up missing.
On my tour bus smoking weed and fucking hoes, Waka Flocka Flame
booked up meet me at my shows.
Buck nigga it's a go, nigga I'm on everythang, damn near a hall
of fame, don't mix me for no lame, bitch nigga stay out my lan
e, you rap nigga fuck the fame, you disrespect me I'm a put you
in a picture frame.

Fuck nigga put you on a milk carton, we shootin pistols ova her
e no martial artin, Maserati Martin.
Beamer or a Benz, passenger nobody muthafuck a friend.
Put no trust in them.
I did that shit one time almost lost my life, Rock Rabbo roll d
em dice.
I got 3 jobs, stunt stunt stunt stunt.

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