Where It At

Waka Flocka Flame

I don't care about no he say, she say Chase this money, love dinero like my fucking dj

Kick his door off the henges, lay it down Heard you got that work, in this house, lay it down Nobody move, everybody on the ground And if a nigga act crazy, brains on the ground, motherfucker Nigga, where the cash at, where the cash at Nigga, where the cash at, I need all of that Nigga, where the cash at, where the cash at Nigga, where the cash at, I need all of that

How the fuck a soldier broke with a loaded pistol Hope them goonies get you when them hollows hit you The a squads they miss I bet my youngings hit you I'm from playing county, bitch I want the issue Fuck the police, fuck the police I say it 2 times, all I know is grind Bitch I gotta shine, crime pays You couldn't walk a half of mile in these cool plays Dark ray ban shades, I'm like fuck a hater Hit a lick, hit a lick, stack this fucking paper Amfens stay right by me, I call it my neighbor Playin county, waka flame I'm the fucking man

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Pow, pow, pow, pow, bitch I'm bustin at em Out lace I'm bustin at em, no talking, send them youngins at em Only got one so we in his house Niggas know I got a pistol in his mouth Fuck nigga where the work at You a lame nigga, don't deserve that Don't cooperate, that's a dirt nap Whole house I'm a sorry stack Fuck, where the pounds and the t shirts at This one man I did it for the track Man the male lookin back, talk around the bullseye nigga get crack What if a d bow act, maybay, keep a I'm thinking it, with a bitch I feel lik e diego Fat boy swag like my nigga new Gully boy for life call me rulee You know my crew go hard, this we gonn rep.

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