

Big Homie Flock (Intro)

Waka Flocka Flame

The trap hot, it's on fire
Either way a nigga like a busy b play
I run my hood, no marathon
Took off for a minute now I'm back on
Them bass bigger, my trez longer
My niggas' rhythm, my weed stronger
Fuck a backpack, that bodybuilder
Money talks, I don't fuck with niggas

Ha ha ha ha

You been undressed, you ain't got swag
You a walkin rapper, you a signed artist
Got my own label, fuck these niggas
Play the middle finger on my diary
She in the gang banger so it's fuck a peezy
Wiped cream say I ain't talkin money
I keep 1 K, yo nigga transport to my old ways
Keep black doors on me like OJ
I'm turnt up off no drugs
You turnt that, you get no luck
Blow the energy so I'm in the cloud
Actin wild, they know I go hard,
Bitch I'm good with ya'll
One phone call, send them killers at you
That's speed dial, house visit 10 years
At the same time Joey beat his murder trial
All the count, that's upon the soldiers
Still collecting opinions, I'm a humble nigga
Never join forces, make my own way
I keep date, no birthday
Fuck a off day competition
I eliminate from the street laws
Don't litigate, I delegate, you follow
I'm own my own shit you, you borrow
Last nigga tried to rob me got shot now he sue me for a half a
mill
That's real shit, Big Homie Flock
Squad!