

Blood On The Leaves

Waka Flocka Flame

Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees
Blood on the leaves
Breeze, breeze
Blood on the leaves
Breeze, breeze
Blood on the leaves
Breeze, breeze
Black bodies
Swinging in the southern breeze, breeze
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees
From the poplar trees

Flocka on that bullshit again
The preacher in the pool pit again
You fucking losers bout to forfeit gain
Your importance seems so enormous and then
Your cooperate friends pull up in that 'fuck is this? '
Turn pale when you see my fucking bucket list
Life is super sweet, smoke the finest sour
I'm 'bout to hand glide form the Eiffel tower
My silent hour when I'm on stage raging
They used to look down, now I see they face changin'
The bass banging
The game make them taste fame and
You niggas lame so I guess I have to say it layman

Waka Flocka!
(Black bodies, swinging in the southern breeze)
Squad nigga, you can't fuck with us nigga
We knock the fuck ya'll niggas out
4 years in this shit nigga, what you think?
Breeze!
Pussy

Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees
Blood on the leaves

Flocka on them trees, that's blood on the leaves
All I need a pretty face, little something to squeeze
And it's nothing to me
Man I came from a different lane
I'm 'bout to cop four tickets to a Clippers game
Make sure I wear every single fucking chain
Not because I can, but because he can't
But why wait, I guess it change nothing still
I wonder why my brothers kill
Ion wanna pop another pill
I'm tryna find another thrill
It's another degree
Man, Flocka on them trees, that's blood on the leaves
Squad!