

Bout A Dollar

Waka Flocka Flame

One thing about me is I'ma do me
I'ma keep it one hundred percent O.G
I'm about a dollar
I'm about a dollar
I'ma roll my weed, stay focused in rap
Words to the haters: Waka Flocka stays strapped
I'm about a dollar
I'm about a dollar

Rap for the dollar
Trap for the dollar
I'ma buy gwalla
Moula my partner
My player play your partner
Real time shotter
Waka Flocka Flocka
Never been a copper
Club night popping, yeah, so I'm drunk and I'm rolling
VIP smoking
Purple haze choking
Bricksquad in the party, so you know that club stinking
Body tattoo inking
Chew it, then she winking
Shawty, what you drinking?
Texas with the Three in the morning
Hard and I'm yawning
Bedroom performing and her head game boring
Dropped a couple of mixtapes, now I'm USA touring

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Hold up, stop the track
Shout out to my haters
Balling like the Lakers
Waka got the paper
Waka Flocka-flavored fruity diamonds like LifeSavers
Fuck her, you can't save her
Whole clique slayed her
And she got Plus the shawty swallow
You hear this, this the jam that got the club going ham
Jumping up and down, shaking dreads and throwing bows
Mixtape in the stores, got me ten stacks for a show
Crowd going wild when I'm walking through that door
Fans taking pictures, shit, why not stop and pose?
Smile for that camera just to show off my golds

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