Waka Flocka Flame

Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Waka Tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell her call Waka Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Waka Tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell her call Waka Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Waka Tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell her call Waka Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Waka Tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell, tell her call Waka

Whipping through the cake in the black inner tube All I see is cocaine money coming through Pyrex pot, make it do what it do Re-rock the work, make one into two Cartel got goons trapping out the back door 18 for a deuce, 35 for a four My bitch get mad 'cause she cooking all the time Check the work out when my bitch hit a line Million dollar cellie always stay ringing Dope so good, got the J's always singing What the fuck you want, shawty? Feeling on herself Shawty want a eightball, tell her call Cartel

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Selling weed and crack, fuck nigga, can't you tell? Made my first ten thousand with a pocket scale Hooked up with Cartel, now I got it by the bale Where we from, shawty? (Cutthroat Riverdale!) Where them niggas gangbang, roll dice, and smoke kush And these boys got power like they George Bush In the trap with some Mary or cocaine Them boys say they jacking, tell them we on the same thing Still the same nigga, ain't shit changed They think I won't cock back and blow out his brain You fuck with Cartel, better yet, MGM Kinto, Psycho, Brim, that's my partner them

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I chief-a the reefer, I blow-zo that dro-zo I sip-o that lean-o, I pop some them Rozo's I-I get so high, bitch, I-I cannot lie, bitch I pop a Superman and I believe that I can fly, bitch I-I got to take a smoke, I take a pull and I inhale it I don't fuck with that average ass shit, I don't want it if I can't smell it What the fuck you smoking on? What the fuck you drinking on? I'm smoking on fruit loop and I chase it down with Goose and 'Trón And I'm with that huffing shit, I pop and roll and jump all night I'll throw you for your 5's and the 10's and the 20's to get my money right I keep that green and dro, green and dope that'll make you choke And I keep that icy watch, that's why that make you want to rob your hoe La Chat, that high bitch, promethazine with codeine Mix it with some yellow and some Reagan, I'm a dope fiend Yeah, I'm gon' keep it real, I get so wild, I'm full of pills It's something that you gon' have to try to find out how I feel

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