Fuck Nigga

Waka Flocka Flame

I said You a fuck nigga You a-You a fuck nigga You a fuck nigga You a-You a fuck nigga You a fuck nigga You a-You a fuck nigga You a fuck nigga You a-You a fuck nigga (I said) Heard you were snitchin' I can't fuck wit'cha Just bought a FM for a fuck nigga I just bought that new for you fuck niggas I just seen your main bitch, I might fuck with her You ain't keep it real when your partner went to jail Took the charge for you, you ain't even post his bail I was in the 9th grade in Clay Co. busting bail R.I.P. To Travis Scott, D. Marksand fish scale I don't fuck with rappers I don't want no features I don't do no swap-outs You ain't living what you rap 'bout Rap gang with me, so you know them racks out And you know them sticks out, I call Bruceto blow your brains out (I said) Young, rich nigga, I me Southside living that Make to that homie Flocka Told clean up the street Even though we riding too deep Got 60 niggas under the seat And another 100 on the back seat You niggas really don't want beef Got 30 of the blue tip 30 of the red tip Got 4 pistols posted on my hip Greco, nino, I do not slip Hit 'em with the chopper make her do a whole front flip Say Drecco be on the whole fuck shit split, now I got a whole brick Back in the trap still selling these nicks Damn I'm special, I still on a nigga dick (I said) You a fuck nigga I don't fuck wit'cha I don't trust nigga Run up out, bust niggas You a lame, I don't fuck wit'cha You ain't heard that Hit them with that 40 pussy nigga bet you heard that Bitch where them birds at I'm cooking dope

I feel like Richard Porter, rich off selling, cooking dope We got that Perc we got that Xanax we got-gotta smoke we rolling off that molly, let's turn up some more Everyday I roll that reefer I feel like Wiz Khalifa I got a foreign barbie with me, got some things to teach her I got her singing like a choir, I feel like a preacher No I don't fuck with lame niggas so don't ask for features

[Hook x2]