Waka Flocka Flame

The homie flag, be as simple
Automatic singing dice games,
We was gettin money to the fancy tangs
Two gold chains be dedicated
On my clothes you can still smell cocaine
But my family have so without cocaine

We thank God when that blow game walking though the rain without a coke

Living all upon the truth, hope that we all make it all to get tongue Lil know they way I pay this bitches

My nigga so illegal ambitions

Full with the dish now all your family lives with the memories and pinches

Fuck niggas, fuck bitches, fuck niggas, fuck bitches, get money, stag money

I wish they act wrong even that funny

I got bitches that will die, killers that will clap for me

It's all about this struggle to make it all we are the hustle When your bro they won't trust you When your money right they gonna love you Friends stay first, keep your enemies close, enemies close, Cuz those ones that stay by your side they be doing the most Doing the most

Please don't get it confuse this is rap money Mix with the little street money I talk about long drives no sleep money Bitches walking on the that dirty deep money Always told don't talk just look Family from the street I was raise by th street Certify streets never raise by the book Straight educated, I can tell that you shut rapper Every goof girl love a hood nigga Real recognize real when you real nigga I'm taking over companies sunny deal If you want a bill make a mill Never skip a mil, keep your lips still nigga Fuck nigga it's time to heal figure You take cake and fame, you keep it real I fuck with you Boy this level to the shit I said fire to the ass life with the devil in his bitch

It's all about this struggle to make it all we are the hustle When your bro they won't trust you When your money right they gonna love you Friends stay first, keep your enemies close, enemies close, Cuz those ones that stay by your side they be doing the most Doing the most