

Going Off

Waka Flocka Flame

I could hear all them hater's going off
I could hear momma's cryin' at the coffins
If a nigga try me, I'mma off him
I think my phone tapped, so talk with some caution
In the morning, I can get you brown D, I can get you good weed
I can get you tan, I'm talkin' about Alicia Keys
I can get ya mid-grade, talking about a G a P
I can get ya crystal rocks, I'm talkin' about that molly

Boy I love my hood, so it's tatted on my body
These nigga's mad when I pull up in that Rari
I don't like to brag, but they know I got an army
Fuck with me, I send them shooters, put that on Charlie
Automatic going off

Back in my county, we movin' like the Gotti's
Flexin' with that ice on, boy you a robbery
I can't talk to you, if it ain't money
Ballin' like I'm Hartfield, J's hit the rock
Get the dancin' to the Dougie, say yo ass a dummie
Got the trap jumpin' the some double dutch
Pussy, get your money up
Fuck with me you double up, triple up
If you ain't getting money, then you fuckin' up
Playin' with my money, then I'm sending red crew after you
I can see your momma cryin' front row at your funeral
Talkin' bout, harming me, you better watch I'm from the southside, where they bang red and blue

If a nigga try me, Rock-a-bye baby
Born in the eighties, the crack era raised me
Imma give em' hell, til these pussy nigga's cage me
Shout out to this microphone and scale, that's what pays me
I'm sucker free, bet a nigga won't look wrong or even fuck with me
BSM, yeah we more than just a company
More, we the Mafia
Pussy boy we droppin' ya
Hollow tip shells got you singing like the opera
Fire your ass up, like them candles during Hanukkah
Drop it then they findin' ya
Wipe your family out like you're the punisher
Push a nigga wig way back, touch his Yarmulke

[Hook]