

# Google Me

Waka Flocka Flame

Google me, google me  
It's gon' tell you I'm a real nigga  
Google me, google me  
I ain't never been a scared nigga  
Google me, google me  
I held it down in jail, nigga  
Google me, google me  
I'ma always keep a tool on me  
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I'm fresher than a baby's ass, trying to get that baby cash  
Two deep in the coop, just me and Chaz  
All I see, think, and dream about is cash, never, ever had cash  
What I rap for is cash  
Let's get money, nigga  
Signed to So Icey, no swer, Flocka 'bout his cash  
Jim Carrey chain on, my charm green as the Mask  
1017, you can call that shit Brick Squad  
4-9 and 37, you can call that shit Hit Squad  
Slow down, I'm going out of breath, Flocka going hard  
Thinking smart, making new friends, keep my hands in  
I'm about a dollar and I got no fucking sense  
I need a big ass house with a white picket fence

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Google me, google me, tell me what you find  
Cocaine dealers stay cooking all the time  
Whipping four-ways, babies, and nines  
Murderistic mind, keep a 40 by my side  
Cartel be a real Mexican goonie  
Trap doing crazy numbers, call it Looney Tooney  
Pussy talking shit, but now he saying nothing  
Pull up to the red light, MGM dumping  
Two always zooming, that's part of my wardrobe

Scared to kill a nigga? Then what you got a strap for?  
If you ain't getting money, then what you live for?  
Six figure playmate on my fucking cellie phone

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Google me, nigga, pull up my resume  
It's gon' tell you I do gangsta shit everyday  
I swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth  
So I gotta keep it a hundred when I'm in the booth  
And when I'm in the streets, even in my sleep  
I can go anywhere, bet they'll remember me  
It's a red sky, you'd better do your homework  
I had my own pistols I had my own purp  
I never been a bitch, I never turned snitch  
So if you disrespect me, that'll get you burned quick  
I hate bitch niggas, I hang with real guys  
'Cause I'm a real nigga, you better realize

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Google me, motherfucking K-I-N-T-O  
Waka Flocka, So Icey, Mafia Made, cutthroat  
Bald heads, tatted, up Mexicans from the A  
Box chevorlet, 28's, amigo getting paid  
Google me, see me, black rag and pistol  
Love this gangsta shit, gutter life is what I live for  
Type of nigga that'll [?], the type of nigga that'll snatch yo hoe  
South Atlanta, Murder Street, in the hood, you'll find me  
Forest Park, Riverdale, tool on deck, Google me  
Need work, need pills, and green? Yeah, just Google me  
Make money, live fast, drug life and gang fights  
Might sell your grave, yeah, and kick your door the same night