

# I'm From Grove Street

Waka Flocka Flame

Squad, Squad  
Flocka Rant, fuck these bitches good, nigga  
Let's go

Black Brick Squad gears, I feel like Kevin Dunn  
I'm from Riverdail, tought to squeez, nigga, don't run  
Where I'm from, we sell bricks, nigga  
Where I'm from, we sell dimes, nigga  
My partner got the pounds, my partner got the bricks  
My lil buddy got pills, these lil hoes on my dick  
I'm the shit, nigga, I'm the shit, nigga  
I don't need no fuckin stylest, fresh by myself  
Brick Squad Monopoly, we don't need no fuckin help  
Waka Flocka Flame, sell rhymes by the pound  
I'm on too many pills, that's why this young nigga got a frown  
My young nigga on that brown, my young nigga on that white  
505 Levis, and some Dope Man tights  
Tryna get fucked up all night, I wish my bed was in the club, so I could fall  
asleep in VIP  
Tell my niggas we rollin up the tree  
Streets, that's my left wrist, also I done been broke  
You smokin blunts, I don't wanna hit that  
Bounce that ass, girl, bend your back  
We cheatin on a bitch, if I throw another stack

I'm from Grove Street, where my niggas ride a stolen V, ain't low key  
We got pills, hard salt, nigga, OZs  
Overhere, we all OGs  
Fighten case after case, fuck the police  
All for one, one for all, fuck who want beef  
NBA statis now, bitch, I'm ballen  
Bitch, I'm ballen

I'm the shit, you can call me colen  
That hoe chosen, since you passed the trogen  
I'm so focused, she got the nerve to act boujee, but she pulled up in a Focus  
It changed too little, I told him keep cookin  
My bitch badder than his, that's why he lookin  
It's goin take some more money to live this lifestyle  
I'm from Grove Street, got goonies on spead dial  
Bitch, I'm ballen, bitch, I'm ballen  
Number 35, be smokin all my weed, no fallen  
No hoe shit, Brick Squad Monopoly, fuckin with Bloods and Crips  
Roochi Ds, Vice Lords, nigga, I'm from Grove

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Blunt after blunt, yop after yop  
All stitched up, so I never fuck with cops  
All my money changed, all my niggas still the same

Headline on the front page if you want some fame  
Shout out to Dukin Twin, and Coach K  
Ain't need the point, coachin with the K  
It's the kid king Wooh, in your speakers loud  
My lil boys gotta eat, so Imma make 'm proud  
Leave you MIA, I got stupid heat  
AKs, they goin spray, bodys in the street  
Wooh Da Kid and Waka Flocka, that's a bad move  
Two 7s or the Glock, I'll let your ass choose

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