

J. Well

Waka Flocka Flame

I said I'm balling like I'm J. Well
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Bitch I'm balling like I'm J. Well
I'm a get money nigga, it ain't hard to tell
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I'm from River-River-Riverdale
This the land of the lost, welcome to hell
Middle finger cops, fuck jail
I'm shooting back nigga, it ain't hard to tell
What the fuck you trying to sell youngin?
I got weed, I got molly's and them nigga's gunnin'
Disrespect the Squad, you know the youngin's comin'
Twenty grand flat, then the gon' check in
No disrespecting
Finger fuck Nina, watch her have an erection
President of clay county nigga, death till my coming
Holding all elections

Waka Flocka in this mother fucker
Fuck your baby sister and your baby mother
I'm a get money young nigga
Factories on the Phantom Ghost, no rims nigga
Diamonds in my mouth, no golds nigga
Under pressure, I won't fold nigga
OK, that's what they want
Bust a couple of bottles, roll a couple blunts
OK, that's what they want
Hit the club in the parking lot, I live to stunt
I'm balling like I'm J. Well
Finesse her for a brick, serve a gummy bear

He said he looking for the just milf
Call my nigga diego, tell him bring 10 hoes
My boys they go crazy, no ballsaw
Just park the fucking molly by the blastout
3 shows for 1 do's that's a slamdunk
Hit the club, make the frat boys fist bump
Snap back's and Ray Ban's, courtesy of Slim Dunk'
All I know is keep it real, my money running up, Flocka

[Hook]