

## 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 a get money nigga, it ain't hard to tell

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]