

Knowledge God

Waka Flocka Flame

Yo, why's my niggas always yellin that broke shit?
Lets get this money son, now you wanna smoke shit
Chill God, yo, the son don't chill Allah
What's todays mathematics, son? Knowledge god

My flow, why ya girl the controllin' type
I pull a plan to get her now
All my niggas eating, shooting at hatas
Police bob an weave 'em
If you ain't on this side
Shit I hate it for 'em
Wouldn't wanna Be them barrel breathing
Beat em like Ali
Rotation and scholar
So that's chosen glasgow
Came a long way from that glass bowl
Asshole, big diamond rings on my pinky
Like I won the superbowl
O my flow is on another level
Backhanded devil
Then I Picked up a shovel
Insane in the membrane is what the doctor labled me
Get knocked off like the Kennedy's
At the top eventually
You be sittin' mothafucka
Never been a runna' or a ducka'
Sucka, not me
Brick Squad Monopoly
Handguns shotguns choppas copy
When you cross the line manslaughter no apologies
Shouldn't catch the beastly
Why they wanna start with me
An army was behind me
Physically or psychologically
I ain't rapping fuck that I just air out the beats
I ain't rapping fuck that I just air out the beats

Uhh I appreciate the fame
Lames riding my lane sneak dissin Boosie mang
Better pay attention or to pay your tuituion
Disrespect me for the gain and can't tell like rain
6 4 nintendo I don't play no games
No face be facing me I'm razor rogain
I can make a new dude older for the low man sane