

# Love Me No More

Waka Flocka Flame

They love you when you up but they hate you when you broke nigga  
Where the fuck was you when I was sleeping on the floor nigga  
Back in '09 put the game in a choke nigga  
Real shit and rappers took notes nigga  
Time to kill this rap shit I ain't no joke nigga  
They like where you been in the booth cooking coke nigga  
Came back crack I just hit it with a fork nigga  
Y'all must've forgot that I'm still a New York nigga, squad  
I done changed the whole fucking sound of rap  
All of these other nigga just a bunch of copy cats  
Shout out to Khaled for making this hot song  
But now that I got on it it's going right in the body bag  
Niggas ain't gangsta most these niggas feminine  
Fronting like they hard but we knowing that they impotent  
What you trying to sell nigga I don't buy that shit  
Every thing a lie nothing real in their sentences  
I got real niggas in the jail serving sentences  
Bitches want to know what's going on I always send them pics  
Always answer all their calls they just want to reminisce  
And talk about the feeling the first time a Rollie hit my wrist  
Before the deals moving weight like fitness  
But feel in love with rap money cause it made a nigga rich  
First they love you then they don't, why you hurting nigga flip  
But when you on they want to come around and reap the benefits  
They ain't believe in me they said I wouldn't hit I'll miss  
Look at me now I got a middle of December wrist  
How you haters feel now bet you didn't picture this  
Shopping sprees every day no reason for a Christmas list  
got me started now I got to finish it  
It's mines cause I bought these niggas just renting shit  
These niggas just talking, me I'm really living it  
We used to eat Ramen now it's steaks for the dinner dish  
Pull up in that ghost like everyday is Halloween  
These nigga jealous just like the Celtics all these niggas green  
Thank God for the blessings and the real ones in my team  
Balling like the Spurs in the finals trying to get a ring  
Nigga you don't want no problems unless you a mathematician  
I suggest you don't bother, try me if you want to  
You get boped like a My aim is on track like a martyr  
Real rap bang sayonara  
Speak with my actions I ain't ever been a talker  
Never on the bench since a youngin was a starter  
Blood gang real write nigga I'm an author  
Really with the shits like Nino and the Carter  
Squad  
Who these niggas sleeping on not me I ain't no mattress  
Damn, you was an actress  
Forever counting money I got a money habit  
Still the same nigga only thing that changed was my address