

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
Ballin' 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