

Money Maker

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm a money maker, you could see it in my eyes
You could tell by my swag, try me, you might die
From my mama to my friends, I'ma fucking ride
I'm from the 'Dale, dear Lord, this my testify
Known in Atlanta for going hard and shooting hammers
If I lie in my raps, lock me in the slammer
Raised by a woman, no daddy, dead brother
Waka Flocka Flame, a stupid ass motherfucker

Green diamond-ass bird, I'm watch me swerve
Niggas slick talking, hating on me, tell them watch the work
Offset rims and candy paint, I used to get it off the curb
And a hand trick, I told you I'm about that, shawty, that's my word
To the West Coast, Midwest, and East Coast
Down South to New York, outlined in chalk
Yodi got the 40, my little bousin on it
Red Range, I'm storming, that's a woman
They say a nigga gangsta, I'm rapping like Eazy-E
They say a nigga gangsta, I'm rapping like Gucci
They say a nigga gangsta 'cause all I do is hang with hood niggas
Waka Flocka Flame, you can call me that young rich nigga

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I'm in the studio, smoking blunts, reading Corner Store
But at the corner store, a nigga's selling onions, bowl
I used to trap, but I never pushed the blocks
Clayton County, Riverdale, ask about that block
Back then, bro trying to push a vick of coke
White folks want me dead, hanging by a rope
I gotta lead my generation, call me Flocka Pope
Disrespect Bricksquad, then I'm looking for the scope
I'm a money maker, you could see it in my eyes
You could tell I'm swagging, you gon' motherfucking die
Put that shit on Blood, you gon' motherfucking die
When my little brother died, I ain't motherfucking cry

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Dear Lord, why these niggas hating?
Dear Lord, why these niggas Flocka-hating?
I'm just trying to get some money, trying to run my bands up
fucking robbery, shawty, put your hands up

If you fucking with me, smoking thug with me
Flocka jumped out the pot, that at sever
I swear to keep it three hundred if I go to Heaven
Big ass rims on the Chevy, got the hoes chewing
33 inch rims, I'm riding Patrick Ewing
"Flocka, what you doing?" Keeping it hood, nigga
"Flocka, what you moving?" A little wraps, nigga

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