

Obituary

Waka Flocka Flame

DJ Scream, Waka Flocka
Hood Rich
Kliko, we in this motherfucker man
I'm back, now I've been all around the motherfuckin world man
42 cities, 11 countries
Nigga I'm still tourin man
Off 3 years ago music and I'm still makin millions off my old s
hit

I'll bust yo head, It ain't shit to me!
Have you plankin dead, It ain't shit to me!
Flocka!
Arms up screaming victory
Obituary, read you out of history Have you rob me, statute deat
h a unsolved mystery

Rappers comin out the closet like they Jason Collins
Rappers beef with other niggas, they don't want these problems
I just get it poppin, grew up, I didn't have an option
My youngins, they ain't got a option, they'll shoot yo shit up
That's facts nigga, stay strapped nigga
Ridin round town with that same fat nigga
That's deep dash, window smack, choppa with a blast
6 hour surgeries and a body cast
Ah, ride on the enemy
Give a fuck about this industry
Shoot one, I shoot two, you know the remedy
Headshot, top back, JF Kennedy

Adopt yo soul, it ain't shit to me (adios)
Parties droppin, I see murder like Master P
Obituary, you just made history
No prints, just an unsolved mystery
Copped my first strap when I was 14
Real painkiller like morphine
Don't pause, add em, I need more fiends
I can see it in his face, he soft as Ice Cream
Wooh da Kid, Waka Flocka - bad news
I swear these boys nuts, no cashews
Cross the line, you gon die today
Droppin money on the head like he DOA

[Hook]