

On My Shyt

Waka Flocka Flame

Now, I've been on my shit ever since I was a jit
Money over everything, I'm trying to get rich
I'm out here on my grind and I'm chasing the cheese
Pockets full of money, I get it out the streets
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Money over everything, I'm trying to get rich
I'm out here in these streets and there's money on my mind
Middle finger to you haters, I'm on my grind

Baking soda fishscale, I'm gon' make it drop
Seventeen, see, I was raised by the damn pots
The streets know a nigga hot, they waiting for the drop
'Cause I'm sucker-free like a stick with no lollipop
Fresh out the body shop, I'm on my Prada shit
Money looking swole 'cause I used to pack a lot of bricks
I don't got to lie to chicks, I just tell them, "Swallow this"
And put it in their face, I am such a dermatologist
Used to take a lot of trips, trafficking the work
And since Georgia raised me, I guess I get it out the dirt
I be out here head first, Hinesville, what it do?
In the club with my niggas, ten bottles of Grey Goose
Tell them to stay back 'cause they strapped and they'd shoot
I done popped them damn pills, now a nigga can't move
I'll be damned if I'ma lose, I came too far for me to quit
And Lord knows I be on my shit

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I'm a money maker, you can see it in my eyes
You can tell by my swag, try me, you might die
No lie, used to cry when I ain't have it
Selling collard greens, trying to make a little cabbage
I'm not your average, I'm a savage
I'm a bastard, so I trust no man
I play my cards right like Lindsay had a low hand
Shit hit the fan and I ain't even take a stand
Evaluate my tattoos, they'll tell you that they gang related
Haters see me, looking like, "Goddamn, he made it"
M.O.E. till y'all niggas bury me
Clayton County, Riverdale, you can say they raised me
please don't play me
All white bricks, you can call them Slim Shady
I see them niggas hating, but I know they can't fade me
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