

## Out the Bag

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm smoking out the bag now, all my bitches bad now  
All these rappers mad now, in my condo keeps them pills  
To get some bitches running round  
I'm smoking out the bag now, all my bitches bad now  
Got these rappers mad now, in my condo keeps them pills  
To get some bitches running round

My youngings fucking run the town, you flex they gonna gun you down  
Hit your block with a hundred rounds  
Make you hardest nigga in your hood lay it down  
I'm flexing with a sack now, shooters on my payroll  
Shooting at a snap now  
I'm smoking out the pound now, my fingers I keep bad bitches wrapped now  
I'm in the club, hunneds on the ground  
Got a bad bitch, slim waist her ass round  
Flocka in the club it's going down, young richie rich, keep a bad bitch, waka flocka

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I'm riding in the ghost now, no rims just factory  
Got the word that the fuck boys is after me  
You gonna need an army thinking bout catching me  
I came from the crack block, never talk to a cop  
That's not me, nigga disrespect then you know it's click pop  
You know how a nigga rock, tattoos diamond grill, and some dreadlocks, flocka  
Grandma I ain't gonna stop, till that million dollar check get dropped in your mailbox

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