

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 wr
apped now
I'm in the club, hunned 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 b
ad 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 drea
d locks, flocka
Grandma I ain't gonna stop, till that million dollar check get
dropped in your mailbox

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