

Pot Of Gold

Waka Flocka Flame

Wish I could see my brother released from the pen
They wanna book us to China, fuck it, let's go get some Yen
I commit some sins, just to see my bro again
Ask about me, bet you they goin say, we heard of him

It's time to go, it's time to get that pot of gold
It's time to buy some guns, just to rock my folds
We goin shut it down, let you busters know
Keep shit trill from the south to the west coast
It's time to go, it's time to get that pot of gold

Shout out to that pussy nigga named Ron C
Lame ass old nigga, you ain't no G
I can't respect your hustle, you ain't got no muscle
You snort it up your nose, even your partner can't trust you
If me or my niggas see you, we goin bust you
That little trap house in the dirt, I smash that shit
I heard your beats, well how about ten straps?
Step back, I'm finna let the K go
Knock a rapper's head like an eggroll
Just sayin, yo, hit squad till I die, yo
Brick Squad what I ride for, Tallaband to a side hoe
You scared to get a bible, hit you with that rifle
You know my goons are psycho, fuck Ron C, and your idol

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From Atlanta to LA, no meatloaf, I ain't an essay
AKs and SKs, I blow fuck nigga money straight away
Little pocket rocket, I keep the K
Bless Aunt Debby, she got me straight
Hit squad, Brick Squad, real money, that's why they hate
We give you niggas somethin to talk about
We the only thing they talk about
I can pull this chopper out of my hand, act stupid, I knock you out
Stay with the gold like a leprechaun
Everything green like a leprechaun
I stay strapped with an extra gun
Bitch, stay strapped up like Air Force Ones
You don't want no problem, man, 'cause I'm with the Taloban
Jumpin out of caravans, hit your block up like Afghanistan
Hundred round drum, no marching band
Make you sing like caroling
Shoot you in the leg if you think of playin

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