

Ride Wit My Niggaz

Waka Flocka Flame

Bust on them niggas, bust on them bitches
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Ride till I die, ride till I die
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Ride with my niggas till I die, till I die
My nigga got a Glock, the other got a nine
Bust on them niggas, bust on them bitches
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Cruising with my niggas, Psycho, tell them to get the nine
Pull the tool out and show them how to do a drive-by
Yeah, I'm from the A where niggas spray
Keep talking, boy, if you wanna die today
Trap so hot, but my niggas still serving
Deep in the game, so I never stop working
Forever move bales, forever bust bricks
Forever kill a nigga if he ever talking shit

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Fuck that shit, man, I'm 'bout to bust this nigga
Chopper, nine millimeter, squad full of real killers
Give a fuck what you think, man, I'm fucking brain dead
[?], Zone 3 on deck
Riding in the '57,.45 and the Tec
Drug load from Mexico, nigga got it for the low
Catch me in the club, getting crunk, yo, busting heads
Catch that nigga outside, bust that nigga full of lead

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Pistol whip a nigga, damn near bust his eye
Shoot his ass up, make his whole family cry
Pull a casket, you dumbass bastards
It's like elastic, how I make the kush stretch

Buzz bigger than Drake, rap niggas is fake
I'ma keep getting cake while they player hate
My momma said be cool, but the nigga on fire
Rolling and I'm high, what's the nigga on the liquor?
Flocka!