

Street Nigga

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm a street G
Product of the gutter, man
I became from nothing, nigga
Now I'm after everything
Came from rags, nigga
Now I'm off to riches, man
Take me away from snitches, man
And these lucky bitches, man
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I'm a street nigga shawty, product of the cocaine
Product of the Mary Jane, rolling off that X, man
Me and Young Sac just went half on a sack
On the west side of town, trying to bring that money back
Hold on, Waka, let's show these niggas what we 'bout
Show these dreads and golds and he's slinging OG from down south
A slick fresh, sling that piff and that X
Put them fingers on your block, boy, don't put this to the test
To the test, fuck the rest, I'm the best, Waka Flocka
From the Heights to the 'Dale, I'ma give these folks Hell
What's a cop? What's jail? I'ma keep selling crack
Or that ready rock, make your body rock, cock it, pop

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Street nigga shit, street nigga shit
Pop your little pistol, this is street sweeper, bitch
Chopper cut through blocks and hit up Waka: "Man, I got a proposition
Couple chickens, couple blocks, all we need is a special"
Rapping like I'm Gucci, acting like I'm Biggie
All the bad bitches tell them hoes to fuck with me
I ain't with the disrespect, me and Sac selling with two bottles of Patrón
Got the whole clique wasted wet
They ain't seen nothing yet, it's Baltimore's fucking best
Bet they ain't got the Heights with So Icey Boys, ain't that a mess?

Boy, I'm from the west, what up, my nigga Gucci?
Picture that on deck, I ain't worried about them groupies

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