

Way To The Top

Waka Flocka Flame

I grew up on the block
Robbers be boys than cops
In and out our spots, try to run my block
Stay down on my grind, can't confiscate what I got
Shine every chance I get whether you like it or not
I say the trap is hot and I ain't getting money if it ain't hot
I say the trap is hot and I ain't getting money if it ain't hot
I deserve everything I got, on my way to the top

Young nigga grew up, born from Jamaica, Queens
No hoes, just anger and crack face
Thugs out, young nigga, no skinny jeans
The goal was grind, get this money by any means
No in-betweens, never chose sides
Down for my niggas, you know I ride
This one for the county with the dough, son
I hear you pay dollar and your soul cry
No rebound from his dog when he down a road
Off a ones 25 and he did it for
Just to let you know, boy I got your books every month
But you go and be straight, that's real shit

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I said I stayed down strong, put my all in it
My grind showed off, many wanna call in it
Acting like they helped, wrote a nigga raps and all
Bitch, I showed your little ass how to ball
Never turn my back on a nigga I call a friend
Riding with you even if I know I won't win
Feel like Joe the Boss in this foggy I've been
Rapping from the heart, I don't even need a pen
Flag on my pocket, shorty, that's unity
Hear these niggas talking, boy, don't look over me
Ain't shit you could do to me, tryina feed my family
Fuck all these jewelry, party go crazy, count me in

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All this status have a nigga thinking different
Put up in together, we gonna eat, pay attention
Keep my niggas off the kitchen, stop bitching
People better listen, always paid attention and played my position

Rapping from the heart, never facing
Daddy was a Muslim, mama was a Christian
Lost one brother now I got three
Laugh, I'm a real, real nigga, can't take my breathe

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