

What You Reppin

Waka Flocka Flame

Brick Squad

Thirty bricks and forty mill, they gon' keep my pocket swell
Balling, shining, grinding, keeping it real, can't you fucking tell?
Green diamond chain, didn't impress her, this some Doublemint
Two hoes, double it, every time they sucking it
on the car, sucker nigga went to fucking jail
Wide left Damu, big ring, Piru, you know your girl gon' swallow
My balls, she gon' gargle, I thought she was a model
She a Flocka groupie, she just wanna give me some coochie
'Cause I hang with Wooh, Frenchie, and my homeboy Gucci
Flocka

Mic check, one, two, Brick Squad strapped
Three and to the four, you better watch your back
Throw the B's and the P's and the F's for the five
And the six for some Crips and G.D.'s
So what you repping, nigga?

So Icey my family, Waka on the right of me
Frenchie on the left of me, Wooh gon' bust your ass on in
Red rag in my pocket, same color, KayO the dreads
Ask homie what goes [?], we gon' get straight to the bread
Trap nigga this, trap nigga that
Gucci Mane La Flare, where my trap niggas at?
Gucci Mane, I'm tatted up, come find me
Three million dollars, cash money
So Icey, we balling, nigga
Wife beater on, so I'm showing out my artwork
Glock 40 shell shot, I'll try to make your heart jerk

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So what you repping, nigga?

Went out for the drama, let me know when it's crunch time
Say I ain't shit, but idolizing my punchlines
Around here, they call us So Icey Boys
I got a Carbon 15, that'll kill all the noise
And I dare a nigga to run
Why? I got a M4 on that shit, nigga, you're done
Ten-seventeen, jack boys getting guap
Put your finger in my pot, head getting shot
All black MAC, fully loaded, red rubber grip
Colorblind the haters, so I never set trip

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So what you repping, nigga?

What you repping, nigga? I'm repping seventeen
1017, my Brick Squad mean
My jewels shine, fuck nigga, better look out
These hoes all on me like flies at a cookout

My knuckle bruised, so I know the nigga's face hurt
You run up, bucking that .45, gonna put him in the dirt
I got the chopper, too, shawty better ask Flock
Might catch Gucc on Greg Street at six o'clock
All Wooh gotta do is say (yes)
Duct tape with the pump in his fucking chest

Mic check, one, two, Brick Squad strapped...
If that's your bitch, then why the fuck she still jocking Slim?
Throw the B's and the P's and the F's for the five
And the six for some Crips and G.D.'s
So what you repping, nigga?

1017 soldier, why change up my swagger type?
I don't eat bitches, nah, that's not my appetite
Don't make me transform, bullets make him dance for him
With his head, bloody like a tampon
So Icey Boys wild as fuck, got your bitch sucking nuts
Spitting all over the place, her name should be Daffy Duck
Double pump shawty make her body do a double front
Haters getting mortgage you can't afford, but that's what you want
On my shit, fuck a dumb bitch, they say I'm the shit
I'm a young boy and I could teach an old dog tricks