

# 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