

Yayo

Waka Flocka Flame

Yayo, I don't sell that yayo
But I got a thousand pounds of loud on the way though
We all getting money so my shooters ain't on payroll
They shoot when I say so
Bitch I am from Clay Co

Catch me out with a pack of B's
Catch me in traffic trafficking
The spot jumping call it trampoline
The gun got a XXL magazine
Brick Squad we love to party
You know how much money you could make off of molly
Grew up running through cuts and alleys
Now I'm getting loud shipped out straight from Cali
All came in grey bags left the trap with like eight bags
Vacuum sealed in them food savers
Y'all fake dealers we true players
Move the work 'til the work's gone
I love money I turn it on
I'm don't ask me how I get all this money tax free
Bitch this the life we chose
All for the nice cars and the nicest clothes
Bob Barker knows that all my prices low
Selling crisp not blow you niggas should know

[Hook x2]