

Zip 'Em Up

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm a ride for all my niggas never change on y'all
We gonna stunt our competition
Watch us ball on y'all

White sheets, yellow tape
Black bag, closed case,
We got them shooters on the pay roll
They only move when we say so.
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Red crew in this bitch we in here for Dunkin' hoe
This the squad boy you know we on that fuck shit
Bitch I mad fuck your girl and her partner tho
I'm from Clayton County it bitch we rummin on
Tuck his chain in I thought he was a gangsta
30 deep man I thought the nigga gangsta
Talking bout fighting in the club
And no fighting bitch we strapped up in the club
Fuck you thankin bitch this Clay Co (Clayton County)
Everybody bosses here, what's happening hoe
RIP to my nigga DUNK, I say RIP to my nigga DUNK

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Chief like an indian, thuggin like a panther
Music like a cheat sheet, Wooh Da I'm the answer
All I know is grind, kid it don't stop
King shit, BSM, gunnin' for the top (Click-Pow)
We the other new school, you can call me Wooh Da
BSM thuggin, I'm a shooter with a shooter
Skin so dark, thought so bright
She's beggin me to fuck her I'm like in another life
Wooh den paid it full like I'm a cop ice
Flow stronger than a bull we can bet your life
We can bet it twice, Wooh Da never backing down I'm a mute the game
Quite up don't make a sound

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All I get it roll I got shooters

Dirt gang in that chest off
You can keep that base all my shoot shoot for them make up
Only say with the same crew we rap shit,
Niggas poppin make gangsta shit
And we test shit, take shit
Bitch I got no hands, ramble I'm a shoot her
You know I got shooters, west shot I'm a dulla
The nigga poppin with what they know who to fuck with
Dirt gang in the club squad, you know we ain't fuck shit
Nigga better get that mind right, couldn't nine tight
And I ain't right and is shoot it
I'm a think about it, I'm bout hat shit so fuck nigga I do it like nike
Nigga I kill everything, nigga try me
Ain't dirt gang in the mother fuckin we starting class the time squad

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