

# Short Fuse (Feat. Eldorado Red & Young Scooter)

## Waka Flocka Flame

Keep hustling, don't stay down  
Keep serving nigs till you wear the fucking crown  
On my side of town he rose down  
Shot with you 3 times and rub your ass the 4th  
Pack in, so the young niggas workin  
Pulled up on your block in the maybach with boss curtains  
Never could be broke with a loaded pistol  
Stay down in the trap till the laws get you  
Ah, hey shout out to the real niggas  
Hoe is showing my jewelry, fans snappin pictures  
I got money I got guns and I'm bout to issue  
May the lord be with you when the fuckin hollows hit you  
Clayton county, clayton county  
Blood on my hands, I done got my hands dirty  
Niggas went to playing girls, so we went to murkin  
Gun fights, porch tries  
No witnesses, so they had to throw it all  
To the death of me, I'm a be a living legend  
Rich crest king nigga, you a fuckin peasant  
Wise guy, I got mob ties  
Feds follow me around, I lie a mob life  
I give a order, niggas getting wet  
Pull up on the set, my young niggas got that set  
I supply the town nigga when I come around  
Me and waka flocka, we gonn gun you down!  
I was born in a cellie full of drug dealers  
Started sellin dope as a young nigga  
I make a hustle you ain't never seen nigga  
You just smoking reggie and I smoke og nigga  
On everything I love I put you on your feet nigga  
I don't need a bitch to free band sleep with me  
And everything I got, I got it out the jug miss  
Do what the fuck I wanna do cause I'm a boss nigga  
And every 3rd time I serve you, take you off nigga  
Bricksquad monopoly, shake the dice nigga  
Parking mob place, we gonn do you right nigga  
Young scooter, flock flame on sight nigga!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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