

Fell (Feat. Gucci Mane & Young Thug)

Waka Flocka Flame

I fell in love
Plus the bottom of her shoes look like she fell in blood
I stay sipping, never slipping, but I fell in mud
Every time I wake up I be with a different slut
Then I dropped up out of school, soon I fell for drugs
Then I fell off in the club with a couple guns
Then I fell out with my plug, he wasn't keeping up
Stack one-hundred's, hit the rug, let the trust fund
Fall for bitch, banking on one's
Big bank, all hundred's, pussy nigga no one's
Pocket scale, real niggas and a fucking handgun
I'm from Clayton County, we bring shooters nigga, we don't run
Come through with it from them baggie's, now we selling big bumps
Assault rifle, two-two-three, we chop you down
No diss hoes and re-tweets, just bodies found
In and out of town, local joker ass nigga
In the club popping Spade's by the twenty nigga
Smoking loud nigga, popping molly's nigga
Your dog just went state, not mine nigga
But not mine niggas
We live by the code, [?] nigga
Man I fell out with my girl, man I fell out with that bitch
Get the hell out of this house ho, gon' and pack your shit
Man I fell out with the plug and I fell out with my home boy
Ain't lose sleep about it, tricked out my Jeep about it
If I get ten nigga bricks tonight, then I hear people 'bout it
Fell out off them [?], hopped out two-twenty, I'm smoking chronic
Pouring big tonic, Gucci Two Time's so dropped two Ferrari's
My life is a mini movie, everyday's a video
Nigga is you kidding me? Cause Gucci Mane got baby choppers
Fall out with my baby mama if she said she ain't fucking with Waka
Versace shades I see you nigga, I got on these baller glasses
Chicken long way, all my pockets, all my hoes come pour some shotta's
Got them big ol' clips, inside of them little guns
No Nelly, got bands on the Air Force, no one's
I'm silly, I got xan', worked hard, my car
Just made it, to me, where I come from ain't far
For you to see a rich, I'm a geek and a monster
She wanna [?], guns up, she got hunger

No no I could never beat her up, on my mama
But she got more red bottom's, then the number one stunna'
And that's Baby, I would love to help you start a candy lady
My [?], now fuck old ladies
And I nut right in them bitches, and have her oh so baby
And also baby
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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