

Dem Skrapz (feat. Future)

Waka Flocka Flame

Them scraps, them scraps, them pistols be around me
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Make my partner knock down your homie, down your homie
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Make my partner knock down your homie Fuck my codeine, pulled up all black nigga, [?]
In the bushes so low key, he pulled a hotdog with that stick, OV
I pull up to your trap B, in a black jeep
Let it run like an athlete at a track meet
I'm loose as a goose, they saying Flocka brazy
I'm head in hands, and you either scared or lazy
I put in work, nigga put in work
Catch me on the turf, boy we in the field
If the price is white you can spin the wheel
My dinner meals is your rent
I take a mile if you sip an inch, how much you need?
I take a mile if you sip an inch, how much you need?
Cooling down the street with a forty foot rifle
Balenciagas on my feet, they'd rather see me in shackles
I got my chain swanging, and they heard we gang banging
Stay with that carbon, you know that we mobbing
Got a strap on the driver, 12 gauge got a scope on it
All these niggas that you be hating
Trapping that 44 militant, they treating me just like a renegade
Sipping codeine like it's lemonade
Shoot at you, shoot at you
Put a nigga down spray him
Waka Flocka throw that K at him
Blocka Blocka causing mayhem
Chopper, chopper make em lay down
208 grand on the foreign, 400 rounds in the car
100 goons with a carbon, climb out and spray with that carbon
Greet me that scrap, that carbon like [?]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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