

# 50K Remix (feat. T.I.)

## Waka Flocka Flame

I'm drinking champagne one deep in my phantom ghost (Uh!)  
Bad bitch with me wonder where my manners go (Turn Up)  
My youngings sick, sick, where the antidote? (They geekin')  
Aiming at your top, bust you cantaloupe (Pussy)  
He forty-six and he's still selling dope (OG)  
How the fuck you ballin' with a car note? (How the fuck?)  
I'm in the trap, real shit where the felons go (Squad)  
Cury never had a job, he always used a bowl (Whip it)  
Them youngin's run up in your house what it's hitting for  
No mask just to let you know who did it ho  
I'm from Riverdale, all I know is get it in (Riverdale)  
I got weed, I got mollies, what you tryin' to spend? 50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag  
She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag  
I'm a get money nigga, don't use the card, or keep a tab  
Before I leave my fucking house, grab my pistol and my flag  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh! (X4) My foreign car painted flat black (Turn Up)  
My girl hopped out ass fat (Damn)  
Paparazzi keep flashing pictures (Flocka)  
Broke niggas looking wanna be these niggas (Pussy)  
4 Grams in my Backwood (I'm smoking)  
Millionaire nigga still keep it hood (Riverdale)  
Pay the extra 60 for that steel hood  
Phantom ghost got a nigga living good (Turn up)  
I bet your bitch want a nigga  
(Hey come here shawty)  
I bet she wanna fuck a nigga  
(Hey come here shawty)  
Never be a broke nigga (Hell naw)  
She like "Fuck gold!" shawty she a platinum digga 50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag  
She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag  
I'm a get money nigga, don't use the card, or keep a tab  
Before I leave my fucking house, grab my pistol and my flag  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh! Gucci Mane I'm the fucking man, pocket full of Xan  
Put them grands on a nigga Grands, change a nigga plans  
If you steal or don't keep it real, chopping off your hands  
A million grams, I'mma try to cram in a minivan

Say he hard and he goin' ham, I don't give a damn  
Say he broke and a hundred million just went through his hand  
I don't cherish it, I'm flying terrorists in from Sudan  
If you thinking you gon' take my grams I'mma change your plan  
You in a jam pussy nigga, but I just came from Japan  
I'm making fans off of growing weed super duper strand  
I heard the fam', they jumped on your man and your nigga ran  
Flockaveli you know that's my man, call Decatur Dan50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag  
She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag  
I'm a get money nigga, don't use the card, or keep a tab  
Before I leave my fucking house, grab my pistol and my flag  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!  
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!

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