

Cash (Ft. Wooh Da Kid)

Waka Flocka Flame

So pump right out my bong
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone
2 Track don't fear my past
Hustlin' for the cash
Grindin' for this cash
Hustlin' for the cash
Grindin' for this cash
All I know is So pump right out my bong
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone
2 Track don't fear my past
Hustlin' for the cash
Grindin' for this cash
Hustlin' for the cash
Grindin' for this cash
All I know is I gotta get it, gotta get it, oh the money marathon
All I know if flex and grind, what the flock? I gotta shine
I wanna hit it, wanna hit it, got that bitch on my mind
Ain't no thin ones over here, you gon get stuck there every time
Waka Flocka Waka Flocka, keep the coke up every time
Winner ate the stash, it's alright, can't lose they mind
Late late late, you are my kind, thank you Billy porcupine
All I know is takin' paper, aha gla gla gla
Always in the hood, ain't hard to find
Get with us if you sell a tone
And you mad dog, fuck one time
What about yours and what about mine?
People tried, can't stop me, I chui sukaki
Where you from, where wait up
My squad brick-nopoli
Squad! So pump right out my bong
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone
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Grindin' for this cash
Hustlin' for the cash
Grindin' for this cash
All I know is All I know is Guala Harry bring cash
I need all my money, Harry quick fast
Don't plan, 'xcept you playin' with my check
You just had his shoulders, bitch ate a snack
I got 2 guys to leave you guys dirty
No one fuck with money on your hand, you'll be found
Adios, enough of all this he say she say
I say you go down, you just made your pay
All he want is fame, pull him on the poster
Playin' with my bred, it gets you burnt by the toaster
Grind for the cash, hustle for the hell of it
Gon say like I just like the smell of it So pump right out my bong
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Songwriters

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