

No Hands (feat. Roscoe Dash and Wale)

Waka Flocka Flame

(Listen to this track bitch!)[Chorus]
Girl the way you're movin'
Got me in a trance, DJ turn me up
Ladies dis yo jam (c'mon)
I'ma sip Moscato
And you 'gon lose dem pants
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands
Girl drop it to the floor
I love the way yo booty go
All I want to do is sit back, and watch you move
And I'll proceed to throw this cash(Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka, whoa, whoa)
All that ass
In yo jeans
Can Wale beat
And Roscoe skeet
Long hair she don't care
When she walk she get stares
Brown skin or a yellow-bone
D.J. this my favorite song
So I'ma make it thunderstorm
Bud, want it Flocka yea
Blowin' fuck it I don't care
Dresses flyin' everywhere
Got my partner Roscoe, like bruh
I'm drunk as hell, can't you tell?
Booze help me hit them fifteen steps
I'm fuckin', well I'm tryna hit the hotel
With two girls that swallow me
Take this dick while swallow
Pay Moscato got her freaky
Aye you got me in a trance
Please take off yo pants
Pussy pop on her handstand
You got me sweatin'
Please pass me a fan damn! [Chorus] (Aye, aye, Wale, uh)
She said look ma' no hands
She said look ma' no hands
And no darling I don't dance
And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka

I think I deserve a chance
I'm a bad mothafucka'
Gon' ask some mothafuckas
A young handsome mothafucka'
I sling that wood I just nun chuck 'em
And, who you wit' and, what's yo name?
And, you not hear boo, I'm Wale
And, that D.C. shit I rep all day
And, my eyes red 'cause of all that haze
Don't blow my high, let me shine
Drumma' on the beat, let me take my time
Nigga want beef we can take it outside
Fight for what broad, these hoes ain't mine
Is you out yo mind, you out yo league
I sweat no bitches, just sweat out weaves
Where our tracks, let me do my thing
I got sixteen, for this Roscoe thing
But, I'm almost done, let me get back to it
Whole lotta loud, and a little backwood
Whole lotta money, big tip I would
I put her on the train, little engine could, bitch [Chorus] (Roscoe Dash, let's go)
R-O-S-C-O-E-Mr. shawty put it on me (please)
I be goin' ham
Shawty upgrade from baloney (please)
Them niggas tippin' good
Girl but I can make it flood (I can)
Cause I walk around
With pockets bigger than my bus (whoa)
Rain, rain go away
That's what all my haters say
My pockets stuck on overload
My rain never evaporates
No need to elaborate
Most studies just exaggerate
But, I'ma get money nigga
Everyday stuntin' nigga
Ducks might get a chance after me, bitch I'm ballin'
Like I'm comin' off of free throws
Cause the head of the game
No cheat codes Lambo, Roscoe
No street code and your booty got me lost like Nemo
Go, go, go g-gon' and do yo dance
And, I'ma throw this money
While you do it wit' no hands (Go on!) [Chorus]

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