

Hard In da Paint

Waka Flocka Flame

[Hook]

I go hard in the muthafuckin' paint nigga
Leave you stankin' nigga, what the fuck you thinkin' nigga?
I won't die for this shit or what the fuck I say
Front yard broad day with the SK
See Gucci? That's my muthafuckin' nigga
I hang in the Dale with them hit squad killers
Waka Flocka Flame, one hood-ass nigga
Ridin' real slow bendin' corners, my nigga[Verse 1]
Gotta main bitch and gotta mistress (What else?)
A couple girlfriends, I'm so hood rich
Keep my dick hard, and keep me smokin'
You'll get bills free shorty, no jokin'
Ay what I stand for? Brick Squad
I'mma die for this shorty man I swear to God
In the trap with some killers and some hood niggas
Where you at? Where your trap? You ain't hood, nigga
Keep this shit 300, put that shit on my hood
Crips fuckin' with me, Gs and the Vice Lords
Eses and amigos freestyle off the dome
Brick Squad, Waka Flocka Flame is fuckin' on! [Hook] [Verse 2]
What's up pussy nigga? What's up punk nigga?
I got on that nigga, make your momma's momma get ya
Hope you got your killers with ya, hope you got your niggas with ya
Hope your goons ridin' with ya, they gon' fuckin' miss you, nigga
Nigga with a attitude like Eaze and Cube
When my little brother died I said fuck school
I picked the burner up and I got some marijuana
Two years later screamin' "Here, Your Honor!"
Glock 9 to SK if you want to beef
Shorty point blank range I put your ass to sleep
Shorty talk is cheap, so watch what ya say
Broad day in the air like this shit is legal [Hook]

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