

Cash (feat. Wooh Da Kid)

Waka Flocka Flame

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Featuring: Wooh da Kid][Chorus: 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

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All I know is...[Verse 1: Waka Flocka Flame]

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

Squuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuad! So pump right out my bong

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Grindin' for this cash
All I know is...So pump right out my bong
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Grindin' for this cash
All I know is...[Verse 2: Wooh Da Kid]
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[Chorus: Waka Flocka Flame]
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All I know is...