

Make Me Wanna

Girl Talk

Free me see me throw da dueces hatin'
Useless do sit keep da truth amazin'
Dont trip wont slip no whoopsie daisy
See da King fallen off u halucinatin'
You wanna talk about paper lets do it baby
10 mil' at a time I'm use to makin'
Tell em' mee maw jealous not Gucci baby
Goin hard in da spot like Gucci baby
Got sum true freaks wit me so cute in da face
They lil bad ass call 'em my bossie babies
M.D.M.A. they twerkilatin'
I feed 'em dick they feed me turkey bacon
Holla Sak pase get worth from haitians
Gotta coupe 20 mil' what its worth today
Young tip Young Dro goin' turn da station

On da phone wit my nigga lil turkey sayin dat...I get so much money man these niggas cant beleive me

Pocket BK double whopper so you know its cheesy
And I be so fresh I got these bitches want to see me
Everytime I hear them haters talking I say freeze me

Oh you need to freeze me

Polo polo freeze meTime after time

Oh you need to freeze me

Polo polo freeze me

Time after timeWhere's your head at?Don't let the walls cave in on you

We can't live on, live on without you

Don't let the walls cave in on you

We can't live on, live on without you

Don't let the walls cave in on you

You get what you give that much is true

Don't let the walls cave in on you

You turn the world away from youWhere's your head at?

(Where your head at? Where your head at? at? at? at? at? at?)

Where's your head at?

(Where your head at? Where your head at? at? at? at? at? at?)

Where's your head at?

(Where your head at? Where your head at? at? at? at? at? at?)

Where's your head at?

(Where your head at? Where your head at? at? at? at? at? at?)Flocka Flocka

Waka Waka Waka

Flocka

Flocka

Flocka

Waka

Flocka

Waka Flocka FlameBrick Squad

Gotta main bitch (And) gotta mistress (whateva)

A couple girlfriends, I'm so hood rich

Keep my dick hard, and keep me smoking [coughing]

You'll get bills free shawty no jokin

Ey what I stand for? Flocka! (Brick Squad)

I'm a die for this shawty man I swear to god

In the trap with some killers and some hood niggas (Whassup)

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, G's and the Vice Lords (Brrrrrrret)

Eses in the Meeko freestyle off da dome

Brick Squad Waka Flocka Flame it's fuckin on! I go hard in the muthafuckin paint

I go hard, i go, i go hard

I go hard in the muthafuckin paint

I go hard, i go, i go hard Yuh (Yuh)

Yuh (Yuh)

Yuh (Yuh)

Yuh (Yuh) Richer than the richest

We certified gettin it CM YM Cash Money business

Higher than the ceiling fly like a bird hit the gucci store

And later get served

We smoked out with no roof on it

Them people passin so we smash on them

Ballin out we keep the cash on deck

Lamborghini and the Bentleys on the V-set

Louie lens iced out with the black diamonds

Car of the year Ferrari the new Spider

No lie i'm higher than i ever been

Born rich born uptown born to win

Fully loaded automatic 6 Benz

Candy paint foreign lights with my b-tch in

Born hustlin too big n-gga to size me up

Cant stop me more money burn em up Now wait a minute

(x5)

You know you make me wanna

Pop, pop, pop those thangs

Pop, pop, pop those thangs

Pop, pop, pop those thangs You know I'll give it to you Hey-Hey-A-Hey

(Hey-Hey-A-Hey)

Hey-A-Hey-A
(Hey-A-Hey-A)
Hey-A-Hey-A
(Hey-A-Hey-A)
Hey-A-A-Hey)
(Hey-A-A-Hey)Pop, pop, pop those thangs
Pop, pop, pop those thangs
Pop, pop, pop those thangs
Pop, pop, pop
Pop, pop, pop those thangs
Pop, pop, pop

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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