Chin Up

Former Ghosts

(Intro)
I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x7)
Waka Flocka
(Bricksqaud Monopoly)
The industry grew me up mentally,
physically, financially y'all cant fuck with me.
I'm soon to be in the top three put it on the
beat my G. Partner got two,Brother got two,
momma got five ??? momma got eight. It ain't
bout cake plus a nigga I'm straight. Eat it out
the pot I don't need no plate, you can ask
my girl I don't need no date. Four singles up
aye shawty you late. Sleep when I'm dead meet
me at my wake. Ninety-five problems like the
beast awake (west side). Everytime they hate
I act alright. I love every beat southside make.
They call me mister eight-oh-eight. Roll up blunts
I don't do no shake. House on the hill I don't want no lake
pump yo bricks why u worried bout us. Monopoly
boys in the squad I trust plus I got friends in need, family
to feed. Flag in my pocket as unity. Not the same person I
used to be. I ain't going nowhere,get used to me Flocka!
Hook
Pick yo chin up (Flocka) don't walk with your head down.
Those just words don't let them knock you down
I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x3)
all for one one for all. One swing we all swing.

All these niggas they got my back, a mill ticket that's chump
change I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x3)
Slim Dunkin
Cause gettin' money don't make shit (Nope)
nigga never gave me nothing, had to take shit.
Whole hood rep blue like the Patriots (Squad)
Got the glock like nigga do the matrix (Pow)
niggas start breaking laws, fuck jail. Went to court,

judge was like no bail (Shit) I don seen a lot of things on the dope scale. I aint trap rob a nigga wholesale. Fifty deep everybody gotta eat (gotta eat) one bed everybody gotta sleep (gotta sleep) spend hours in the line just to ??? folks. Put Barack in the office, nigga still broke. Daddy beat momma ass, yeah i had it rough. Fucked a nigga up so i got big enough. Did shit nigga hoping to do, why you want my autograph nigga I'm broker than u. Momma cried, two jobs. two ???, work ???. Forgive me my God, I'm fucked up, times hard. Dirty shoes rent due, D Moss we miss you. Behind the mic, they don't know what Slim D been through..Dunk!

Hook

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