

Workin

Waka Flocka Flame

I been workin' nigga
Cocaina, she be flirting nigga
Back my 'Rari out the driveway
500 Pounds, 200 squares, John GottiI been workin' nigga
Cocaina, she be flirting nigga
I back my 'Rari out the driveway
500 Pounds, 200 squares, John GottiPussy ass nigga you ain't never jug
I'm a real Piru, ask Big Suge
I'm a real trapper, ask Victor Hill
For the thrill, I pop a pill,
Shoot at the ops to catch a kill (hey)
I'm Waka Flocka, nigga
Kill a family member, shawty El Chapo nigga
Throw your sets in the air for my blockas nigga
Two shots of the ? That go Flocka nigga
I'm on the block my nigga
Where the youngins going crazy, shooting cops my nigga
Red, blue, white flags like a Haitian killer
I will never back down, I'm from Clayco niggaI been workin' nigga
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Cocaina, she be flirting nigga
I back my 'Rari out the driveway
500 Pounds, 200 squares, John GottiA lot of rappers start trapping it's like recess
Real jet boy I snatch the chain off your neck
Set the game for you niggas, that's a preset
Elm Street, Dirt Gang nigga that's the G set
I'm like Meech, my nigga
Bricksquad live off loyalty, fuck you niggas
Waka Flocka name still good in these streets
Five thousand shooters nigga, you ain't hard to reach
When it come to killers, got a fleet my nigga
Pull a chopper out, holes in your fleece my nigga
I know you thinking to yourself I'm a beast, my nigga
Hundred shootouts, we ain't never faced defeat, my niggaI been workin' nigga
Cocaina, she be twerking nigga
Back my 'Rari out the driveway
500 Pounds, 200 squares, John GottiI been workin' nigga

Cocaina, she be flirting nigga
I back my 'Rari out the driveway
500 Pounds, 200 squares, John Gotti
Check his background, he ain't who he say he is
Acting hard to them youngins, come shoot up your shit
Boy I must admit a lot of rap
Early in the morning and my dog baking cookies
John Gotti
Wish he try me, cross the line, you a body nigga
Go against Waka Flocka, kamikaze
Hands like I'm Ali, south side where you find me
Heard they trying to take me off the streets, my nigga
Pussy niggas snitching, talking to police my nigga
Now the feds tryna kick in my front door
I got lawyer fees, burn money, case closed (Flocka)
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