

Rooster in My Rari (Two Inch Punch Mix)

Waka Flocka Flame

Pay for what, girl you better pay for this dick
She the type to fall for two Zans and an outfit
Im with the Zans crew, so its hunned on the floor
My hoes is off in the mo, I be balling ho
Rooster in my rari, rooster in my rari, rooster in my rari, ok
Rooster in my rari, rooster in my rari, rooster in my rari, ok
Okay, uh, flex, these hoes, we done run through them
Xans we done chewed them, lames better salute them
These hoes, we done run through them
Zans we the the truth them
, lames better salute them
I dont like your kind, you a bougie ho
All in my face like a groupie ho
Cant do one girl need a group of ho
She a fool when she on that pole
Break it down, drop it low
Clap that, do it slow
Ran out of ones Ima order some mo
Shawty got good friends on her honor roll
And with moves like that no, girl you a pro
Hundred bands in my pocket, just to let you know
Im too turnt, everythings a go
What its gonna be, what its gonna cost
Everythings on me, my god believe
Were bricksquad monopoly
I stay flexin iced out with a bank roll
Drunk as fuck everythings slow mo
Black girls, white girls at my show
Even got latin girls in the front row
Throwin throwin throwing dough
Throwing dough, throwin dough
Throwing dough, throwin dough
Bitch I said throwing stacks
Flocka, her hair long and her ass fat
She screaming broke niggas that way
Where the ballers at
fuck her all night
And never call her back
Homerun the pussy every time I swing my bat

Squad, and if its good Ima double-back
Desperately I need some Zans, where my da-da at
Squad, if its good, Ima double-back
Flocka, desperate needs for them Zans, where my Da-Da at

Songwriters

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