

Let Dem Guns Blam (feat. Meek Mill)

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm too drunk, I'm too high to hear that fuck shit
Came to the club, yeah, I'm on that fuck shit
Let them things blam, let them things blam
Let them things blam, let them things blam
I'm too fucked up, too turnt up I'm on fuck shit
Let them things blam, let them things blam
My chopper filled up, let them things blam
My hangers got extendos, let them things blam
I'm from Riverdale, full of young niggas
Ain't no OG's, just some young niggas
Gangbangin, sellin weed
Shootouts, and some ecstasy
Them boys gone, them boys crazy, must have lost their mind
Whole clique strapped up fuck one time
Above the law hey my nigga, I'm on my grind
Afraid of the dark, so I'm forced to shine
Let them guns blam, bitch, you know I am
I go Kanye, Jay-Z ham it's the summer of sound
Let them guns blam, Flocka
Let them guns blam, Flocka
Let them guns blam, Flocka
Friends turned to enemies, enemies turned to friends
Eat you like some busy bees, kill you and your best friend
Let them guns blam, bow
Let them guns blam, bow
Let them guns blam, bow
Let them guns blam, bow
Too turnt up on my block
Middle finger to the law fuck a cop
Real nigga till my heart stop
That KO make your body rock
Won't stop 'till I see a body drop
Fuck round get mollywopped
Leave my shawty off the top
I'm about a check
See my young niggas love to flex
Strapped up with that tech
Want beef, no talking, shawty that's a bet
Live with no regret, where you from shawty throw up your set
A nigga want me dead, got a check on my head got but I got too much too much respect

Pride, dignity, while you're hating on me I'm making history
Waka goin broke boy shitting me
Throw money on a bitch, ain't shit to me
Let them guns blam, let them guns blam
This a .44 bulldog it cannot jam Let them guns blam, Flocka
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Middle finger to the law fuck a cop
Real nigga till my heart stop
That KO make your body rock My friends turn in my enemies, my enemies turn friends
Ain't talking about no pills nigga, we sliding round with extends
I'm ridin round in this Benz
50 rounds in this mac
I put a price on your head and they gone lay you down for dem racks
Y'all niggas ain't toting no straps
Y'all niggas don't want no war
Y'all niggas don't want my goons
Came around by your front door
But that hot shit, cause you pop shit
Runnin round like you got shit
Had my niggas all in your crib
You runnin round like you got bricks
Most niggas die cause they switch sides
And do dumb shit when they get high
Cross me, it won't get by
Try to play it cool, and you'll get fried
All the real niggas on this side
Niggas shoot like Dirk do
Every nigga that's 'round me get real money and merk too Let them guns blam, Flocka
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