

Grove St. Party

Waka Flocka Flame

Grove Grove Street, flocka! I gotta a whole lot of money, bitches count it for me
Bottle keep poppin' that's why the bad hoes jockin' It's a party it's a party it's a party
It's a party it's a party it's a party My partner on a pill, my other partner drunk,
Rollin' a lot I'm trying to get fucked up It's a party it's a party it's a party
It's a party it's a party it's a party I step in the club, rollin' on that loud shit
My weed keep your security saying be quiet
My bread startin' a riot, your girl getting excited
Hold on wanna try it, I'm like why not try it
My swag they wanna buy it, my juice they wanna try it
Club going stupid, when I oh lets do it
Chu ain't gotta chew it, juking and she moving
Grove street villain nigga who you killin'?
Broke two years ago, now I'm worth a million
Jackson's to the ceiling that's how we ballin'
You know that I'm rollin'
Throwing up the mean bread

Now I'm bout to meet her in the club with a heater I gotta a whole lot of money, bitches count it for me
Bottle keep poppin' that's why the bad hoes jockin' It's a party it's a party it's a party
It's a party it's a party it's a party My partner on a pill, my other partner drunk,
Rollin' a lot I'm trying to get fucked up It's a party it's a party it's a party
It's a party it's a party it's a party A party ain't a party til I walk in it
Lime green flap match the fitted and the linen
Gucci shades are on my face and my lens kinda tinted
Cause my eyes real low and my head just started spinnin'
I'm rollin' like a mothafucka I'm a roll out in this motherfucker
I'ma roscoe dash it I'ma bout to show out in this mothafucka
My jewelry game on frost about to snow out in this mothafucka
Ay flocka get them burners lets pull out in this mothafucka
Ay mothafucka what the hell is you rockin' for run up on me and my squad
No that shouldn't be an option so
Somebody betta let you know I suggest that you let it go

This is grove street party safe niggas hit the exit door I gotta a whole lot of money, bitches count it for me
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It's a party it's a party it's a party Rollin on them leaves, you can do the lean
Blowing on that loud perp, pass that bobby brown back
The hood got my fucking back, the streets I'm not duckin' that
Please step the fuck back, grove street yes we are back

Hood plus I'm nigger rich, every ghetto feeling this
20 on my right wrist, 30 on my left wrist,
100 on my neck iced out for my respect
20 fucking 10 I'ma blow the whole check
In the club flex, after party flex,
You know how we ball, all I know is ball
Every dollar in my pocket I'ma spend it all,
When a nigga die they gon' say shawty raw I gotta a whole lot of money, bitches count it for me
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Songwriters

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