

# No Hands (Ft. Roscoe Dash & Wale) (Dirty)

## Waka Flocka Flame

(Listen to this track bitch!)Girl the way you're movin'  
Got me in a trance, DJ turn me up  
Ladies dis yo jam (c'mon)  
I'ma sip Moscato  
And you 'gon lose dem pants  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way yo booty go  
All I want to do is sit back, and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash(Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka, whoa, whoa)  
All that ass  
In yo jeans  
Can Wale beat  
And Roscoe skeet  
Long hair she don't care  
When she walk she get stares  
Brown skin or a yellow-bone  
D.J. this my favorite song  
So I'ma make it thunderstorm  
Bud, want it Flocka yea  
Blowin' fuck it I don't care  
Dresses flyin' everywhere  
Got my partner Roscoe, like bruh  
I'm drunk as hell, can't you tell?  
Booze help me hit them fifteen steps  
I'm fuckin', well I'm tryna hit the hotel  
With two girls that swallow me  
Take this dick while swallow  
Pay Moscato got her freaky  
Aye you got me in a trance  
Please take off yo pants  
Pussy pop on her handstand  
You got me sweatin'  
Please pass me a fan damn!Girl the way you're movin'  
Got me in a trance, DJ turn me up  
Ladies dis yo jam (c'mon)  
I'ma sip Moscato  
And you 'gon lose dem pants  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands

Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way yo booty go  
All I want to do is sit back, and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash(Aye, aye, Wale, uh)  
She said look ma' no hands  
She said look ma' no hands  
And no darling I don't dance  
And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka  
I think I deserve a chance  
I'm a bad mothafucka'  
Gon' ask some mothafuckas  
A young handsome mothafucka'  
I sling that wood I just nun chuck 'em  
And, who you wit' and, what's yo name?  
And, you not hear boo, I'm Wale  
And, that D.C. shit I rep all day  
And, my eyes red 'cause of all that haze  
Don't blow my high, let me shine  
Drumma' on the beat, let me take my time  
Nigga want beef we can take it outside  
Fight for what broad, these hoes ain't mine  
Is you out yo mind, you out yo league  
I sweat no bitches, just sweat out weaves  
Where our tracks, let me do my thing  
I got sixteen, for this Roscoe thing  
But, I'm almost done, let me get back to it  
Whole lotta loud, and a little backwood  
Whole lotta money, big tip I would  
I put her on the train, little engine could, bitchGirl the way you're movin'  
Got me in a trance, DJ turn me up  
Ladies dis yo jam (c'mon)  
I'ma sip Moscato  
And you 'gon lose dem pants  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way yo booty go  
All I want to do is sit back, and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash(Roscoe Dash, let's go)  
R-O-S-C-O-E-Mr. shawty put it on me (please)  
I be goin' ham  
Shawty upgrade from baloney (please)  
Them niggas tippin' good  
Girl but I can make it flood (I can)  
Cause I walk around  
With pockets bigger than my bus (whoa)

Rain, rain go away  
That's what all my haters say  
My pockets stuck on overload  
My rain never evaporates  
No need to elaborate  
Most studies just exaggerate  
But, I'ma get money nigga  
Everyday stuntin' nigga  
Ducks might get a chance after me, bitch I'm ballin'  
Like I'm comin' off of free throws  
Cause the head of the game  
No cheat codes Lambo, Roscoe  
No street code and your booty got me lost like Nemo  
Go, go, go g-gon' and do yo dance  
And, I'ma throw this money  
While you do it wit' no hands (Go on!) Girl the way you're movin'  
Got me in a trance, DJ turn me up  
Ladies dis yo jam (c'mon)  
I'ma sip Moscato  
And you 'gon lose dem pants  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way yo booty go  
All I want to do is sit back, and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash

Songwriters

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