

50K Remix

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm drinking champagne one deep in my phantom ghost (Uh!)
Bad bitch with me wonder where my manners go (Turn Up)
My youngings sick, sick, where the antidote? (They geekin')
 Aiming at your top, bust you cantaloupe (Pussy)
 He forty-six and he's still selling dope (OG)
How the fuck you ballin' with a car note? (How the fuck?)
 I'm in the trap, real shit where the felons go (Squad)
 Cury never had a job, he always used a bowl (Whip it)
Them youngin's run up in your house what it's hitting for
 No mask just to let you know who did it ho
 I'm from Riverdale, all I know is get it in (Riverdale)
I got weed, I got mollies, what you tryin' to spend? 50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag
 She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag
 I'm a get money nigga, don't use the card, or keep a tab
Before I leave my fucking house, grab my pistol and my flag
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh! (X4) My foreign car painted flat black (Turn Up)
 My girl hopped out ass fat (Damn)
 Paparazzi keep flashing pictures (Flocka)
Broke niggas looking wanna be these niggas (Pussy)
 4 Grams in my Backwood (I'm smoking)
 Millionaire nigga still keep it hood (Riverdale)
 Pay the extra 60 for that steel hood
Phantom ghost got a nigga living good (Turn up)
 I bet your bitch want a nigga
 (Hey come here shawty)
 I bet she wanna fuck a nigga
 (Hey come here shawty)
 Never be a broke nigga (Hell naw)
She like "Fuck gold!" shawty she a platinum digga 50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag
 She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag
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Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh! Gucci Mane I'm the fucking man, pocket full of Xan
 Put them grands on a nigga Grands, change a nigga plans
 If you steal or don't keep it real, chopping off your hands
 A million grams, I'mma try to cram in a minivan

Say he hard and he goin' ham, I don't give a damn
Say he broke and a hundred million just went through his hand
I don't cherish it, I'm flying terrorists in from Sudan
If you thinking you gon' take my grams I'mma change your plan
You in a jam pussy nigga, but I just came from Japan
I'm making fans off of growing weed super duper strand
I heard the fam', they jumped on your man and your nigga ran
Flockaveli you know that's my man, call Decatur Dan50K for a show and my niggas sellin' swag
She's a red bottom bitch Versace shirt, Birkin bag
I'm a get money nigga, don't use the card, or keep a tab
Before I leave my fucking house, grab my pistol and my flag
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!
Thumbing through the bands I be playing with a check, uh!
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