

No Hands (feat. Roscoe Dash and Wale)

Waka Flocka Flame, Wale & Roscoe Dash

Listen to this track, bitch
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam
I'mma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants
Then I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands
Girl drop it to the floor
I love the way your booty go (go, go)
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)
All that ass in your jeans
Can Wale beat? Can Roscoe skeet?
Long hair she don't care, when she walk she get stares
Brown skin or a yellowbone, DJ this my favorite song
So I'mma make it thunderstorm, flood warning, Flocka yeah
Blowin', fuck it, I don't care, Jacksons flyin' everywhere
Tap my partner Roscoe like bruh
I'm drunk as hell can't you tell
Threw 70 bands, bet 50 stacks, oh fuckin well
I'm tryna hit the hotel with two girls that'll swallow me
Take this dick while I'm swallow Moscato, got her freaky
Hey you got me in a trance, please take off your pants
Pussy pop on a 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 this your jam
I'mma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants
Then I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands
Girl drop it to the floor
I love the way your booty go (go, go)
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)
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 Nunchuck 'em
And who you with? And what's your name?
You not hip 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 your mind? You out your league
I sweat no bitches just sweat out weaves
Wear out tracks, let me do my thing
I got 16, 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, bitch
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam
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And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)
Roscoe Dash, okay
R-O-S-C-O-E, Mr. Shawty-Put-It-On-Me
I be goin' ham, shawty upgrade from bologna
Them niggas tippin' good girl but I can make it flood
Cause I walk around with pockets that are bigger than my bus (who)
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 of these ducks exaggerate (they do)
But I'mma 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, go, gon' and do your dance
And I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam
I'mma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants
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Le'go!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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