

# So Many Things

## Afafia

She don't want liquor, she just want wine  
She just my kind: long hair, fat behind  
They say we're intertwined, we belong together  
In the club throwing money up, changing weather  
G's on my sweater, all I get is cheddar  
Money go-getters, Waka Flocka and 2 Timez  
Gucci sup, I said to the Haitians  
Waddup Luchi.  
Free my nigga Zoe  
40K for a show.  
Practice what I preach  
Shawty Mane that's all I know  
Triple cup Styrofoam's got me walking slow  
I'm smoking on reefer, me Gucci and Wiz Khalifa

Smoking on reefer, make a bitch out  
And leave her.  
Comment trough a speaker  
Grind in my 2-seater  
Cause I got a fleet-a  
Send em work like it ain't a leak-a  
I practice what I preach-a  
If you ain't got a game, I could teach ya

I got a murder charge now for the tracks I murdered  
Like a nigga turned around, I'm going back to work  
Got a smirk on my face cause I smoke the purp  
Gucci boy, now they doing a search  
And I ain't been lame, but tame your dame  
Cause you should be ashamed how she's off the chain  
I'm insane in the brain like Saddam Hussain  
I got a brink of extra change of this extra 'caine  
It's crazy, Dwayne just counting strange  
Me and Waka Flocka Flame on a private plane  
With 2 bad ass bitches, bout to run a train  
Like an organ donor, baby loan the brain

Smoking on reefer, make a bitch out  
And leave her ? speaker

Grind in my 2-seater  
Cause I got a fleet-a  
Send em work like it ain't a leak-a  
I practice what I preach-a  
If you ain't got a game, I could teach ya

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Douglas, Ladamon / Malphurs, Juaquin / Davis, Radric Delantic  
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>