

# Hard In da Paint

## Waka Flocka Flame

I go hard in the muthafuckin' paint nigga  
Leave you stankin' nigga  
What the fuck you thinkin' nigga?  
I'm gon' die for this shit or what the fuck I say (Brick Squad!)  
Front yard broad day with the SK  
See Gucci? That's my muthafuckin' nigga  
I hang in the Dale with them hit squad killers  
Waka Flocka Flame, one hood-ass nigga  
Ridin' real slow bendin' corners, my nigga  
Gotta main bitch and gotta mistress (What else?)  
A couple girlfriends  
I'm so hood rich  
Keep my dick hard  
And keep me smokin'  
You'll get bills free shorty, no jokin'  
Ay what I stand for?  
Brick Squad  
I'mma die for this shorty, man, I swear to God  
In the trap with some killers and some hood niggas Where you at? Where your trap? You ain't  
hood, nigga Keep this shit 300, put that shit on my hood  
Crips fuckin' with me, G's and the Vice Lords  
Eses and amigos freestyle off the dome  
Brick Squad, Waka Flocka Flame is fuckin' on!  
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Ridin' real slow bendin' corners, my nigga  
What's up pussy nigga?  
What's up punk nigga?  
They got on that nigga  
Make your momma's momma miss you  
Hope you got your killers with ya Hope you got your niggas with ya  
Hope your goons ridin' with ya  
They gon' fuckin' miss you, nigga Nigga with a attitude like Eaze and Cube  
When my little brother died I said "Fuck school!"  
I picked the burner up and I got some marijuana  
Two years later screamin' "I'm here, your honor!"  
Glock 9 to SK if you want to beef

Shorty point blank range, I put your ass to sleep  
Shorty talk is cheap, so watch what ya say  
Broad day in the air like this shit is legal  
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