

# Wild Out (feat. Waka Flocka Flame & Paige)

## Borgore

I'm in hotspot, little hole in the wall, threw twenty racks, I just blacked out  
High as fuck, 'bout to pass out  
My swag in, your swag out  
Hit the stage, girls titties out  
When I hit the stage bring the city out  
Ballin' hard, 'bout to foul out  
Pop a bottle nigga, wild out  
Wild, wild, wild out  
Pop a bottle nigga, wild out  
I'm slim thuggin' with these Ray Bans  
I'm on a thug shit, campaigns  
That champagne need a bad bitch  
Icy wrist with with a icy neck  
Reach for that, I'll leave you wet  
Waka Flocka Flame in a place where  
Gettin' money ain't a crime  
So why you watching, wasting time  
Tell me are you ready  
Hit the streets and we wild out  
Club having we ball out  
And ain't watching no haters 'cus ya'll  
Can't fuck with us, can't fuck with us Can't fuck with us, we get crazy  
Come fuck with us, come fuck with us  
Hit the street, we wild out, Club having we ball out  
Come fuck with us x4Pop a bottle nigga, wild out  
Money, money, no running out  
I don't know what you talking 'bout  
Tell me if you ready  
Bad bitch with a foul mouth  
What the fuck you hating for  
Give me your round of applause  
I'm in first place like Usain  
Too true like 2 Chainz

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>