

# Way To The Top

Waka Flocka Flame

I grew up on the block  
Robbers be boys than cops  
In and out our spots, try to run my block  
Stay down on my grind, can't confiscate what I got  
Shine every chance I get whether you like it or not  
I say the trap is hot and I ain't getting money if it ain't hot  
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I deserve everything I got, on my way to the top

Young nigga grew up, born from Jamaica, Queens  
No hoes, just anger and crack face  
Thugs out, young nigga, no skinny jeans  
The goal was grind, get this money by any means  
No in-betweens, never chose sides  
Down for my niggas, you know I ride  
This one for the county with the dough, son  
I hear you pay dollar and your soul cry  
No rebound from his dog when he down a road  
Off a ones 25 and he did it for  
Just to let you know, boy I got your books every month  
But you go and be straight, that's real shit

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I said I stayed down strong, put my all in it  
My grind showed off, many wanna call in it  
Acting like they helped, wrote a nigga raps and all  
Bitch, I showed your little ass how to ball  
Never turn my back on a nigga I call a friend  
Riding with you even if I know I won't win  
Feel like Joe the Boss in this foggy I've been  
Rapping from the heart, I don't even need a pen  
Flag on my pocket, shorty, that's unity  
Hear these niggas talking, boy, don't look over me  
Ain't shit you could do to me, tryina feed my family  
Fuck all these jewelry, party go crazy, count me in

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All this status have a nigga thinking different  
Put up in together, we gonna eat, pay attention  
Keep my niggas off the kitchen, stop bitching  
People better listen, always paid attention and played my position

Rapping from the heart, never facing  
Daddy was a Muslim, mama was a Christian  
Lost one brother now I got three  
Laugh, I'm a real, real nigga, can't take my breathe

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