

# Cash (feat. Wooh Da Kid)

## Waka Flocka Flame

[Featuring: Wooh da Kid][Chorus: Waka Flocka Flame]

So pump right out my bong  
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone  
2 Track don't fear my past  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash

All I know is...So pump right out my bong  
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone  
2 Track don't fear my past  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
All I know is...

[Verse 1: Waka Flocka Flame]

I gotta get it, gotta get it, oh the money marathon  
All I know if flex and grind, what the flock? I gotta shine  
I wanna hit it, wanna hit it, got that bitch on my mind  
Ain't no thin ones over here, you gon get stuck there every time  
Waka Flocka Waka Flocka, keep the coke up every time  
Winner ate the stash, it's alright, can't lose they mind  
Late late late, you are my kind, thank you Billy porcupine  
All I know is takin' paper, aha gla gla gla  
Always in the hood, ain't hard to find  
Get with us if you sell a tone  
And you mad dog, fuck one time  
What about yours and what about mine?  
People tried, can't stop me, I chui sukaki  
Where you from, where wait up  
My squad brick-nopoli  
Squuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuad!  
So pump right out my bong  
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone  
2 Track don't fear my past  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
All I know is...So pump right out my bong  
Don't leave 'til the whole bong gone

2 Track don't fear my past  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
Hustlin' for the cash  
Grindin' for this cash  
All I know is...[Verse 2: Wooh Da Kid]  
All I know is Guala Harry bring cash  
I need all my money, Harry quick fast  
Don't plan, 'xcept you playin' with my check  
You just had his shoulders, bitch ate a snack  
I got 2 guys to leave you guys dirty  
No one fuck with money on your hand, you'll be found  
Adios, enough of all this he say she say  
I say you go down, you just made your pay  
All he want is fame, pull him on the poster  
Playin' with my bred, it gets you burnt by the toaster  
Grind for the cash, hustle for the hell of it  
Gon say like I just like the smell of it[Chorus: Waka Flocka Flame]  
So pump right out my bong  
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All I know is...

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

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