

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 x4 Pop 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.

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