

Chin Up (feat. Slim Dunkin) [Bonus Track]

Waka Flocka Flame

(Intro)

I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x7)Waka Flocka
(Bricksquad Monopoly)

The industry grew me up mentally,
physically, financially yall cant fuck with me.

Im soon to be in the top three put it on the
beat my G. Partner got two, Brother got two,
momma got five? momma got eight. It aint
bout cake plus a nigga im straight. Eat it out
the pot I dont need no plate, you can ask
my girl I dont need no date. Four singles up
aye shawty you late. Sleep when im dead meet
me at my wake. Ninety-five problems like the
beast awake (west side). Everytime they hate
I act alright. I love every beat southside make.

They call me mister eight-oh-eight. Roll up blunts
I dont do no shake. House on the hill I dont want no lake
pump yo bricks why u worried bout us. Monopoly
boys in the squad I trust plus I got friends in need, family
to feed. Flag in my pocket as unity. Not the same person I
used to be. I aint going nowhere, get used to me Flocka!

Hook

Pick yo chin up (Flocka) dont walk with your head down.

Those just words dont let them knock you down

I got friends that need, family to feed

friends that need, family to feed (x3)

all for one one for all. One swing we all swing.

All these niggas they got my back, a mill ticket thats chump

change I got friends that need, family to feed

friends that need, family to feed (x3)Slim Dunkin

Cause gettin' money dont make shit (Nope)

nigga never gave me nothing, had to take shit.

Whole hood rep blue like the Patriots (Squad)

Got the glock like nigga do the matrix (Pow)

niggas start breaking laws, fuck jail. Went to court,
judge was like no bail (Shit) I don seen a lot of things on the
dope scale. I aint trap rob a nigga wholesale. Fifty deep
everybody gotta eat (gotta eat) one bed everynody gotta sleep
(gotta sleep) spend hours in the line just to? folks. Put

Barack in the office, nigga still broke. Daddy beat momma
ass, yeah i had it rough. Fucked a nigga up so i got big enough.

Did shit nigga hoping to do, why you want my autograph nigga
im broker than u. Momma cried, two jobs. two?, work?.
Forgive me my God, im fucked up, times hard. Dirty shoes
rent due, D Moss we miss you. Behind the mic, they dont
know what Slim D been through.Dunk!

Hook

Pick yo chin up (Flocka) dont walk with your head down.
Those just words dont let them knock you down
I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x3)
all for one one for all. One swing we all swing.
All these niggas they got my back, a mill ticket thats chump
change I got friends that need, family to feed
friends that need, family to feed (x3)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>