

# Obituary (feat. Wooh Da Kid)

## Waka Flocka Flame

DJ Scream, Waka Flocka  
Hood Rich  
Kliko, we in this motherf-cker man  
I'm back, now I've been all around the motherf-ckin world man  
42 cities, 11 countries  
N-gga I'm still tourin man  
Of 3 years ago music and I'm still makin millions off my old shit I'll bust yo head, It ain't shit to me!  
Have you plankin dead, It ain't shit to me!  
Flocka!  
Arms up screaming victory  
Obituary, read you out in history  
Have you rob me, statute death a unsolved mystery  
Rappers comin out the closet like they Jason Collins  
Rappers beef with other n-ggas, they don't want these problems  
I just get it poppin, grew up, I didn't have an option  
My youngins, they ain't got a option, they'll shoot yo shit up  
That's facts n-gga, stay strapped n-gga  
Ridin round town with that same fat n-gga  
That's deep dash, window smack, choppa with a blast  
6 hour surgeries and a body cast  
Ah, ride on the enemy  
Give a f-ck about this industry  
Shoot one, I shoot two, you know the remedy  
Headshot, top back, JF Kennedy  
I'll bust yo head, It ain't shit to me!  
Have you plankin dead, It ain't shit to me!  
Flocka!  
Arms up screaming victory  
Obituary, read you out in history  
Have you rob me, statute death a unsolved mystery Adopt yo soul, it ain't shit to me (adios)  
Parties droppin, I see murder like masterpiece  
Obituary, you just made history  
No prints, just an unsolved mystery  
Copped my first strap when I was 14  
Real painkiller like morphine

Don't pause, add em, I need more fiends  
I can see it in his face, he sold his ice cream  
Wooh da King, Waka Flocka - bad news  
I swear these boys nuts, no casuals  
Cross the line, you gon die today  
Droppin money on the head like he DOA I'll bust yo head, It ain't shit to me!  
Have you plankin dead, It ain't shit to me!  
Flocka!  
Arms up screaming victory  
Obituary, read you out in history  
Have you rob me, statute death a unsolved mystery

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>