

# No Hands (feat. Roscoe Dash & Wale)

## Waka Flocka Flame

Listen to this track, bitch  
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance  
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam  
I'mma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants  
Then I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way your booty go (go, go)  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)  
All that ass in your jeans  
Can Wale beat? Can Roscoe skeet?  
Long hair she don't care, when she walk she get stares  
Brown skin or a yellowbone, DJ this my favorite song  
So I'mma make it thunderstorm, flood warning, Flocka yeah  
Blowin', fuck it, I don't care, Jacksons flyin' everywhere  
Tap my partner Roscoe like bruh  
I'm drunk as hell can't you tell  
Threw 70 bands, bet 50 stacks, oh fuckin well  
I'm tryna hit the hotel with two girls that'll swallow me  
Take this dick while I'm swallow Moscato, got her freaky  
Hey you got me in a trance, please take off your pants  
Pussy pop on a handstand, you got me sweatin'  
Please pass me a fan, damn  
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance  
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam  
I'mma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants  
Then I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way your booty go (go, go)  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)  
She said look ma, no hands  
She said look ma, no hands and no darling I don't dance  
And I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka, I think I deserve a chance  
I'm a bad mothafucka, gon' ask some mothafuckas  
A young handsome mothafucka  
I sling that wood, I just Nunchuck 'em  
And who you with? And what's your name?  
You not hip boo, I'm Wale  
And that D.C. shit I rep all day  
And my eyes red cause of all that haze  
Don't blow my high, let me shine  
Drumma on the beat, let me take my time  
Nigga want beef we can take it outside

Fight for what broad, these hoes ain't mine  
Is you out your mind? You out your league  
I sweat no bitches just sweat out weaves  
Wear out tracks, let me do my thing  
I got 16, for this Roscoe thing  
But I'm almost done, let me get back to it  
Whole lotta loud and a little backwood  
Whole lotta money, big tip I would  
I put her on the train, little engine could, bitch  
Girl the way you're movin', got me in a trance  
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam  
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Then I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor  
I love the way your booty go (go, go)  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)  
Roscoe Dash, okay  
R-O-S-C-O-E, Mr. Shawty-Put-It-On-Me  
I be goin' ham, shawty upgrade from bologna  
Them niggas tippin' good girl but I can make it flood  
Cause I walk around with pockets that are bigger than my bus (who)  
Rain, rain go away, that's what all my haters say  
My pockets stuck on overload, my rain never evaporates  
No need to elaborate, most of these ducks exaggerate (they do)  
But I'mma get money nigga everyday stuntin' nigga  
Ducks might get a chance after me  
Bitch I'm ballin' like I'm comin' off of free throws  
Cause the head of the game no cheat codes  
Lambo, Roscoe, no street code  
And your booty got me lost like Nemo  
Go, go, go, go, gon' and do your dance  
And I'mma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl the way you're movin', got me  
in a trance  
DJ turn me up, ladies this your jam  
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All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (what)  
Le'go!

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

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