

Flex, flex flex
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Slippin' through my shit wonderin' what hits it get
Even before the flicks I was always hit to flip the script
Let's play a game, call catch a bitch, how you play?
Well diss me nigga and catch a fist, you playin'?
Ooo, I know you didn't expect a nigga to catch wreck
I'm comin' from the west, they all slept (Flex)
'Cause it's been a long day
And I get with Johnny Q when niggas rub me the wrong way
Twenty four tracks is fat and all that
Pack smack, jaw crack, after that, can I get my balls back?
Nigga don't front, just pass the blunt
I freak the funk for the trunks, pop the pump on the chumps
I make ya jump
Dum diddy dump, love to thump
Leavin' niggas with Plumps, smokin' blunts and skunks
So here it comes, let's have a gun
Or get done by the worst of our trumps for fun
Pump pump!

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Oh duck, prepare to throw nigga, get that ass dropped
Give us mad props and get packed I'm mad hot
So get that 'caine step to the wrong f*ckin' man
The crew too, fifty niggas in the wrong clan
You f*ckin' bitch you better take you snitch ass home
[?] is up feel his chrome on your damn dome
Boom boom boom niggas better duck or get bucked
f*ck stuck in the damn gut
I tryna tell ya but niggas ain't feel me
The f*ck with dollar wouldn't that, never hail g
Born for boner, raise up in the stack
Schoolin', I'm ready to feel pain bet you ass
Will be fillin on the
Foul type, then you say hi when I pass by
A nigga tryna act fly god bless the nice try
Straight serve, what a herb, kicked to the curb
Slammin' dust, he got some motherf*ckin' nerve

So back f*ckin' and get jacked , dont test
So get wrecked and it will be a mess
If they wanna be a

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Hey yo, nothin' gets buck quick
When he f*ck with, and Thoro Headz stuck
Bet you can't budge with the rough niggas

See, it's fifty niggas with me, is hundred head raw
Not to mention a countless, I'm not ya ammo
So why would you wanna play a test
You can't fade the best, since you get laid to rest
Yeah, still wreck, you testin' your mic full of check tack it
Rep with
Niggas wanna flex it
They call me Big Mac, you put the f*ckin bitch
And I'm outie
Five dodge and you will never doubt me
I'm gettin' flammy on this 2Pac jammy
Yo, sittin' and pissin' on a bitch ass panty
Yeah, like it's magic we comin' on that ass massive
Better tap in or get your ass kicked
And if you plannin' on rushin', better stomp fast
'Cause in the flat, I snatch a badge out you mark ass
Ayo, spark, split fifty niggas
They should give us motherf*cker some of that real shit
Ill shit they keep holes on the deals nigga
Attackin' niggas like shit list with quick hits
So f*ck a rhyme if ya feel what I want for tacs
Watch ya back, nigga, 'cause we ain't quitter

Thoro Headz motherf*cker
Big Malcolm, motherf*cker indo boy
Strictly representin' for the motherf*ckin' fugitive [?]
Them niggas can't be f*cked with
So when I keel over and die they gon take the shit
All you weak motherf*ckers get the motherf*ckin' [?]
'Cause my niggas ain't afraid of flexin' you feel me
Young Niggas, Young Niggas