

Flex

Ace Hood

Day in day out, nigga we countin' money

It's the same old same old but it's in full
Got a side bitch and I got me a man ho
Addicted to the ban row, yea that bank row
Got my money rackers, that's just what I came for

Cause all I do is flex, all I do is flex
I'm countin' paper daily if you're just as dirty sex
Aye cause all I do is flex, all I do is flex
Them niggas they be hatin' cause I'm runnin' through them chicks

Ok I'm tryna have a six, just bring me my chick
I'm counting through the money just make sure that it's correct
Try and short me on some paper, I hope you brought you a vest
Keep my 9 when I slide, that's one thing I won't forget
Got my 20 men to spare, I use the chick just for her neck
Catch shit all and you better not spit
Better not bite, baby girl, you lick
On another time better make this quick
Shawty that mean when she suckin' that dick
Tell 'er slow down and she might catch a fit
Sippin' on some white while she goggle that shit
Back to the money like I never left that
See me and a friend I never did make that
Keep a hundred grand in a black Lou bag
Blacks on fire right up underneath that
Got a couple bad bitches, let 'er see bag
20-4 show, nigga run to the lap
Blow a couple bands and I run that back
Fuck a nigga man nigga straight like that

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Ok now Rosay pop that open
Pockets stay all swollen
Walkin' with that black out, ain't no tellin' what I'm holdin'
Got ermines on my waist line
Phantom in the day time
Catch me out at night, I'm in that drop and the top gon lay down
See your bad bitch I'm like Kate hey now
Big money make a bad bitch stay 'round
Real money don't belong in the playground
Real niggas that's who I be 'round
Nigga all I do is flex, all I do is flex
Got a bad lil mama wanna fuck
I show my dawg the text
And the Rollie on my wrist
Hundred on my neck

You can call me crazy but you can't call me collect
Cause I do this as a hobby
I'm paid no instant probly
I'm a shit like a nigga done party
White girls and they all on mollies

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