

## Flint Flow

Babyfxce E

(Enrgy made this one)

Fifteen, all blues, I spent that on my coat  
Finna grab a chunky-ass Cuban, I don't fuck with ropes  
I ain't stingy with my bitches, I put 'em the floor  
The windows don't roll down on this whip, I'm shootin' out the door  
Five for a show, I ain't comin' if it ain't for sure  
Dress the chop up, but I promise this bitch ain't for show  
Smack my nigga in his head, he tried to wife a ho  
Know you ain't sick, check your temp, 'cause we'll wipe your nose  
Bitch, yeah, we really on that  
Stop bein' fake on tip if you ain't really on that  
If I break up with my bitch, then I'm addin' all the hoes back  
If I stop this rap shit, then I'm back up in that one bag

Bro got Glock on him, he ready to shoot shit like 4Sho Mag  
On IG, just post my new bitch, got my hoes mad  
Seen a nigga on YouTube soundin' like me, that's my old bag  
I been trappin' for so long, bitch, I'm still countin' old cash  
Put a ten ball on a nigga head, get him toe-tagged  
Nigga cap so much in his raps, he got a gold hat  
My brother said a nigga touch Gramz, he givin' soul taps  
I just texted this headhunter bitch, "I want my soul back"  
Spent some bands in OSS, I gotta go back  
I know he broke, he out here askin' where the hoes at  
I just touched down in LA, where the 'bows at?  
I wore this shit once and I can't find it, where my clothes at?

I'm tryna get whatever cost the most, ain't look at no Scat  
I was puttin' Dolce & Gabbana on before rap  
I barely take pictures with my niggas 'cause they don't rap  
I made so much money off this shit that I promote rap  
She the type of bitch to bring the paper back, I got my ho snatched  
I'm puttin' two grams in every blunt, blow the most wax  
I'm tryna see what all you did out here like where your ho facts?  
I got the most stats, got a buck on me and don't flex  
Never notice what she used to do, I don't check  
Never look into the shit you sayin', won't check  
I should sign and not do the work, I hit her, got her nigga hurt  
I abuse everything I touch, overdo the syrup

Racin' Fxce to the location, I'm tryna kill him first  
Young niggas gettin' rich off rap, we got the city turnt  
Like a bitch with an STD, I'm tryna get him burnt  
Mickey Mouse on the ARP, let the titties jerk  
Glass house on my left wrist, I paid the high for this  
Nigga jumped fresh with his pistol just to die with it  
How you fuck me, then my mans? Bitch, you trifling  
Every day, I run into some cake with heavy icing  
Fresh as hell slidin' on niggas, the 'fit seven bands  
Shit, on my way to the top, I lost several friends  
Bitch, I'm a master, you can only meet me at level ten  
I'm in a Demon, runnin' every light, who let the devil in?

The K I got, it got more shots than a hospital  
I sold a tape to a landlord and went and bought a house with it  
Back in the day, every verse I sold, I went and bought an ounce with it

Picked up my dribble and I still scored, and that's without pivot  
Bitch, I hit you with a Kobe fadeaway  
Woke up, felt like gettin' paid, well, that's every day  
Shit talkin' opened up doors, I helped pave a way  
Blow the cape straight off your back, tryna save the day  
High as fuck off a deuce, I'm damn near unconcious  
Hit him with the ass of the gun, now he unconcious  
Make your bitch give me head every day, yeah, I love knowledge  
They thought I signed a deal, but that was another sponsor

Yeah, Flint niggas in this bitch, baby, get naked (Alright)  
I'm sippin' on a six of PAI I got from Miss Gretchen  
CiCi coldest out of North Flint, but the bitch messy  
Waist tiny, ass super fat, look like Big Jessie  
This ain't no diss, though, I'm just fact spittin' (Y'ello)  
If the coochie can squirt, then the cat gifted  
Bitch got Garfield in her panties, that's a fat kitten  
My Regencies bitch got bedbugs, now my back itchin'  
(The Lunch Crew Company)  
Man, I'm just honest  
I might go get Alexa back, but the bitch toxic  
Finessin', serve a nigga Tylenol, he think the shit watchin'  
She think her nigga hard, he only tough when he hit powder  
Nigga a dusthead  
DE with a switch, when I shoot, sound like a bus wreck (Boom)  
I heard they said I fell off, I ain't let up yet (Y'ello)  
Your nigga sus, he always wanna have butt sex  
Fxce said do a twelve, I did a sixteen  
Nigga'll rob his own mama if he sip green  
My granny said, "Why your Sprite so dark?" It's hibisc' tea  
Mama think I smoke crack 'cause I'm ridin' 'round with six fiends (Free Rio  
and Big Meech)

Pack had me fucked up, I had to come back in  
I ain't even rap too long, this a comeback ten  
Was gettin' caught up textin' other bitches, had to cut back ten  
Any ho I didn't want no more got put above the rim  
Ayy, nigga, I could rap circles around you  
Keep that beat goin', wait  
Yeah, I could rap circles around you  
I used to scam, I could tell you somethin' personal 'bout you  
I don't plan this shit I rap about, I don't rehearse when I'm talkin'  
Thirty thousand and a Glock on me, it kinda hurt when I'm walkin'  
Told Kidd, "Shut the fuck up, I can't work when you talkin'"  
Niggas thought my pants didn't fit 'cause the burst in my joggers  
Dumb-ass nigga  
It's with an X  
Fxce