

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 unconscious
Hit him with the ass of the gun, now he unconscious
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