

Mashed out on my ex life  
Y'all thought it be less hype  
I probably be around more killers now  
Than I was before I met Christ  
X that I mean ex-killers  
That you still wouldn't want to excite  
Handle bars like a BMX bike  
Burn it down word to my left eye  
See through y'all like x-rays  
Dead a next chick don't test mine  
Made the ex-chick see the exit  
Cause I wasn't trying to have an ex-wife  
G-O-M go extra hard  
Had to come up with a way to get the message off  
Out with the old, in with the new  
Got to go big extra large, lets go

Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Give a second flex  
Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Flexing on my ex (aye)  
Pardon me while I flex

Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (my ex)  
Give a second flex  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Pardon me while I flex

Flexing  
No I am not finished I'm, fFlexing  
Just give me a minute, flexing  
Before you start to judge my, flexing  
If you pay attention I'm  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Flexing on my ex (ex)  
Give a second flex

Last night a text from my ex came  
With exclamation she exclaimed  
Her anxiety and her chest pains  
From our broken up then she exclaimed  
That she was scrolling through my IG  
Cause she seen me stunting like the X-games  
And it made her miss me but I just ignored it  
The reply from me was a exchange  
And that's when my iPhone X rang  
I looked down and saw my ex name  
And when I picked up she was extremely upset  
And that's when my ex claimed

That she needed to be next to me  
All she wanted was some ecstasy  
I told her God is calling on the other line  
Then hung up what does she expect from me  
She's gassed up like Exxon  
But of course I got my flex on  
See on my own I'm just weak and frail  
But In his strength I'm buffer than an ex-con  
I know that Satan really exist  
And if I took the bait it be a death wish  
He's going to use her to try and get me  
But with this temptation is an exit  
Its time to work no expending  
One life on earth no extensions  
Were called to holiness no exceptions  
That's all my homies there's no exemptions  
Satan will continue to keep testing my flesh  
Probably until my day of death and a rest  
But in his power I'm going to flex on my ex  
You would think I had an S on my chest

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