

A-M-I,... G-H-T-Y... Flex On em!

True, true, true, don't make me shoot you, you
My Breitling light the room, room, room
Bitch my car go vroom, vroom, vroom
Got elephant in my trues, trues, trues
Thousand for my shoes, shoes, my shoes
Sosa be flexin' on these niggas, I know
Baby that's the way it go
Go, Go, Go

You don't wanna give me top then go, bye-bye
Got some niggas that be at yo door, knockin'
Fuckin' with Almighty So, not him
Baby I don't care about shit, nothin'
But countin' them Ben Franklins, countin'
84 karat diamond necklace, that's a shiner
It look like it's bout to take a piss, God damn
I'm G'd up, I'm T'd up
Baby boy you don't wanna try me boy
Like your fuckin' father, boy I'll beat ya
When I see yo bitch, boy I'll freeze her
She call me Papi
Don't care about no nigga cause I'm me
Get dome with that then I leave
Kill that bitch, she try to set up me
That's the way it go, tell the cops I ain't sayin' shit, radio
Try to drive by bitch, we shootin' not the stereo
You don't want these problems, pussy carry on
I'm with Obama up in D.C
Tryna find some bitches that's gon' eat, eat
He say what makes you trippin', he calls Chief Keef
Cause I blow that like a mothafuckin' B.E
That bitch, whore, whore, she a whore
She call my phone then I ignore her
Like I fuckin' know her
Only cause I'ma Glory Boy

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