

## Theraflu (Freestyle)

Chris Brown

My bank account telling me to calm down  
The billboards telling me to climb down  
Ha, niggas pillow talking, let me find out  
Could give a fuck about later bitch I'm on now  
Ha, you know the shine is what I do though  
Bitch, you know I'm flexing about a necklace and a 2 do'  
Monday in the Rolly, Tuesday in the Hublot  
RnB killing rap niggas, that's just what I do though

These niggas is lame, they always complain and doing the same s  
hit  
Get all up on twitter, tryna get followers, sucking the same d;  
ck  
I'm tired of these niggas, tired of arguing over the same bitch  
Niggas funny like comics, I'm wealthy nigga, I ain't rich  
My shit be up in galleries, a million when I paint bitch  
Pop records bought me this Ferrari, that's a lane switch  
Switch it up on you niggas watch my number change  
Grown up on you niggas, yeah my number changed

Hit-boy, all these rappers wasting beats  
I bought all my clique toys, ain't no niggas wasting heat  
Yeah I cop that big noise, aka I'm TNT  
I blow that shit up, get up  
Cause boy you can't get rid of  
Don't fuck with my old bitch, it's like a bad fur  
Every industry nigga done had her  
Trick or treat like a pumpkin just to smash her  
Bitches breaking codes, but I'm the password

Now it's time for young niggas to shut down shit  
If you yapping in the club then you surrounded  
They say he tripping, on some greyhound shit  
He didn't listen, now he listening to the ground bitch  
Put him out, he's sleeping  
With all the sneakers on his chest, he barely breathing  
Like it's lights out, he took a beating  
Hand on his chest, holding his heart, pledge of allegiance  
Damn, his bitch cold, need a Theraflu  
Took 'em shopping, bought 'em 1500 pair of shoes  
Ha, Theraflu  
I'm a cold ass nigga, fuck you!