

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!