

# Flewed Out

## City Girls

Cheeze

Married to the streets, I can't do forest  
Know some rich niggas that'd never make the Forbes list  
Still, I'll bust a move in some Jordans (Jordans)  
Make 'em take their phone, I know she tryna record me  
Flew her on the jet, I got chartered, yeah  
Half a million, now a hundred my starter kit  
Press a button on the whip and make it start up  
Everybody trappin' from the 'partment to the corridor  
I believe in God, not in karma (Karma)  
Ain't fuckin' with these bitches who just lookin' for a comma (Comma)  
Seven figure nigga, two commas (Commas)  
I been poppin' back that money so niggas even can't relate  
I been runnin' up from zeros, some shit I just gotta say  
Everybody got a job, I guess they position to hate  
I can deal when niggas talkin', as long they in they place  
I was married to the game, I'm just happy I got away  
Then I take a picture with a R in the seat  
I ain't fuckin' with that lil' boy, he beneath me  
I got stars watchin' over me when I'm sleep  
Shorty really love me, she just scared I'ma leave  
Give a couple thousand every time that we creep  
We ain't makin' nothin' competition, we just leasin'  
Only hittin' baddies, can't be fuckin' 'round with decent  
Bitch tryna to get flewed out for the weekend

I got some money I'm tryna blow, give me a reason  
You and your friend, a penthouse, Four Seasons  
You do the job, I pay the tab, we eatin'  
Bitch tryna get flewed out for the weekend  
We stayin' over, I'm on mine, no sleepin'  
Get you a bag and put it up for no reason  
Pick up the cash and count it up, then we leavin'  
Bitch tryna to get flewed out for the weekend

Gotta spend a hundred if you really want it flewed out (Period)  
Pussy make him pack it up and move out (Yup)  
Hair worth the last name and new house  
Fuckin' on a private my mood now (Haha)  
Let him eat this pussy on the G5  
I'ma bust this ass like I'm strippin' in the G5  
Plenty niggas tryna hit, had to hit 'em with the deny  
Tell him that he gotta spend a bag to get a reply (Haha)  
Patek the wrist, I'm such a boss bitch (Boss bitch)  
My two Birkins like they don't cost shit (Cost shit)  
Suckin' him dead, he in the coffin  
Pussy tsunami, Miami Dolphin (Haha)

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You do the job, I pay the tab, we eatin'  
Bitch tryna get flewed out for the weekend (For the weekend)  
We stayin' over, I'm on mine, no sleepin'  
Get you a bag and put it up for no reason  
Pick up the cash and count it up, then we leavin' (Yeah)  
Bitch tryna to get flewed out for the weekend (Ha, what's up?)

JT back, trap niggas bring the blues out (Yeah)  
I was in the cell, Yung Miami gettin' flewed out (Ah)  
Put this pussy on him, make a nigga say "Ooh, ahh"  
City Girls hot but my jewelry too cool  
Everybody wanna be relationship goals (Yeah)  
How they tricks, sis, we ain't savin' these hoes (Uh-huh)  
Fly a hood bitch from Miami to Melrose (Yeah)  
Pussy on his nose in the back of the Rolls (What's up?)  
Post up the food but don't post the nigga (Nah)  
Post up the bag but don't post the spender (No)  
Kiss and you tell? I'ma suspend you (Bye)  
Free game but this pussy expensive (Period)

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