

# Freestyle On Flex

Cordae

Okay, ooh, ooh  
Oh, y'all on some shit  
Sip my tea man  
Make a lil' house out this bitch  
Uh, okay

I came in the game with a chip on my shoulder  
Looking at the competition, all these niggas is older  
Only got two favorite rappers, Jigga and HOVA  
I'm sipping the soda, Lamborghini equipped with a motor  
'Till I hopped in the fast lane, reminiscing my past pains  
Carry it, the cash came, heritage from my last name (Uh)  
I'm from a tribe of brilliance, I buy the building  
Please hide the children, I'm 'bout to go on a killing spree  
Know you feeling me, got these rap poems, soliloquies  
Wife, I really need, these hoes a bunch of Billy Jeans  
Fake ass niggas, snake ass niggas  
Rapping fast but "What the fuck did you say?" ass niggas  
Type imported with Michael court in, your life distorted  
The best nigga out of the league since Michael Jordan  
Plotting what I'm 'bout to accomplish, quite enormous  
I don't have to write to forfeit, my nigga my life a story  
Call Spike me, tell him how I made it off of type beats  
I might be the nicest with the handles since Kyrie  
Rookie vet, came in the game, just took the check  
Bodying everything that I do, my nigga look at Flex  
Shoutout to my nigga Joey, court side at the Brooklyn Nets  
Told him I need a ticket, you gotta be specific  
My nigga, I bleed terrific and piss excellence  
My shit heaven sent, flowing like a sick veteran  
The difference between me and you  
Multiply your self worth by five trillion  
Your high ceilings still couldn't equal two  
Fraction of my worst shit, find your purpose  
But while my verses, you can learn something, go soul searching  
Now watch me spend these Benjamin Franklin's  
Like what this nigga be thinking  
Never forgot to deposit that as memory bank and  
Hilary Swank and niggas should really be thanking  
The young God MC stopped the killing, he's dangerous

You see it, wow  
Uh, huh (Woof), yeah  
Watchu got Juan, watchu got?  
What's next?

Okay, ayy turn this shit up a little bit  
Okay, I fuck with this, alright  
Uh, Jetson make- ayy

Different day, different dollars  
Switch Impalas, Fendi, Prada, plenty proper  
Just dropped 100K on my new portfolio, you a penny stopper  
You can keep your Balenciaga's, got plenty drama  
Man, I'm fiending like twenty mamas  
I'm barely rich, man, I still eat at Benihana  
I'mma need like ten Rihanna's

Post commentary to all my niggas in solitary  
My bitch bad like Halle Berry  
We be making movies like Tyler Perry  
Shit kinda scary, my God  
Why you got to be so bashful  
Shawtie wanna hit my phone with a hassle (Huh)  
I ain't tryna raise no Rascals  
Copped a new crib, shit look like a castle (Ayy)  
Getting them coins (Uh), Filet the steak, I ain't eating sirloins (Uh)  
Baby come join (Uh), I'm getting this money, I won't  
So fortunate, proportionate  
Lost Boy, nigga, no coordinates  
Remember Christmas, we was giftless  
Three foot tree, no ornaments  
Pull my dick out, hoes swarming it  
Flow cold, nigga no warming it  
Mama couldn't afford AAU, so we couldn't hoop, nigga no tournaments  
Now I'm with my nigga Ben Simmons plus ten women, I been winning  
Me and you, it's a big difference  
Naw for real, now listen Flex, ayy  
You ain't dealing with no amateur  
Two toned drip might damage ya  
Hit a nigga quick, no camera  
I do not think you could handle us  
Why they in the streets so scandalous?  
Rap niggas dumb, don't plan enough  
Let me tell you how I ran it up  
Six months, live with my manager  
I was down bad on my ass, with no cash in the bag, now I'm finally manning up  
Tryna get a sack, boy I'm the quarterback on my team like my last name Manning, bruh  
Know what that mean?  
If that bitch bad, get in between  
Her pussy wetter than aquamarine  
Made that ho sing, Adam Levine (Uh)

Yeah, yeah  
Hold it bruh  
Keep it rolling  
We rolling (Uh, huh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

If you got bars (Uh, huh)  
If you out here watching this  
Hol' up, hol' up my nigga, bring that back  
Aww man  
If you got bars like this (Uh, huh)  
Submit you material, alright (Yeah)  
Submit FunkFlex.com if you can spit like YBN Cordae (Yeah)  
I'm not sure if you can, but if you can send it to me  
Come on  
You got another one?  
Let's do it, come on let's play (Let's go)  
If you got another one, I got another one (Let's do it)  
Let's go, let's do it  
Uh, man I love the diversity  
Flex, yeah, yeah  
Oh, this why I came up here 'cause y'all play great beats (Who?)  
For real, haha, ayy

I'm still searching on the path that I'm headed beyond  
One thing I had to learn was never question a don

What is life to a king and what is death to a pawn?  
When I was twelve I got baptized and read the Quran  
Searching for purpose, answers  
Locked up for murdering verses  
Stan, I heard you was nervous but that's my manners  
Grew up in Carolina but was raised by the panthers  
Moved to Maryland, mama used to work at the Sheraton (Uh)  
One bed room apartment, it was so embarrassing  
Hard times will humble the soul and lower arrogance  
Raised in the trenches with robbers, it's no samaritans  
No charity, you niggas confused, it's no clarity  
Crystal clear diamonds from Africa, just imported  
I realized with money that vanity is less important  
Feeling like LeBron with plans of catching Jordan  
Plotting on a billi, ways to invest the fortune  
Let me switch the topic for you niggas that's getting brolic  
If you kicking knowledge, I'll make a scholarly visit college  
Dropped out and told professor, "Kiss my ass"  
Now I'm heading to the studio to diss my class  
Let me bring it back a second for all of my adolescence  
Am I the dopest out? My nigga, why is that a question?  
Competition is nonexistent, was born the greatest  
My parents fornicated but that shit's a normal basis  
Gave birth to a king, wasn't a cloud in the sky  
To all of the motherfuckers who would doubt, it's a lie  
So remember this like it was in the Book of Genesis  
I reminisce days when love was real and all the infinite  
Tired of the fake shit, back to the basics  
Your favorite rapper's favorite, somebody had to say it  
Was caught up in the Matrix, almost lost joint  
Now, y'all motherfuckers go and cross the Lost Boy  
Nigga