

Who You Foolin'

Doe Boy

You a fuck nigga, can't flex like me
Fuck nigga, you ain't got a check like me
Shades Ray-Ban but the shoes Louis V
Told you fuck niggas, can't flex like me
Lame ass nigga, can't dress like me
He ain't got a icy ass neck like me
True Religion jeans, you ain't dressed like me
Told you fuck niggas can't flex like me, now

Hold up, hustles when I ball up
Took a shot, pour up
Throw a couple bands, like so what
All a nigga know is turn up
Nine on deck, don't run up
I don't wanna lift my gun up
Broke ass nigga just shut up
Like turn up, (turn up)

Bands on deck so you know a nigga flexing with foreigners
Ridin' with a bitch named Lauren, and I'm rocking Ralph Lauren
Kiss my wrist and neck, my ice so gorgeous
Designer shoes on, nigga, I don't really fuck with them Jordans

Chains by [?], jeans by True
Shoes by Louis, and I'm running round in Gucci
10 deep hoodie, [?]
Riding through the hood flexing all my jewelry
Shades Ray-Ban, [?]
Dope boy fresh, turnt up, she choosing
Niggas ain't with it, these niggas losing
You ain't turnt up, nigga, who the hell you fooling?
Chains by [?], jeans by True
Shoes by Louis, and I'm running round in Gucci
10 deep hoodie, [?]
Riding through the hood flexin all my jewelry
Shades Ray-Ban, [?]
Dope boy fresh, turnt up and she choosing
Niggas ain't with it, these niggas losing
You ain't turnt up, nigga, who the hell you fooling?

Flex, young nigga, flex young nigga flex
Iced out dough boy on my fucking neck
Rubber Band Money Gang thumbin' through that check
All a nigga care about is money, guns and sex (nigga flex!)
Niggas wanna jack me because I'm caked
Toys on deck, you wanna play (you think I'm playing?)
And my watch look like a fucking dinner plate
Eating guala off that bitch, every day, nigga flex
All these fuck niggas wanna be me, believe me
Money and the rest so you can't see me, that's easy
Eating all these bands, 'cus I'm greedy
Checkerboard Louis', I look at 'em and say king me

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