

Flex Freestyle

Drakeo The Ruler

Sheesh, everything I state is facts
I'm not these other street niggas, bitch I can really rap
I'm ridin' round town with a tommy gun and a Jag
And you can disregard the yelling, RJ tied up in the back
Man stop playing, pour that eight up in a Masi
I'm driving so fast, my eyes look like I'm crying
Of course my wrist shining, don't ask me what these are
Bitch these are VVS Diamonds, it's hard to see the timing
And if I take a look for myself it might blind me
He the type of nigga put slashes in his eyebrows
Pigtail flat tops? please, tell me what's that 'bout
One thing about Drakeo, no, I don't tap out
Bay Bay kids, running around eleven years old with the MAC out
You think I'm Yo Gotti the way I just brought this sack out
Say I pour too much, that's the type of shit I laugh 'bout
This a three band pint, I guess I had to bring the Act out
And since everybody eatin' let's see Splack bring a bag out
That's a fit and some strings, put a wig in a Lyft
Send a bitch to the retreat, tell that bitch bring my ends
Put the draco down, the engineer scared, so what, he ear hustlin'
Do 'em so cold, I will, the fit been mustard
Disgusting, suck me, fuck me, you bitches love me
You frown, you clown, you match, you must be crusty
I'm psycho, Michael Myers, I might just gut him
I'm in this shit to win, ain't no fuckin' bein' humble
It's a dog eat dog world but ain't no poodles in the jungle
It's 2016, we ain't 'bout to Royal Rumble
Almost lost my balance and grabbed the K 'fore I stumbled
What you say? speak up bitch, I can't hear you when you mumble
He yellin' too much on his track, get him a muzzle
Thirty-two, what if rap don't work? he ain't got no hustle
Watch worth twenty-five, where was you at twenty-five?
Pimps me, diss me, silly, I know you miss me
This a see-through drum with death darts and it's fifty
Niggas grown ass men, how you ain't ever seen fifty?
Niggas talkin' that tough shit, always end with just kidding
Bye bye bleed 'em, who brought you the Stinc meaner
Spring cleaner, cold demon, done mudwalked all through Neimans
These rocks in my watch done blurred all my seein'
Why you gas him so hard? bro we all human beings
I'm from 2 Greedy family, what I look like rap beefin'?
Shootin' K's on Naomi, police like that's black people
Puttin' money on my watch, what the fuck these niggas thinkin'?
How I'm supposed to get in heaven, I just fist fought with Jesus
Finna wash down my sins with a pint of MG-Peezy
Times three percocets, how the fuck I'm 'posed to think straight?
Niggas wanna rap beef but niggas ain't ever seen cake
Talkin' 'bout they want me, I just left MCJ
The whole shebang, I'm the closest thing to it
In the Masi thing, I traumatized the doors
You can tell I'm high, it's coming out my pores
Give me pints on pints on pints on pints, I'm scorched
The Nike sign is outlined on my 'ports
Twelve years old when I jumped off the porch
Central LP sim, what was you doin'?
Shit, clearly I wasn't into books
I was ridin' 'round town with flat heads and crooks

Lay a Drakeo on the rap game, please, these niggas shook
FN five sevens for niggas thinkin' they Suge
I don't need no pass, I'm Drakeo, I know I'm good, ugh

Tell these niggas stop sneak dissin'
It's 2016, we ain't got time for all that, you feel me
In the studio, you feel me
High as a motherfucker, I just bought a new AR, you feel me
We could do this all day my nigga, shit, you hear that?
That's what thirty thousand in hundreds sound like, tah, ugh
It's regular