

No Flex Zone

Futuristic

Well, hi there, it's your motherfucking boy
I got DJ Chuck on the ones, twos, threes, fours and sevens
[?], oh yeah, ching chang chong no flex zone, motherfucker
WTF gang, get that shit tatted on your wrist or your bitch or your kids, hold up, hold up, here we go

No flex zone, no flex zone
They know better, they know better

WTF is the best and it's just me, y'all niggas ugly
Trust me, I'm living like bubble boy, because y'all can't touch me
I'm playing rough like rugby
Everything I do they biting like a huskey
It's Futuristic, influential, man, he must be
I got the whole city saying sauce just because me
Y'all niggas all talk a lot, but you living in the shadow with the lil dudes
Size ten tennis shoes
Hating nigga fall back, I can see it in your eyes that you're fake, c'mon you're wearing color contacts
Been ready for combat, I'm a beast, you a wombat
Y'all niggas suck like the bobcats
No contract, I'm independent, kid's a menace, my album gon' be getting finished
Everything you do, I already did it and fuck a nine to five
I'm working from home, like I been suspended, yeah
Been pretending, but don't wanna admit it
I hear the lies you say in every sentence, you ol' broke niggas
The only way that you gon' get lil gold need keep it a hundred is if you run a special olympics
I owe the game you attending, you lucky I let you win it
I'm doing what I intended, I promised every penny
I'm sorry if you offended, I'm off the chain, like a pendant
I ain't cocky [?]
You better than me, tell me who is you kidding
I get it, I understand the resemblance
You niggas like the Heat, you had a lot of talent on the team but you still not winning
So go back to your home, boy, where you rap for your homeboy
We set trends here and you act like your homeboy
Don't make me smack all your homeboys
Don't get gassed by your homeboys
Look at me and my team, we dressed up for the award shows
Meanwhile you at the park, when it's dark, smoking weed with a nigga in jean shorts and cornrows, playing corn hole with a white bitch
She look like the girl off spy kids all grown up
Niggas throwing shots, like Elmer Fudd
Niggas getting signed off dumb luck, trust funds and dance vines
I'm contemplating my next move, like half time
Cause real rap is out here, but it's like a lamp with no bulb we can't shine
Someone better than me, is what I can't find
No creative control, woah, I can't sign
I need that, and at least six digits
And a label who can keep pace with my fast mine
Until then you know it's Futuristic, two bottles and a few cool bitches

This a no flex zone, like planet fitness

Oh shit, that makes my fucking voice hurt
And if you don't now you do, motherfucker, ah