

Got Muscle

GoldLink

Longway, Longway, bitch
You got muscle?
GoldLink, what it do my nigga?
Been having muscle since a jit, you understand me?
You got muscle then flex then, nigga, what's happening?

Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? (Flexin')
Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? You got muscle? (Flexin')
Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? (Flexin')
Got muscle? Got muscle? Got muscle? You got muscle?

Yeah, how many niggas from the block?
Just a real nigga 'til they get popped?
Get knocked, 'til that nigga turn to God, they're a cop
And I never gave a fuck about an opp, yeah-hah
Juice thicker than a raindrop
I done seen more coons than Boondocks, uh
Hear the songs, then he go, then he stop, uh
Beat his ass, take his chain, then we out, out
I don't give a fuck about the clout, um
I just really care about the outcome
Man, a nigga really miss Malcolm
Gunshots for the club, clout dumb
This real nigga shit ransom
Not random, throw tantrums
My bitch be bad, you can't fathom
So I cop the Phantom, uh
Bet you can't hold the heat and cop what's on the flame
I can't find you? I'll beat your mans
I be in the food to fuck with features
So fatigue and 'lead the fifth and lead the fam
I be in the streets for weeks
And hold my dirty Glocks for three
And shoot out with your clan
I just want the bucks, the fiends, the cluck
I got the stuff, you want to go inside the pan? Uh

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I got a brand new shawty, big booty, she from Texas
The way she playing with the titties, make me feel like she ambidextrous
Our crew damn near tied up, ain't no time for extras
The way I whip the tires, I could start a fire in a Lexus
I got one hand on the booty, the other is clutching my necklace
All these rappers, all these niggas better understand that I'm reckless
And I heard you niggas reaping shawties and you think you relentless
Yeah, I'm on your ass, lil' niggas, it ain't no time for extras

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You got muscle? Flex

Steppin' on a lil' bitch neck
Water drippin' off my Rolex
Trap back door, Bowflex
Runnin' up a big blue check
Hundred blue baguettes
GoldLink wrist on my neck
Percocet mixin' with the molly, get her wet
Smoking on exotic, good Biscotti on the jet
Pot Illuminati, catch a body with the TEC
Got muscle? Fuck it, young nigga, just flex
448, I invest in the best
Thousand eight grams, you can hit it, take a test
Wockhardt, Hi-Tech, smell it when I piss
You ain't Crip, we ain't all stressin', motion with a bitch
Dior, Chanel, my 'Gatti, Aventi'
Double R truck, I might hop out in Fendi
Longway, bitch

You got muscle? Huh
Arm & Hammer music, let's get it