

Barstool Flow

Jae Millz

This beat is so cool I should be rappin on a barstool
I tell bad bitches get over here no harpoon
No scorpion vessel full of colors like art school
Got it coming endlessly in the benz, carpool
Pitbull shitting on these pound pups
I'm smoking on loud my weed light turned down for what
10 models and they down to fuck
I mean they don't do runaways
They trend models but they down to fuck
I'm a certified bar king
No relations to Bernard King
But I'm a legend in New York for ballin
Your favorite rapper's favorite girl is forever callin
Two avenues from stalking
But that bitch ain't want me when I was walking
When I was local dead, popped and my children was talking
Switched the day now my wave silky
My SUV and my ears milky
Fuck socks bitch film me
Fucking low like fuck it though
I fucks your hoe but I don't love your hoe
Come and get her got a couple more
L for the flow I need a refill 'cause my cup is low
Ass back with niggas hatin, I'm like what? fuckin so?

My flow so cool I should be rappin on a barstool
Cheers to my doubters,
Caught me sailing, I'm serving drinks as happy hour
I heard niggas was hatin on me on the corner debating on me
Flow godly that's why Satan on me
Everything great upon me,
Game face on like the stage in front of me
I kill height niggas humbly
I'm a one to won, never been a wannabe
Unless you talking about wanting to be a billionaire
Ye we all wanna be millionaires
But truthfully I feel this fear
That I see 3 more 0's
I ain't on my shit, word ask your bitch she knows
Mr. nice guy smoker with a mean flow
We burn extendos you don't need no
Millzy the dragon call me steam boat
Fly off the top rope, land in your girl pussy
Put her to sleep then instagram,
Now lil nigga don't push me
I'm so used to being cool
I should hang with polar bears and drink coca cola's
Exchanging stories about how I got tired of being hotter than all of my competition
So I fled to the artic where it was colder
All praisers do, thou shalt not disrespect thee
Disrespect He, disrespect me
God to these peasants
My flow raising sharp like it's gelatin, forget it
Birth alot of rapper styles still ain't get my credit
Their moms must be trippin, my bank account don't sweat it
I see alot of rolexes it's hard to accept it

I know that crown working alot of you niggas skeptic
No paper work no appraisel
No serial number, nigga you're fool gazel
My bitch eyes hazel, her skin tone maple
My ex scream 'I hate you! '
I whisper 'I made you... '
... Bitch.