

# Flex

JAY1

Man try flex in the place  
But I promise you nobody flex like we  
25 fuck off degrees I'm boiling  
Still step with my drip on freeze  
3.5 of the pack got smoked  
Everybody in the room look so lean  
Bitch try ask for a pic I said no  
Jay why you gotta be so mean  
Man try flex in the place  
But I promise you nobody flex like us  
Still got goals to my name I'm tekkie  
Like do you really wanna shoot your shot (oh oh)  
Should have seen the guest list full of peng tings  
It's mad, I ain't even gotta talk too tough  
Bitch try ask for a pic I said no  
I ain't even showing these chicks no love (oh my God)

Ay, I've just come to the party  
3 man deep that's Dylan and [?]  
5 figures on the whip that's booky  
One two bang if a nigga try school me  
And if I bring man to the party  
Barbies brown and baddies and booty  
One way we can never be losing  
Stepped in the metro looking all boomin (oh my God, /I>)

She's like who them man making a fuss  
'Course it's gang, 'course it's us (course it's us)  
This one said she gon burn my bridge  
She's pissed like I already cut that off (woah)  
Two tings in the whip looking outrageous  
On the M6, I just came from Cov  
Been a good year and the money kept doubling  
Would've thought I came with Irish dongs (oh no)

I'm stacking my paper  
I'm chasing my cheddar  
I'm talking the truth like I'm Nelson Mandela  
Bitch talk about p if you're calling my cellar  
My nigga just came from a whole different era  
Two different countries in 28 hours  
I fly out to Dam and I re-up on powers  
Your niggas a goof and a wimp and a coward  
The rottens pussy, I'll turn him to powder

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You fake kids all piss me off  
If you hear the kid then don't big me up  
Whilst you was at home doing nothing  
I was in the penthouse counting them pinkies up  
I don't need your loving  
I got two bad b's with a back of full twerking  
Try telling me suttin'  
Your dickheads your wastemen  
You can't say nothing

Really and truly I could've just switched  
Paid in full, do it like Mitch  
35 fuck off degrees, Ibiza  
Like did I really have to ice my wrist (oh oh)  
Step through with a fresh trim from a barber  
That's no cap, I don't tell no fibs  
Gotta let 'em know I keep it Franck like Ribéry  
Mum we can do it like Bayern did  
And stack all of them pinkie notes  
I need it all, I never been picky  
I came in the game like EA and 50  
Sticky, can't take my for no picknie  
Lizzy Lizzy Excusez-moi  
Foreign one wanna see my repertoire  
Wait, [?]  
If I pull out this mic its (oh my God)

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Jay1 Jay1, Jay1 Jay, Jay1 Jay1  
Oh my God  
Jay1 Jay1  
Oh my God, oh my God