

Young Fly

K-Trap

BeatFreakz

Six in the chamber, six figures on paper
Six dingers on the estate sliding one later
Don't ever start suttin' you're gonna cry about later
And I don't know nuffin' but piling this paper
She don't know nuttin', just Chanel and the explore page
Ever see me with her, I'll be more bait
But I keep no ties, that's where the 4's stay
Brought another one and now I need more space
Big body Benz, think I need two bays
Main ting stressed me, think I need two bae's
Old ting textin', told her it's too late
Not in a rude way, I'm just too paid
Cute face with a mad shape
Make me wanna put her in a new shape
Old friend Flex told me that I move strange
You're just in the left side, me, I move two lanes

Young and fly though
Bitches wanna go where I go
You can never tell me what I know
Skinny man but I move like G.I. Joe
You can never take my place, I'm here to stay
You can never step my way, badman from day

Big bad, got her eyes wide
Money from the T and rap ting likewise
Talk it much but they're actually nice guys
I can't hear nobody trap when we drive by
You ain't getting cash then so why lie then?
Drip ain't foolin' no one, nice try
Watch on my wrist saying look on the brightside
And we don't need no flash in the night time
Man make your bitch blind, gazing too much
Broke cah them man getting wavy too much
And I can see why them man hate me too much
Heard their girlfriends play me too much
What can I say?
Young nigga done quite a lot to get paid
Me, I had to hug that block for a wage
Now I get it off the stage but my pot fill away

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