

Maybach

Key Glock

Sosa 808 got this bitch knockin', nigga, ayy

I jump out of the Maybach, Gucci flops and a wave cap
I got all my chains on, but they like, "Where your shirt at?"
Bitch, why you worried? I'm flexin' on purpose (Yeah)
Killers in my circle (Yeah), two straps on me, Urkel (Fire)

Goon by the beam, bitch, we tote a lot of things (Yeah)
Young nigga eatin', watch me floss my flawless teeth, uh (Yeah)
Benz limousine, S600 killed the scene, uh
Summertime fine, she sip wine, I sip lean, yeah
I get dough, Krispy Kreame (Dough), bitch, this hustlin' in my
genes
Grandma house with collard greens, yeah, you know your boy was
eatin' (Glizzock)
I been pimpin' since a teen, can't you tell? Look at my rings (Bitch)
And I'm only 21, goddamn near milly worth of bling, yeah
I just pulled up McLaren, got these hoes starin' (Starin')
Doors up, eye candy (What?), can't park it so I land it
Bad bitch bandit, I want her so I smash it (Come here)
I make it look like magic, yeah, watch me Shaq Attack it (Yeah)

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I got all my chains on, but they like, "Where your shirt at?" (What?)
Bitch, why you worried? I'm flexin' on purpose (Yeah)
Killers in my circle, two straps on me, Urkel (Fire, fire)

Ooh, alley-oop, I pass that bitch right to the crew, yeah
Feel like Uncle Luke, I make these bitchess how they boobs, yeah
Creepin' with your boo around 2, and the coupe go two somethin'
Yeah, bitch I be drippy, I be killin' shit, I'm gruesome (Drip)
Just hopped out of the Maybach
High as fuck, where my shades at?
Eighty in my Louis bag, can't call this a purse, jack
TSA with big racks, they like, "Where you work at?"
And I don't want no verses, man, these niggas too wack (The fuck?)
Cappin' and they fraud, that's on God, yeah (On God), uh
Lil' nigga livin' extra large (Large), on God (On God)
And you know I keep that carbon in my car, yeah, on God (Fire)
In that big body, sometimes hard to park it, on God, yeah

I jump out of the Maybach, Gucci flops and a wave cap
I got all my chains on, but they like, "Where your shirt at?" (

Yeah)

Bitch, why you worried? (Bitch), I'm flexin' on purpose (Flex)

Killers in my circle, two straps on me, Urkel (Fire)