

# Fleek

Lil Debbie

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Match more than your average  
Every bitch on the team is a bad bitch  
Catch up, bitch  
We don't match up, you can't even see my last shit  
We already on some new shit  
Full cup, fat blunt like a pool stick  
Some things never change  
But I traded in the Civic and I copped a new Range  
Now we rollin', yeah, we rollin'  
Pedal to the metal, never slowin'  
Swag on fire but my wrist on froze  
Snoop said it best, we don't love them hoes  
And they ain't got shit on me  
Bitch copyin' the swag, tryna shit on me  
I just pay them no mind  
Ain't no wastin' my time, bitch I stay on my grind

Everything on fleek  
OG kush and my Swisher Sweet  
That's fleek  
That's sweet  
Everything on fleek  
OG kush and my Swisher Sweet  
That's fleek  
That's me

Debbie got game like a ball team  
Touchdown, hit the stage and they all scream  
Turn up, yah mean, yeah we all lean  
Little bit of Sprite with the codeine  
So fresh, so clean, beat the swag, ho  
Fuck a tag, I just throw it in the bag, ho  
Now that's fleek  
50 grand on the wrist, 10 grand on the feet  
And Debbie only hit it out the ballpark  
Bitches out of line like a false start  
Shit just cut me my check  
I'll just pop me a bottle and hit my connect  
Turn up, pour up, roll up, smoke up  
Real bitch roll call, none of y'all show up  
We don't pay them no mind  
Bitch I stay on my grind and I'm takin' what's mine  
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