

## Flex Up

Lil' Wayne

You can ask Lauren, Zepporah and Kira  
I Saint Laurent

I Saint Laurent this and I Margiela that  
Bought my hoes some Amiri  
I been getting money, it's old and delirious  
You can ask Lauren, Zepporah and Kira 'nem  
I've been rich nigga before the millennium  
Smoking this dope to control the adrenaline  
Sharpshooter aimin', I sold out the innocence  
Star in a bank, in the court room, a criminal  
I just bought bae a brand new Maserati truck  
Gotta slide on the opp, she said, "Not in my truck"  
Gon' fire, if it's not, then it's not in my blunt  
I been climbing to the top and I'm tryin' not to jump  
Anybody seen the roof to the top of my car?  
I'ma tell the whole truth, I'ma try not to stunt  
Diamonds in the tooth from the back and into the front  
Big mama, Lil Tunechi, dick fatter than her, I'ma platter to her

I told her eat it  
I'm lit off the stove, you ain't gotta reheat it  
I been getting dough, I just had to redeem it  
I just talked to Hov and he told me he seen me  
Funny, heard the same thing when I talked to Stevie, damn  
And I left 'em, just do it to flex up  
And I left 'em, just do it to flex up  
And I also need to do it to flex up  
Took a selfie of me, hold the checks up  
I'm like zero degrees from the neck up  
If she get on her knees, I'ma bless her  
If she get off her knees, it's a setup, yeah, I told her eat it  
I'm lit off the stove, you ain't gotta reheat it  
I been getting dough, I just had to redeem it  
I just talked to Hov and he told me he seen me  
Same thing I heard when I talked to Stevie

Saint Laurent this and I Margiela that  
I ain't got no limits, credit card, it don't max  
Spend it all on my kids, they gon' ball like their dad  
When you only know riches, you don't know the rags  
And we war over flags if you don't know the half  
You get caught in a jam  
I might spend a lil' bread, send some niggas in red  
To come treat your head like bologna and ham  
I'm at home with a ma'am, she want only a tan  
I see only her ass and she only a fan  
I say, "I understand," but I don't understand  
Said she hot on the 'Gram, bitch, I'm hot out the pan, I found out she a stan  
If you ain't got that bag, then that private don't land  
Slimy, do not test me, I'm your final exam  
Don't care how much you crammin'  
If you think it's sweet, turn your body to yams

Mmm, eat it  
Lit off the stove, you ain't gotta reheat it

Give her a pole, she turn into Houdini  
Just talked to Hov and he told me he seen me  
Funny, same thing I heard when I talked to Stevie, uh  
And I left 'em, just do it to flex up  
And I also need to do it to flex up  
And I left me to do, I ain't F-in' with you  
Took a selfie of me, throwin' checks up  
I'm like zero degrees from the neck up  
If she get on her knees, I'ma bless her  
If she get off her knees, it's a setup, I told her eat it  
Lit off the stove, you ain't gotta reheat it  
Dicked down some hoes, caught feelings, retreated  
Just talked to Hov and he told me he seen me  
Same thing I heard when I talked to Stevie

And I left 'em, just do it to flex up  
And I also need to do it to flex up  
I ain't F-in' with you, nigga, flex up  
Take a selfie with me, throwin' checks up  
I'm like zero degrees from the neck up  
If she get on her knees, I'ma bless her  
If she get off her knees, it's a setup