

# Steal My Flow!

midwxst

Yo, Silo killed this shit

Hop in a Wraith, baby let's go race  
I like the designer, that's all my taste  
Like them blue hunnids, like them faces  
Momma told me that I'm finna go places  
Been getting money on a day to day basis  
'Bout to go cop me a new baby bracelet  
Might go cop the new damn PlayStation  
Take a little trip, might go on vacation, yeah  
She liking my flow, I told her, "Already know"  
They told me that I'm finna blow, I'm fin' be a G.O.A.T  
I hop in a Wraith then I spin it, you already know I'ma go ghost  
Record in my room, you know I've been making them tunes  
I get in my car and I zoom, my legs got some room  
Went to the money like gimme it, like bringing a [?]

I ain't gonna play, no I ain't gon' do that  
Feel like [?], 'cause my bro gonna shoot that  
Not from the A, but I'm gettin some A's  
And I'm not a banger, but I'm getting banged  
Boy, you will lose it don't care what you say  
I move as a unit, I move as a team  
I'm smokin' on gas and that shit really stink  
Don't care what you talk about or what you think  
And you do not do what I do  
You didn't come up with your mo'fuckin crew  
You didn't make [?], you turned into the true  
You don't got a shawty, you don't got a boo  
You messin' with mines then I gotta go shoot  
You talkin' that shit so we pull up, you mute  
My momma told me never play with my food  
But this shit is fun, so I gotta go do what I do

(Yo, Silo killed this shit)

Do you wanna let me know, know  
Bitch I'm ready, I'm on go, go  
Light that chopper, let it blow, blow  
If you talkin' on my bros, bros  
People tryna steal my flow, flow  
People tryna wear my clothes, clothes  
Do not think that we is close, close  
Pullin' off in a new four door  
I'm gonna go hit the road  
Spittin' that shit, know I never go slow  
You sealin' your fate, yeah that's murder you wrote  
I'm doin' this shit, I like it, I chose  
Not ready for all the shit I got in store  
They wanted some songs, so I'm droppin' some more  
We run in his house, so we kick in his door  
Don't know what to wear, got my Raf on the floor  
I been making bank and I can't even vote

This shit feel like it's a fuckin' drag  
Said I'd blow, then noticed what it meant  
Stay with my gang, stay with my damn TEC

Said I'd do this shit by any means  
Put on for my fuckin' family, my city  
When I get in the studio, I'm talking [?]  
I only want hundreds, I only want fifties  
Can't wait to start touring, being up in your cities  
Your girl said I'm cute and she said that I'm pretty  
I know that you mad, boy I know that you shitty  
Send you to the moon like my name fucking Rigby  
Cannot catch up, no this shit is not frisbee

Been under pressure, can't seem to catch up  
You know you messed up, don't wan' confess that  
You're the one that's at fault, you put us through this all  
So fuck your texts and calls, don't wanna see you at all

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