

FLEEK

Mike Dimes

Uh, YSL tag on my tee, uh (This t-shirt)
Balenciaga, my feet (My keys)
No cap, I'm really on fleek (Yeah, yeah)
No rap, I'm still on my Gs (My Gs)
I doubt you really a P, nigga
Bite on my swag for a week (For a week)
You'll prolly get a bag for the price of a feat'

Ayy, need me a karat (A karat)
Only way they gon' know I'm established (I'm established)
Pass the phone to my bitch for my caption (And get dumped)
Pass the phone to his clique when he cappin' (Ew, joke)
That boy a goofy, loosies
Yeah, I'm still humble but check out the bleu cheese (Cheese)
Yeah, I wan' head but I'm feelin' the coochie (Straight up)
Yeah, they still hatin', ain't a whole lot to it
I spent a whole lotta bags on denim
Put pain on his verse, I don't feel him (Huh?)
Why he act like a bitch, huh?
Talkin' 'bout opps, ain't nobody tryna kill him
Double Lamb in the car, I don't even wanna spin 'em
This a real banana clip, I don't even wanna peel 'em
Came up with the drip, I don't think I could spill (No, no, no, no)
Pay twenty K for my face in the buildin'
Walk in the spot with a, ooh, pass me the boof
I'm with a boo, promise this hoe keep on touchin' my jewels
He got no money and she want the money
So she gettin' horny right off of the blues
I got it on me (On me), every link on my body a trophy, nigga
You do not know me (Hell nah)
Better watch your bop, lil' homie, she tryna come to the streets

Uh, YSL tag on my tee, uh (This t-shirt)
Balenciaga, my feet (My keys)
No cap, I'm really on fleek (Fleek)
No rap, I'm still on my Gs (Gs)
I doubt you really a P, nigga
Bite on my swag for a week
You'll prolly get a bag for the price of a feat'

Ayy, bag for the price of a feat'
Mike Dimes big G, seven Os on me (Yeah, hold on)
Fettucine, Mardi Gras with a model
She bad but don't think she a three (I don't think)
I be thumbin' thumbin', thumbin', get to the green
Count a hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, don't use machines
You be chasin' pussy? Don't comin' to me (Huh?)
I be runnin' from it, got too many on me (Why?)
I got bags for sale, go and crack the sale
Y'all be gassin' junky niggas just 'cause they smack a bill
Promise they whack as hell, I don't like none of these niggas
In the same as all of these niggas (Shut up)
I don't even wanna talk to these niggas (No)
I'ma sit in silence, countin' my figures (Yeah)
Payin' bitches just to be in they captions
No cap, no lie (No lie), I can't be with them guys (Why?)
(They be suckin' dick so they get on their knees)

No cap, no lie (No lie), I can't be with them guys (Why?)
(I charge a whole lick for two-point-five)
No cap, no lie, I can't be with them guys (Why?)
(Know they all the same with a whole lotta guys)
No cap, no lie, I can't be with them guys
(Bitch nigga, I be fuckin' your wife)
No cap, no lie

I got YSL tag on my tee
And Balenciaga, my feet
That's no cap, I'm really on fleek
No rap, I'm still on my Gs
I doubt you really a P, nigga