

## Vent (Flex Freestyle)

Moneybagg Yo

Federal, Federal, Federal  
Three times, ugh  
Yeah, yeah  
You already know when I get in that muh' it's over

Can I be real? Can I vent?  
I got some niggas tryna test my gangster like I ain't built for this shit  
I got different bitches texting my phone talkin' 'bout time we ain't spent  
I went and bought my mama a new phone for times we couldn't pay the rent  
If I get caught with this dope and this gun, you know how much time I'ma get  
?  
I'm on some Federal shit  
I'm rollin' the weed and poppin' the beans so I'm on some medical shit  
She playin' with the pussy, won't give it to me  
Say she on some celibate shit  
The same ho fuckin' the city  
Man she on some playin' innocent shit  
Heard they gon' take my chain, word of mouth  
Since I got fame niggas feelin' left out  
You wanna try but you know what I'm 'bout  
I'm with the gang, they gon' air this bitch out, hey  
You niggas can be sittin' right in my face  
And you still couldn't see me  
I drop a four and then pour me an eight  
All you see is drank when I pee-pee  
I'm rockin' a quarter milly worth of jewelry  
These diamonds they shinin', they VV  
I got your bitch in the bathroom  
Open, we fuckin' like Nico and Mimi  
I went hard with it  
Way that I beat it up, I could catch me a DV  
Them hitters'll shake your spot right now  
If I point my finger like I'm ET  
I ain't gon' lie, I'm addicted, I'm sprung  
I put that Act in the Figi  
I'm smokin' anthrax, my swag to the max  
I'm young and fly, no DC  
Niggas ain't gettin' money so they target MoneyBagg, yeah  
Bitches in they feelings 'cause I left 'em in the past, yeah  
I'm draped in designer, one thing you can't buy is swag, yeah  
Ain't talkin' 'bout no sprint but I ran up that money fast, yeah  
My niggas like that crash money  
Just secure that bag money  
Fifty on the Glock, if you run up then you a crash dummy  
I wake up and blow a bag  
Just spent two stacks on sneakers  
Smoking loud on speakers  
Countin' money, yeah I'm 'bout the cheese, velveeta  
She like Bagg you trufflin'  
'Cause I asked her bring her head in this two seater  
She tryna hang, tossed her with the whole gang  
Put her in a half like the meter, hey  
They say I got ghost writers  
Niggas come up with anything, shit pitiful  
Hold up, you lookin' at the superior  
The chopper knock out his interior  
I'm tryna get me some extras

I was fucked up, had the stretcher  
I know these niggas ain't straight at all  
I just play chess, not checkers  
Pop a pill then I sip on some yellow  
Now I'm scratching like I got eczema  
I was fucked down, had to get back  
She fuck my nigga for some get back  
Nigga textin' where his bitch at  
To my number, how he get that?  
All the people didn't wan' fuck with me then  
I made them regret that  
Nike, I'm like where the check at?  
Keep grindin' nigga, bet that