

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 pussyy, 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 milliy 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 trifflin'
'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