Flex

Nines

(Hahahaha, The Young Nav Michael)

These niggas claim that they fuck with me (No)
Look young and paid with these stacks on me
I never used to get it, came up off road
So I had to get it on my own
Oh shit, run a cheque, yeah
Oh shit, it's a flex, yeah
Is it the Rollie or the Patek? Nah
I need more diamonds on my neck, yeah (Yeah)

"Nines, how you still flippin' haze?"
I ain't grinding, this shit sells itself like my triple A's
All this weed, we ain't runnin' out of flavours
Their re-up's in the post and mine's is coming in containers, uh
I was gonna bring him in, help him do a grow
Coulda been in crop circle on our UFO
My little nigga lost a nina, that ain't a loss to Nina
Fam, I had a hundred birds stuck in Costa Rica
I just copped a thousand rounds for the Glock
Can't find your yard? I'll spray up every house on your block
It ain't back, fam, these packs got me up, the gamble on
Accumulators, I do bets on the back of a truck, uh
Them pagans are broke, Ice City's wavier
Told the jeweller "Flood the ring like Wrestlemania"
You wanna hear somethin' crazier?
My nigga made 900K off a brick in Australia

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See, no more Rollie, gold Patek, yeah, yeah, yeah
Fuck the fame, I came for respect, yeah, yeah, yeah
I don't need nobody say I'm next, nah
See, I get love up in the East, up in the West though
No love for these fed hoes
I'm just tryna touch all this paper like I'm on nest though
I don't give a fuck 'bout no hater, that's what this vest for
She say that she love me, XOXO
But she can't even hug me, I'm so special
I try to leave but I can't let go
Somethin' bout these streets got it feelin' like my next home
These fedarales got me switchin' to my next phone
I can't love no more, word to my ex hoe
I don't do the club, oh no, tryna invest more
See, my nigga got the G2C, it got the red glow
I just sold the next two keys right off this Encro
Yo' shit sells slow, my shit Tesco (Yeah, yeah)

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