

Flexington

Project Pat

Mane I'm ridin' through the city on the [?]
Chiefing bubble gum loud with a pint of that henny
Haters I got plenty
Bitches lookin' breaking there necks
I got TV Johnny gold on my neck, so I flex
Got this pretty yellow bone wanna take me on a date
Cause a nigga at the crib
He keep on coming in late
That's your bitch need to get her
Cause I hate to have to drop her
Zero tolerance for niggas wanna trip about a bopper
Couldn't stop her, if you wanted to
Ho gon' be a ho
She would never leave this pimpin' if you payed her to go
I'm just ridin' makin' plays
Gettin' bread off the scale
Blow this loud in your face, mane you lames can go to hell

I'm flexin' so hard in the street, they call me Flexington
Flexington, Flexington, Flexington, Flexington
I'm flexin' too hard in the street, they call me Flexington
Flexington, Flexington, Flexington

I just sold me a quarter pack
Blowin' on a quarter sack
You other niggas speak the loud
Project Pat just spit the facts
Turnin' hundreds in a racks
Chrome on a cadillac
Your bitch did say out the dome
Let me hit it from the back
If I'm [?] police I would be wasting there time
Need to be somewhere doing the job out there solving the crime
No more time for a player
I'm just getting to the bizness
Catch me an rodeo in LA spending grizzness
OG got my mind spinnin', I'm just grindinin'
Laughing at you loser money train game winnin'
I'm from Tennessee, but I got homies in Lexington
Who got them foreign cars just like me Flexington