

Detroit Flow

Quin NFN

Hold on, ayy, ayy, ayy
I really just like how I sound on these beats, I don't even be mean,
you know
Flow like this, another shit that should just be going on like...
Ayy, hold on, ayy, ayy, ayy
I feel like these niggas just gotta feel me, you know, I'm just...
I just high that shit a quarter, you know
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Hold on, hocus pocus, pop up on 'em with this ratchet
Niggas hate 'cause we got plenty cake and they be livin' tragic
I got bitches tryna fuck 'cause they see racks in all this cash
That hoe call me Michael Jackson, put a glove on when I'm smashin'
I got balls inside the cabinet, what you need?
I'ma break him down, I'm tryna stretch him, limousine (I'm tryna stretch him)
Ride through Hollywood, I drop the top and pour in lean
We got more clips than a movie, hit his block, we shooting scenes (Ayy)
Come in raw pooh, which one you niggas tryin'?
If everybody with the shits, then bitch, which one you niggas lying?
Say he blizzy call up Simba, that pussy nigga lying
Hit the top with all my partners, bitch, I feel it's perfect timing (Gang, huh, uh, uh)
And they know I keep a hammer, get my Thor on (Get my Thor on)
Lot of straps inside this bitch, it look like war zone (Pa, pa, pa, pow)
Try to slide for one of your partners and get tote on
That type of shit that go wrong, them statements gon' get wrote on (Dumbass)
They ain't gotta let me in 'cause I'ma move y'all
The dick that's on that gun, it ain't been used and it got blue balls
Push up with that weight, lil' bro, I'm moving like the U-Haul
I'm rollin' like some skates, I pulled an eight and that bitch too raw
Red dot upon his nose and leave 'em frozen, call the mood out
Spent some racks upon my toes and all my clothes, bitch, I didn't flew off
They in love with giving noggin', make them hoes come have a chew out
I see all you niggas scared, just use your head 'fore it get blew out
Ayy, ayy, I got some change on me, I ain't changed, nigga (Bitch)
Quit y'all steady poppin' shit just like the painkiller (I'm poppin')
Gave my team them racks, then went and bought a chain, nigga (Gang)
A lot of bitches tryin' to kick it, Liu Kang, nigga
A lot of bitches on me, bitches want me 'cause the Rollie dance
Ain't no in between, I'm gettin' the green, the guacamole, man
You the type of nigga hit the screen and pay for Onlyfans
Murder, robbin', trappin', stealin', all up in my homie plans
I put hoes in all these stairs when I step in
I'm gon' fuck hoes in a ratchet, having more hoes than a pager
Get the bag in and I stack it, it hit past ten and I'm trappin'
Then I'm out here when it's action, I'ma keep it real, no flaggin' (G

ang, hold on)
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