

Flint Boyz

Rio Da Yung OG

(Marc Boomin, this you?)
Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga
Still grindin' shit, nigga
(Boomin need extras)

In the hood right now with a hundred on me
Four chains on now, why you lookin' at me?
In the drop-head Benz with the—
Ahh, alright
I'm in the drop-head Benz with the Honey Badger
I'll jump out this pretty bitch and get to bustin' at you
There go the car, I'm finna throw a whole hundred at it
My bitch bad, plus I get cash, I got a hundred habits
I tried to chase him, he was runnin' like a fuckin' rabbit
I made a statement with the switch, fully automatic
I dropped eighty in his whip, caught him out in traffic
Then he almost hit a pole, I tried to make him crash it
Bitch, suck the dick or somethin', that'll make me happy
Got an old pint of Hi-Tech, it came in the plastic
Walk in my kitchen, I got six eights in the cabinet
I need some resin 'cause I got a brick play Saturday
I just walked a nigga down in a Bape jacket
And I hit all my hoes raw, bro, I hate Magnums

I got a talent, I can shoot a .308 backwards
I just bought a rose-gold presi', now I hate platinum
Zip my hoodie up and gun you down in a Bape jacket
Bitch body natural as hell, but her face plastic
Get up and get this shit on my own 'cause I hate askin'
Once a nigga hear me say somethin', he gon' pay faster
300K play on floor, that's a pape' package
Nigga, every day, I'm 'bout green, fuck St. Patrick
I can't believe this nigga tryna stunt in some fake glasses
Got the world tryna steal our style, now I hate rappin'
I just fucked an Instagram model, had to tape that one
Ri gave me a lil' blue pill like, "Here, take that one"
I know the way I put that shit on make you hate fashion
Told bro to grab a six of Wock' out the gray cabinet
Every time I see my opps, them niggas broke like they hate havin' it
I'm up some dog shit, I can't go broke, I got eight habits

Best watch in your showcase, I'll take that one
Alright, okay, yeah
The best watch in your showcase, I'll take that one
From the streets to the rap a hard turn, how you make that one?
Deuce of Trish, a lil' four of Wock', finna break balance
Naw, I don't see you gettin' this far, but you got talent
You got the Off-Whites on I like to rock, bro, I gotta grab 'em
Always keep a scale around too, boy, I gotta have it
Too much of this in one pop, nasty, this is no casket
If my car clean like I'm dead, this is no casket
Pull up, serve you a quarter or two, nigga, no basket
I just bought a Louis duffle, probably don't drag it
Still feel like I out-trap all the trappers, nigga, no braggin'
Niggas probably dress like they pop and get no action

Thought he was a stepper, we just toe-tagged him

Why you talkin' 'bout my chain? Let your ho ask me
Seven hundred horses in the 'Cat, finna blow past 'em
I just made a hundred racks sellin' blow packages
Eight hundred for a line, bitch, this Actavis
Palm Angel hoodie fifteen hundred, but I'm grabbin' it
If the bitch ass look fake, then I'm grabbin' it
Grab a bitch by her ankles when I'm stabbin' it

Man, come on, bro, that ain't enough
I mean, I need some more beat, bro