

## Flexing Hard

Rob49

Yeah flexing hard  
Bitch I'm up I swear to God  
I'm so used to countin' money I count a million in the dark  
She say she don't fuck with girls until I made her fuck a girl  
Count a million in her face I'm out my mind like Uncle Earl

Yeah, yeah, treat a nigga just like Weezy get him outta here  
Put that phone up you ain't slick don't get beside yourself  
Pushing pounds outside the trap look like I body-build  
I got hoes cheatin' on they nigga just for a body lift

I can't be with none of these niggas who cooperating  
She gon' do whatever I tell her just like Simon said it  
I just popped a mm-hmm I can't wait to take it  
Nigga don't try me like no rapper this shit entertaining

I done showed them so much love these niggas still be hatin'  
Had to know I told my bro when she told me don't say shit  
Imma get on vanish mode cause I can't put my face in  
I can't stand a screenshot hoe most these hoes basic  
I can sell these for a band and do em dirty  
Imma make them hate my game Kyrie Irving  
I done sold so many turkeys I'm a turkey nigga  
She was just on me but she like a circus

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I'ma buy this bitch  
I'm the trapper nigga  
It don't cost nothing for the four to go get active with him  
I'm still out here with them bags looking like sat and them  
Trapping days you niggas scared and I don't feel that shit

How it feel ask me how it feel  
I woke up with a mil when we was just stuck in the ville  
Tell me how you lit when you ain't put bro in position  
Soon as I pull up she take them off cause I'm that nigga

I'm that nigga bitch I'm that nigga  
I'm that nigga bitch, flexing hard  
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I'm that nigga, flexing hard

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