

Flex (City)

Robb Bank\$

Aye they gave me one year a nigga blew up
Least round my neighborhood bruh
Gave me two twin fell in love with both of em'
Nurse Joy, nurse Joy bitch I'm brock, Strapped up
And I gotta catch em' all
I'm a Pokemon breeder
Fucked ya' bitch fuck boy
Feel the weight of the chopper on my shoulder like I'm Blastoise
Me and little blondie smoking mild's after school
None of this shit new, then lived threw all you can do
When them crackas killed V12
When they jumped lea, when Desi slapped Justin
Boy I'm all the way Broward
I was there
Served every resident who said the bitches don't fuck around with the help
And driver don't stop at all
And don't bring no new nigga to my home
So boy take yo' ass on, you was at home
While I was on that I-95
Gucci bag full of pints
Look behind flashlights undercover like ghost story at the sleepover
I panicked, swear the K-9 unit ruining my love for animals
Put money signs in our names, so you can see shit through our eyes
You can try and imitate, but you can't copy the Sharingan
Stunnin' on my daddy for my mamma raised me her whole life
Then she got shitted on for doing the best that she could do
Speaking of the elephant that's in the room
Me and my daddy been talking about shit
Actual conversations about my sisters and my kin
Sometimes I just think we keep the peace just for them
Only a couple real niggas left
I let y'all figure out who they is
And I ain't run outta' saying shit (Just let all that sink in)
Aye dope-boy pirate, don't wear no pussy ass Pyrex, dirty south
And take them golds out ya' mouth if they ain't perms
Pull out thuggin'
Me and my brothers got our eyes on yo' head
And your little clown ass friend, Tien, Chiaotzu ass niggas
Only time they seen the key was on stage with Curtis Williams
Everybody hate the nigga that talk too much
But keep biting the hand that feed you when it's bound to say something
Deidara, keep recycling these cans of whoop ass
Till they throw me in the can
I won't even though I know I can
I don't wanna' hit it like you smoking out a can
Niggas think that I think that I'm better than all of em'
Well I have my thoughts
Cause I ain't do the feature
And I never performed "Threatz"
I'm just not about to ride another nigga coat tails like a bitch
I ain't talking money illiterate ass nigga
I threw ya bitch out ole littering ass nigga
Cup dirty as the throwaway
Piss about clean as the inside of a whistle
Always smelling like a port in ya' bitch pussy
So now you know nigga
So stop being nosey

Whip on Asanti's
But only touch Aaliyah's
I know I went bad on a couple good women
Need to have a little sesh, talk about shit
Hash some things out
But I'm better on wax, take a dab
I'ma have resentment towards yo' ass from now
Some things a xanax just don't seem to black out
Every pussy nigga mad that a nigga back out
Expose ya' broad like dresses with the back out
I'm in that mid life crisis corvette
SS American muscle

Watch how a nigga (flex)
You know a nigga all about a check
[?] (boy flex)
Fuck the police we never take a badge
But I'm at the Pewter City Gym (boy flex)
Pussy boy you know who it is
2 phones bitch (boy flex)
Skinny nigga steroid dick (time to have sex)
2 apple phones at the peach fuzz
With the banana clip no big apple
Still tha' city bitch
Pocket full of salad, nigga dressing
And that spaghetti top, boy messy
White xan, yellow xan that's scrambled eggs

And I know you love my accent, but you running up my minutes
With the talk you should have left on the hotel pillow
Boy I hardly take breaks but I take a hiatus off you lames
Stop playing every internet thug ain't Bill Gates
And she kneel before me like sensei
She want me wholeheartedly
Gave her one piece told her put my sword in her mouth like Zoro
And I know that it was years ago
But girl ride one the cocky like a rider
I'll leave every nigga with a bottom six toothless
Boy I'll scare ya' dog off like a nigga Eustace
Useless weeded em' out think I should use less
No will power but yo' bitch no better than me
Take a molly skeet, after I fucked that bitch
Like somebody asked you about yo' ex... bitch
2 Phone shawty I'm sexting
In a glasshouse dooney truck, while yo bitch tryin' keep up
In my nigga beamer while you riding in yo' Nissan
Wishing that it was a b-m-dub
As you let the Key Nyata bump
Boy I'm from that dirty, dirty
Heard my ex say she start to juice, she's superb, I'll steal your booze bi
tch
Aye I put her on game, boy I'm a team player
Drinking dirty Gatorade, that JaMarcus Russell
20 PT's tees in the duffel, I'm parched
Dooney turn the keys like that nigga just parked
4 thousand 4 hundred fifty on my arm
Look like a nigga just hopped out the holocaust
Boy what ya' life cost? I know what you really bout
Cough, cough let me get my cup, shit
I'm getting sick of y'all niggas
And tired of niggas watching what I do
And trying to do the same shit
They say niggas die from drinking lean...

That's why I sell the shit
Yea boy I got cha' bike like Kaneda like
And I got it all in separate jars like Akira
SS super soldier that purple codeine what a nigga bleed
Like a Namekian, but if you really need
I got them handfuls wrapped up like Rock Lee
And what you mean why the verses so long?
Might as well tell y'all (Right)
Mean you already talk...
Like you know my whole life