

Flag

Rylo Rodriguez

In the streets, we don't know when we'll come in first, I pray we last (Al G
eno on the track)
Fucked the bitch, I ain't never hear from her ever again, they say she mad
Run and shot his car so many times, he even hit the tag
Lil' nigga gone, but they'll kill you if you got the wrong flag (Yeah)
He ain't even have a bath towel, but he'll kill you if you got the wrong rag
(Got the wrong rag)
I'ma fuck around and block her number, tryna play phone tag (Tryna play phon
e tag)

They been runnin' 'bout this lil' ho out the bricks, yeah (Out the bricks, y
eah)
She love to suck it again, she hard, we call her brick-head (Call her brick-
head)
Say she wanna suck my dick, so let her suck my clip, yeah (Suck my clip, yea
h)
Them youngins ain't have the flame, but they gon' make you strip, yeah
I know they all want change, nothing's makin' sense, yeah
I don't think momma got it, but the rent due
Even if they play QB, they still wouldn't know who been through (Them niggas
play quarterback)
Say another nigga dead, and he probably got killed by a friend too (Got kill
ed by a brother)
Know he tellin' me to stay safe and think about death every other day
On FaceTime, a few killers who done had took they showers for the day
I told 'em, "I'm just a call away" (Just a call away)
Like Kobe, they told this pain'll fade away (They told me that pain'll fade
away)
But it's just laid up like DeRozan (Yeah, yeah)
Can't picture me leavin' my Glock, even if I'm posin'
Can't picture leavin' this drip, even if that ho straight out the pool (She
out the pool)
On April Fool's, they couldn't even play me like no fool (Me like no fool)
Now I gotta run up on them loads up out the trenches, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Know they keep gettin' booked, but I ain't talkin' 'bout the Guinness, yeah
Tryna stack it up, now his bitch wanna him buy some inches, yeah
All the quick smiles, I'ma drop 'em all off at the dentist, yeah

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(Let me run it) I ain't gon' run it, I'ma walk down on 'em
In the hood, they say I'm it, project baby straight clown on 'em
They had told me love for the birds, and I had believed 'em (I had believed
'em)
I had a couple niggas with me left, and I ain't even leave 'em (I ain't even
leave 'em)
Buyin' all that Gucci, I'ma fuck around and steal Kesha (I'ma take Kesha)
Young ho a booster, but she hate to drive, she'll still meet ya (She'll stil
l meet ya)

How she a thief and she hate to drive, call her [?]
I was talkin' to the real reaper, he be tellin' me how he kill people
He killed my dawg, so we started beefin'
Punchin' the walls when I was broke, thinkin' 'bout Muhammad Ali and them
But that ain't the laws, we'll give him smoke, they just can't be-be him
Pass her her drawers right off the floor, we fuck then get right up out here
Pass her her drawers, she start with the blunt, we match up again like next
year
We'll buy it all, we ain't need no friends, I'm in my bag like cashier (Like
chasier)
I ain't even find a backstage pass, but it fell off in the backyard
They say [?] caught three hundred, she ain't even no Spartan
Told the ho, "We all sinners even though we ain't buy a nose guard"
Stick got a dick hangin' out the window with it, that's a blow job
Project baby, no I.D., momma, I can't get no job

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we make it)
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Let me run it
Yeah, bitch, yeah