

# Flowers

Shy Glizzy

(Ayy, 6ix)  
It's Young Jef'  
The motherfuckin' best  
Yeah  
Young Jefe, holmes

Say she want a thug, she want a hood nigga, yeah  
But she took a loss, it wasn't, just a good nigga, yeah  
I be with Big B like I'm fuckin' Jigga, yeah  
I don't trust nan' one of these niggas, yeah  
That bitch gon' fuck with me 'cause I get massive figures, yeah  
Way out by the sea, hop on a wave, nigga, yeah  
Don't fuck with Glizzy, he be with gravediggers, yeah  
Let niggas think it's sweet and we gon' spray at niggas, yeah

My nigga dead 'cause he went fed, he tried to say that he didn't  
Stop tellin' me what my youngins did 'cause, bitch, this GG business  
Kick 'em out my circle, they some squares, I'm playin' 'em at a distance  
You ain't got a hundred thou', spent it on my ears, bitch, I don't do  
no listenin', yeah  
Let me let you know, boy, that you's a real coward, yeah  
Yeah, you's a broke boy, I be with real choppers, yeah  
I'm from that Yo, boy, where we get real active (Yo-Yo)  
These niggas say they active, but they real actors, yeah  
I'm slidin' around this bitch like I play hockey, yeah  
Whoops, I popped a Tesla, found my car key, yeah  
Niggas was just on WIC, now we wake up palm trees, yeah  
The baddest bitch out the clique, you know that's all me, yeah

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Lately, I been buyin' properties  
And I'm plannin' to buy the whole board, look like Monopoly  
Took her to the beach, she bust it open, she was a tropic freak  
Always got a speech, she graduated for philosophy, yeah  
I keep a Glock in my pants, you know these niggas tellin', yeah  
I got them bands on me, you know I'm really active, yeah  
Got up off that bitch, don't wear shit but Birkins and Kellys, yeah  
Had a Band-Aid on my face, she said I look like Nelly, yeah  
Had your bitch, she gave me head while we was watchin' Belly, yeah  
Even on my deathbed, it's still fuck 9-11, yeah  
These niggas done went sour, I got big and better, yeah  
Come on, give me my flowers, I hope they last forever