

Flex Freestyle #024

Smoke DZA

Kush god, bitch (Uhh)
You niggas practice your talent but it's a gift though
Chainsmokin' them all, you can take a quick poll
I got more, don't even trip, yo
Fuck with the cookie like Nebisco
I ain't the cut, see, I'm the distro
Damn, your packets hit or miss though
Real ones I've got a clique full
Y'all on molly like a few old fiends
Resident stoner of the New York scene
Blue Yankee fresh Timbs like a New York meme
Hoppin' out something European
You sonned out nigga, you offspring
Got my whole style bit up
Voice your opinion then you bitter
Niggas think they lit 'til they lit up
Pitbull to a poodle is getting crucial
Don't let the hippie shit fool you, I bring it to you
That's how I rock, fuck your claim to fame
I never signed but got the game from Dame, stay in your lane, you're lame
I'm too paid, niggas is groupings
Two L's in one, that's really a cool J
Knock a nigga out like a roofie
Black 'bout to come home stronger than Luke Cage
Bring the pain if you want war
Flyin' home from the west, got two on board
Made a livin' off pot, they talk premature
Smokers' club, I slide, I put you on tour, uhh
Now you artist investors can get the message
If brand creative directors can get that check up
Kushed God sermons a slight lecture
Got a clip full with extras nigga

You see us, Smoke DZA, Funk Flex
I mean, we get another beat crackin'
I'm in
No time to play games up here
No matter how many niggas be comin' up here
Fumblin' the ball(We can't!)
You can't fumble the ball up here
Really fuckin' cold

Uh huh yeah
Look mafioso flow but I'm so levelless
Fuck up some cheddar, get money, endeavors
Whatever's whatever
Cutting up like Super Shredder
I'm super clever
Test my wit, dog, you could never
Don't try to find me, find Waldo
Shit hell you all go God
God bless this God flow
I'm tapped in, they call it the trap
Why it's the life, dawg
We trapped and the goal's to get out
Get money, make it happen
The lost son of Mary Magdalene

The flow so wavy I'm water raftin'
This that step in the bank give me that money pent on the napkin
I'm about that action, livin' life in all Madden
New Era last MC
Toronto finally pass entry
Weed charges all DATs right
Look Canadians think I'm awesome
Steady flossin' everywhere like Tim Hortons niggas
Dragging they feet they ain't have f us, the leaders to God Don't believe eve
rything you see on blogs
Niggas hate they be on drugs
The heat on and we on bust (They listenin')
Watchin' got my feet in mud
Stomping out that motherfucker like the Swamp Thing
Gossip shorty you can kiss my long thing, you owe me
Why is it that niggas so corny these days?
Youngins don't wanna be raised
Disrespect the corners we made
Tell me something new, you borin' me man facts
Indy nigga cashing quarterly, man, facts
Looks I bought one of the illest on wax
New legend sue for your past but I'ma let history have its way with that
Put out my own bread, made it back
Times five, six figures
No 360s, I'm live coming out the 212
Whatever you wanna do, I'm with it
Nigga, where's the digits? Huh
Really motherfuckin' cool with it
From Harlem where Harlem was Harlem
Where was you livin'?
Come through in the no-fly zone, get your jewels lifted
Real life mannequin challenge, don't move, nigga