

No Instruments

Soulja Boy

Lil Keis on the beat boy
You already know this that motherfuckin' Gold On Deck mixtape
You know what I'm sayin
No pad
No pen (Lil Keis on the beat boy)
No hook
No motherfuckin' chorus

Bitch I'm flexed up
Feelin' like a lick
If this was the NFL then I'm first round pick
I dove in the ocean
Hoes on my dick
Gold everywhere I ain't even gotta flex
I'm jumpin' out the gym
Numbers by the ten
Swag by the kilo, I swag like the east coast
I got this shit on lock
You niggas can't fuck with me
But all you niggas stuck with me
You gettin' money then you lucky G, this economy
Got me stuntin' on a bitch
It's two hundred fifty k on that red Bentley bitch
Dre
Why you shittin' on these niggas, I don't know dawg
I still do it
Bitch I'm on
Hoes hit my phone I'm like bitch leave me 'lone
Kush is my cologne
Lil Keis on that beat
Ocean Gang on repeat, damn I'm the fuckin' shit
Lil Dre I hit the block imma represent
Twenty four carats
Rose gold, hoes staring at the new McLaren
Doors goin' up
Party goin' up, niggas not givin' a fuck
Ocean Gang mob
And you know I'm splashin, I whip the work and came back like this shit magi
c
Jumpin' out the gym
Jumpin' out the gym
I'm flexin' ten bars all my niggas goin' in
Power up
Nigga power up
Beast mode pop a pill pop ya collar bruh
Pimp shit
I got a lotta hoes
I got a lotta cars
I got a lotta clothes
I'm bussin at my foes
The M.O. unlimited
Windows is tinted bitch
Lil Dre
I came out the water and I'm reppin' my gang
PBM when I flame niggas know what I claim
Lil Keis on the beat
Knock a nigga off his feet

Catch me in the fast lane and I'm shittin' on you suckas
I ain't never been no lollipop, don't play me like no sucka
That AK I'll rush ya
Pistol with that automatic
Niggas swervin up in traffic
Dissin' imma let 'em have it
When I die, write my name in the sky
I'll never tell a lie
Goddamn I'm so fly
A mil' when I'm skating
A hundred million dollars came back just be patient
The whole world waitin'
The fuck niggas hatin'
But all them bitches lovin' me
I came out the ocean
This shit is lookin lovely, Soulja
Boy, tell em what ya did
Mane I'm first round pick goddamn I'm the shit
Niggas ain't really ready for that [?]
Tote that long ass choppa like I'm Tony Montana
Got a couple million dollars underground in Atlanta
If you disrespect my team, nigga I'll kill ya
I ain't never gave a fuck
Chain cost a million
Catch me [?] on that leather wood grippin'
Pistol on my hip goddamn I ain't slippin'
Nigga pay attention I ain't gotta keep [?]
Standin' in the club on the couch in the VIP
Icy as the chandelier now the hoe tryna see me
All these niggas hatin'
Nigga be patient, imma kick a hunnid million all my niggas gonna feel this
Gold grill, gold on deck
Lil Keis on the beat hunnid mil' on my neck
Fuck what you heard bitch, Soulja got a check
Ridin' through my hood and my whole squad finesse
Flex
Ocean gang or fuckin' drown
I came in the club smellin' like a whole pound
Niggas flexin'
They ain't gettin' paper though
Word around town
Soulja gettin' paper hoe

Lil Keis on the beat