

## Flex Freestyle #055

Vado

Smell the lie in the air from the bamboo  
I don't hear what I can't do  
I seen cools disappear what they man knew  
Been a slow month, nothing came the whole month  
I need a whole front but watch how they all front  
Rappers see me stressed with a fully armed  
Quick to show me they success but they'll put me on  
I'm roaming around vexed with a hoodie on  
Keep asking myself what I could have done  
Sometimes your past present make you grab weapons  
Ain't no half stepping less you have measure  
My juice connect told me this my last beverage  
On the arm to my palm, get a bag fetish  
Small blessings but it's all lessons  
Finger fuck the trigger's what we call sexting  
My man want to do it, he called it broad texting  
I said cool, we could get him right before breakfast  
'Fore we hit dirty kids give him a thirty clip  
Hand him the bag like 2Pac on his birdie shit  
Laker Jersey, NBS, James Worthy fit  
Go fuck around and serve the D's on the early tip  
Sound boy, this is ground ball  
We're smacked into the wall but I bounced off  
Thirty five O's, you a ounce off  
And never fail when them hoes be your downfall  
You got it so confused so she moved quick  
The only thing it be that dude that you moved with  
Hand in hand, split it equal, went to school with  
But you don't love her, it's your ego that she fool with

No, I'm something like Kobe, I always was fly homie  
Ripped jeans too worn under the coyote  
63 coupe all white, the pipe's chrome  
Arm out, berg all ice, designer Rollie  
Keep two with ice on me  
From here to Wyomie  
Y'all know me, shirt Yeezy, wild holy  
Porsche GT old model, Naomi  
Trump president shit's sad, it's type spooky  
Throw a garbage can through the glass just like Mookie  
I don't give a fuck 'bout your past, you not loopy  
Addicted to cash like crack it got pooky  
Streets callin', three warrants, cop's stoolie  
Sleep, yawnin', four words: "Do not shoot me!"  
Move raw, hittin' it right in the parked hooptie  
Throw it off wrap it in rice you got sushi  
G shit, hundred K, your wig split  
Gold saint medallion, gay, this mink trench  
Jail pose with gangsters taking street pics  
Peter Shoe at the party, blaze the sequence  
Derby high moon, Herdy that cool  
Rats that turn goons, we call them raccoons  
Got bagged up and you servin' cat food  
Black coat, black joes with black news

I had my foot in the game while I stood in the paint  
One foot in the game, the other foot in the bank

Lifestyle and the fame, I was hooked to the bait  
Fishin, lookin' for weight in the kitchen cooking for eight  
Was a rookie with faith with no Rollie but I'm coming  
I'm going in, don't need no pen, my mind running  
They all winning I'm just sitting like "Naw fuck it"  
Was just minutes from at the label with Nas covered  
Interscope buggin' ain't even stressed at  
So I left that, found Khaled where we the best at  
Me and my next track for the ladies they ain't even expect that  
But they neglect that, did it well, now where the rest at?  
Keep shoutin' they need the album  
You speak about 'em, know about 'em before you doubt 'em  
Could be without 'em, streets love 'em, you know they got 'em  
Leap from that bottom, been a problem straight out of Harlem