

Flex

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm flexin', I'm flexin'
I'm chillin' in our sessions
I'm in my private section, give me pussy then I'm sexin'
I'm flexin', I'm flexin'
What she know 'bout flexin'?
Might pull up to the Weston and hella girl undressin'

I've this ice on me but my heart cold
I'm a real motherfucker, check my bar code
In the strip club, prolly at the blue fline
Scratches on the whip, a Mini coup

Okay I stepped up from the scene super clean
Got a 50 in my jeans, screamin' money ain't a thing
A vilt full of bottles, got some models and some bitches
Man I'm just a young, checked up in the club ballin', stacks up

Okay I'm standing on the bar and all the girls starin'
And my chain costs a Ferrari and my wrist costs a McLaren
We'll be sayin' flex flex flex flex flex flex flex

She want a bottle that can packs and a man can do it
Man, I bought a half a pill then we ran straight through it
What we doin'? Flex flex flex flex flex flex flex

Okay all I know it flexes you
Some different check you more
Shorty can't hit the whip, I need a astro blow
Spare tier in the trunk, ride with an extra shot
Spend your red money at that Benihana restaurant
Gucci low, Polo, diamond dancing go go
Whole squad flexin' like army have my logo
Karate kickin', dojo
Paparazzi photo
Aggravated flexin',... plain Nolo
We against bein' broke
Dirt Gang protest
We gon spend harder than the mob, bow flex
On this shit period, contest
Waterfall money in the club, got your how with

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Came to the club, sevin chains, doin too much
Ferrari Rary fay Waka Flocka flexed up
All dogs really spend it cool...
Two crowds for my haters, throw your gropes on
White Remy Martin but we buy by the case long
Smoke back to back in our Rollie and eyes closed
Paparazzi follow us everywhere we go
He know, she know, I'll be flexin'

All this Remy Martin, I might mix it with some Rosay
Heavy rotation on the radio you get no play
Ball ball ball ball ball ball go and get it
Dream about it all weekend
Flex!

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