

Flawless

Yeat

Yeah
Out here thuggin', my boy
How many money chains you made, jit?
Shit, sixty-five, you heard me?
Hold on, what your money on your shoes for?
That mean I walk to the money
Damn
You know what I'm sayin'?
Money on my watch, that mean time is money
Money on my phone, that mean I talk to the money (Yeah)
Money on my chain, that mean the money hang with me (Oh, really?)
Money on my hat, that mean money on my mind
Money on my Kool-Aid, that mean my money sweet
Oh, yeah, G, what the-what is on your, uh, shades for?
Shades, that mean I see the money, you heard me?
Out here thuggin', you feel me? Just chillin'
Sixty-five money chains on my neck, oh, yeah
Out here thuggin', you know what I'm saying? Chillin'
Sharedatbitchlikeapizza, you heard me?
(BNYX)

You don't exist
Take a Perc' in the Tonka, that's it
Money swollen like cyst, huh
They done put faith in the kid, huh
Look at the Bentley Mulsanne in my hanger
The big body peel off the road, watch it spin (Woo)
I'm the one, got a million dollars
I doubled that shit, then I tripled again

Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)

Flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah
Buffy the Vampire Slayer with these Cartiers (Cartier)
Flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Even though she is in love, I am still heartless, yeah (Heartless, yeah)
Mixed up the party pack, popped like a molly
I was the first young nigga rockin' Marni
Young nigga, yeah, I'm raw like Maaly (Ha, ha, Maaly)
Yeah, I'm so raw I don't need to use a condom (I don't use a what?), I'm sorry
When I play golf, only time for a par
Audemar watch cost me a new car (Hah)
Marry my bitch and I treat her like Marge
Shuzoes my sneaker and I still take the Parras
Yeah, shoutout my twizzy
This Percocet right here, this shit got me dizzy
When life give you lemons, then crush that, it's Simply
Niggas, they rats, they like mice, they like Minnie and Mickey
Rock Balenciaga on Dickie
I got two stupid ass Glocks and it came with the switch
And ideally I ran it up stiffy
I was the one that was in here doin' business
I was who mixin' the Perc' and the Bennie

I was the one who was pushin' the limit (I was the one)
Run up the numbers like it was a scrimmage
Ran up the bands on you broke-ass niggas
Ran up them ba-a-and (Where yo' bands?)
I got them racks all in my own pants
You niggas fa-a-ans (Fuck yo' fans)

You don't exist
Take a Perc' in the Tonka, that's it
Money swollen like cyst, huh
They done put faith in the kid, huh
Look at the Bentley Mulsanne in my hanger
The big body peel off the road, watch it spin (Woo)
I'm the one, got a million dollars (Woo)
I doubled that shit, then I tripled again

Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)
Flawless, flawless, flawless, flawless, yeah (Tripled again)