

Flex

Young Buck

I'm in busting blocks top down just looking around for my ex bitch
Hoe when I see her I'm a pull up and flex bitch
I've been running my bands up for these nigga's talking they check shit
Hoe when I see em I'm a pull up and flex bitch
I know ya'll been hating on me but now look at me (flex bitch)
All these cars all this ice all these hoes let's flex bitch
Now ring your check up gone and flex bitch
Every chance I get I got to flex flex bitch

I know these police sick of us
We selling pounds off the Popsicle trucks
Said a hundred bricks by the mail box tell UPS to come pick it up
Got 50 bands in the grocery bag
I told my young niggas go split it up
All of this shit can't fit in the casket with ya nigga living it up
These broke hoes still waiting on me to come pay the bills (bitch give it up)
You got to get the fuck up out of here when your rent is up
fuck boy got locked up and said send him something I'm like send him what
I live from these projects for a year yeah I ain't sending nothing
I'm blowing bands with an attitude throwing racks at you like I'm mad at you
And I know y'all didn't expect for all my niggas to have it too
But we flex on a bitch spend a check on our wrist I'm blessed with this shit
finesse on a bitch

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She was fucking with me
Now bitch I an't fucking with ya
He was fucking with me
No nigga I won't come and get ya
Y'all ain't fucking with me
Y'all ain't bring no money with ya
nigga's ain't gonna be satisfied with that fire fire
You know something hit ya
All of us got bank rolls you a selfie nigga we the whole picture
You the only one that got some what about them nigga's that rolled with you
bitch I am a go getter and back down for no nigga
Some of all ya'll nigga's gonna die broke you too old to let them hoes go
I know it look like money but I'm riding around with my old pistol
You thought that was your bitch til I pulled up and my hoe killer
Flexing on a bitch that check back and these hoe miss her
Flexing on a bitch
I'm trying to fuck her and her four sisters

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