

Fleaux

"The Wind"

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Verse 1 (Devin Loveloss)

Pressure on my mind so Iâ'm tryna relax,
Pop a couple pills to take my mind off all that,
Take a few puffs until my eyes fall back,
Sip the Hypnotiq, mix it with the Cognac,
Green Hulk monster, go hard in the paint,
Decorated soldier, got stars in his rank,
Devin Loveloss thuggin with the young deuce,
My favorite fingers are the ones in middle saying
Â“fuck youÂ”,
These bitches all the same, tryna get a shoulder rub
But they can suck a nigga dick before a nigga show
them love,
Pass them to the crew before a nigga give them cuffs,
Strike one, strike two, I think itâ's time to switch it up,
Sade flow, call me smooth operator,
Living lifestyles as a true regulator,
Shooting three pointers, living life above the rim,
Fade away with my jumper then Iâ'm gone with the
wind,

Chorus (Fleaux)

Gone with the wind, gone with the wind,
So you ainâ't gotta ask what zone I am in (4x)

Verse 2 (Fleaux)

Rapid thoughts on my mind so Iâ'm tryna relax,
Tell Money get fly, take my off all that,
I got too many goals man I canâ't fall back
But I gotta play it smart, be patient, all that,
I just wanna eat, have my team all fed,
Relieved of all problems, relieved of all debt,
I hope for you the same cause we all feel the pain
When the people that we love are really living off of
bread,
Hard working people ainâ't treated equally,
Some get the benefits, some get the stress,
Tryna see green so weâ're smoking on sess,
Wanna get high scores as weâ're taking lifeâ's tests,
Flow like water, smooth when I move,
Chunk up the deuce when you see me come thru,

And you can call me "blood", or you can call me
"cuz"
At the end of the day man I say we're all kin,
So I'm gone with the wind
Chorus

Verse 3 (PRJR)

I'm sippin while I think,
I'm writing life on a piece of paper, money is my
dank, the greener things,
Most people don't understand the way I move, the
swing of things,
I grind harder than railroads, you need the train,
I picture my life, making music, need a frame,
So when I grow old, see what I obtained,
Yeayaa, what I gained,
The media will tell a shortie to give you head,
I tell the youth to use their brains,
Uh, real shit, these fools is ignorant, it's cool,
I aim for the positive, you aim toward your shoes,
It puts me in a different category than you,
I'm PRJR, still speaking the truth,
I'm stuck in my roots, why would I lie?
If I'm stuck in my roots...
So as I grow, don't be surprised if I blow,
The music is my high, in the wind I float,

Chorus

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