

Bob

"Flexed Up"

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They came to doubt us with my mess, and you the fool
You tryina post a VIP my nigga, who was you
Valet my shit, I rock that shit, I rock that fucking spot
See these jewels, snatch your bitch up in the parking lot
Im flexing, Im flexing, Im flexing, Im flexing
See these jewels, snatch your bitch up in the parking lot
Im flexing, Im flexing, Im flexing, Im flexing
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Anybody looking for the old me? Go down for my old
shit
Coming at a nigga with a sneak diss, might as well put
it out in the open
It aint about the price tag, this why I never look at the
price tag
Nothing going on and on, but I am killing this shit, but
nigga, warp brain
All I hear is loud picks, all I see is satellites
I dont trust these hoes, no, not even in my afterlife
No love for the bloodsuckers tryina snatch a piece, they
tryina grab a bite
Who wouldve guessed this type of life would generate
this much of an appetite?
Life is a 8 count so Im always ahead about two steps
And to this day I still aint seen a nigga coming close to
what I do yet
Thats why she choosing up, she tooted up like a true
vet
And she down for the crew, she giving that crew name

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These impostors deserve an Oscar
They know Im sick, flow is nauseous, I need a doctor

If she do it proper she on the rising
But I just aint saving hoes, Im no Kevin Costner
You looking for me? You know where Im at
Im up at the suite, party of three
The ball 23 but one of the greatest arguably
You hear what I hear? The stocks went up so pardon the
fee
Dont get it twisted, how can I change?
Im still the same nigga, just harder to reach
Im self-made and Im certified, flexed up like Im
working out
I spit flames its Kirby time Im so fly I might burn alive
In her hair like curling iron, she grip that wood like
turpentine
I asked her what that mouth do then she verbalized

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