

Eightball & MJG

"Don't Flex"

Visit "[Don't Flex](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Space Age

Chorus 2X:

Dont flex baby

I wanna see you toucha toes in that dress baby

Bounce it up and down like we having sex baby

Give me the head and you can give them tricks the rest
baby

And nuthin less baby

(Eightball)

Eightball let me grip the mic and rip the track

Freaky hoes let me see you shaking what you got

Trick niggas buy them hoes a drank to keep em cool

And I'm gone be with them niggas drinking yak ackin a
fool

Fulla hay fuck security 'cause we dont give a fuck

At the bar drinking shots looking at them hoes strut

Up and down side to side for a nigga like a foe

Young hoes at the club ready to pack they shit and go

Dont trip baby

After the club you can jump off in my whip baby

And let a nigga get a sample of them lips baby

And we gone keep it on the hush

You can hit me on the hip but dont be blowin a nigga up

9 11 all the time damn tell me what you need

Hold on let me click over MJ what you see

(MJG)

I see a stout thang

Were bout to leave a hump off in yo couch mayn

One look at this bitcha make yo mouth hang open

Freak what you looking at

A true pimp I seen it in her camp

Full time party lifer dance floora

Dopeman's bitch average club goer

Shake it baby til your G-strang break loose

I'm watchin now gone make them hoes hate you

She's a cover girl under bed cover fuck yo red brother

And yo black brother and yo dead brother she aint
scared brother

Big thick juicy body molaty

Got no butt than she got body
She's a go-getter pro switch hitter
But only in the dark
So parking lot competition is hard
I aint chasing
And if I stay around aint cause I'm waiting (Uhn)
Now get along girl get bout your straighten

Chorus 2X

(Eightball)

We make it hot
We came to make it hotta than Nevada
Big balling G slanging Suave House product
In the lab like a chemist cooking weighing up and
cutting
Trinity to the MPC making dope pushing buttons
Organized Noise
Them country ATL boys
Got it locked up and sewed up and keep it rocked up
Glocked up
Doing the southside like Lil Key Key
Tricks talking shit gone see my hollow tips in 3D
But we didn't come to see no jealous ass niggas
We came to keep the party hype and drank up all the
liquor
And fuck with the gold diggers them free drink sippers
Cause them gone be the ones in the room pulling
zippers
With they teeth mind blow by the presidential suite
Waking up talking bout they wanna go and eat
Hit the dho baby
You aint got to go home but yo ass got to go baby
And that for sho baby

Chorus 2X

(MJG)

I saw yo naked ass
Peekin out the curtain of yo mini shirt
Shadow of yo pussy close behind
Telling me MJG
Run with me through fields of flowers
We can fuck for hours
Come and she you anytime
You say no
How you gone say that when you dress say yes
A saddle on yo chest I expect nothing less
Than nuts on yo neck dick on yo chin
Just like we done then last time lets do it again
It looks as if to me you got some handles bout yourself

But everything you struggle to reach is up on the shelf
In homes of pimps who done done it
Some play around with your mind we run it
Gin sippers Orange Mound, Tennessee nigga
We deliver all up and down the Mississippi river
Fuck a check bitch
No ID no income and dividends
Aint got nothing but space now fill it in

Chorus 3X

Visit [Eightball & MJG](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.