

Immortal

"Flossin'"

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Ha, ha..

[Hook: Noke D - 2x]

We ride candy paint, on swanging thangs
Flossing, through your hood
We got purple drank, and stick dank
Living life, like you know we should, ha

[D-Reck]

I was feeling pimp-a-licious hustla-ticious, playa-
dochas so I wrote this
You can quote this from the locest, in the lab with
nocus pocus
Staying focused on the mash, get on feet getting your
cash
Tummy growling touch my back, palms itching like a
rash
I do the thang how I want, spit the game make my point
Sprinkle her brain now it's on, we gon roll from dusk till
dawn
I'm teaching her she teaching me, I'm touching her she
touching me
She hugging me she rubbing me, she struggle with me
she loving me
She hustle with me tussle with me, on me partna
thugging with me
Down ass dame with similar brain, boys get to the
game
I pimp it like I eat it, I touched it and delete it
Complete it and repeat it, if I don't need it then I leave it
If you down or you ain't, if you not then you can't
Get no bank no dank, no X or no drank
Get inside if you gon ride, pay attention eyes wide
You gotta be up on it if you wanna, rest that ass on
buck hide

[Hook - 2x]

[Tyte Eyez]

Sipping drank, with that sticky dank
Sitting low to the road, in a candy red tank

Chilling with a hundred thee, in the bank
We steal the flo', my team won't sink
Please don't blink, cause you might miss me
Cause I'm moving through the hood, quite quickly
In a big drop top, white V
Sitting low to the street, on 23's
It's Tyte Eezy please believe me, I'ma have a dime
piece breezy
On her kneezies on that easy, and that coochie gon be
greasy
If she sleazy, I'ma pass that
I'm from the hood, I don't love no rats
Use to packing, them slugs and gats
But now I switched the game, now I'm busting raps
But don't get it twisted, I'll bust a cap
Hush lil' nigga, gon take you a nap
Rush you in the night, and you might just crap
Crush right bone, and your neck might snap
On the map, that Dirty 3
Way down South, you best believe
We gon have a lot of drank, by the bank
And a lot of candy paint, and the best of weed

[Hook - 2x]

[Kiotti]

Maybe in a Corolla Coupe, Houpe with a solo roof
Or a 0-3, Beeeenz
It's 3's 84's, Spre's low's mo-mo's
Or some twinkie, two Lorenz
As long as it got candy paint, we ain't picky
As long as it got candy paint, it be sticky
As long as the paint wet, drippy-drippy
My pinky make the atmosphere, nippy-nippy
I may floss, like a dental procedure
My trunk make the midnight be bright, street light we
don't need ya
I hate that, bad have to leave her
But now it's top drop on a gold road, next to Jesus
We make, atheists believe us
And do the team song, three in action in chrome on low
feeters
Music sound clear, in low speakers
My world is a block, I wanna teach you like a preacher
Why you peeing me, R.I.P. F-A-T P-A-T baby

[Hook - 2x]

