

Jae Millz

"Barstool Flow"

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This bit is so cool, I should be rapping on the boss tool
I tale that, bitches get over there, no harpoon
No scorpion, bezel full of colors like art school
Gotta coming ilesley in the banks, car pool

Pitbull, shaking on his pants, pups are smoking
Now or let, my weed like turn down and what
Ten miles and they dare to fuck
I mean nail to run ways, they trend mediums, but they
train to fuck
I'm a certain fired boy keen, no relation to our king
But I'm ledging in New York for allen, your favor rapper
favor girl list for every Cullen
Two avenues can't stop him, but that bitch wanted me
when I was walking
When I was local there, papped in my chair till I was
talking
Switch the day now my wave's soky, my ass UV in my
ears loggy
Fuck, suck this bitch feel me, fuck it low like fuck it
though
I'd fuck your home but ain't you low
Come and get that, I gotta couple mood, therefore I
flow
I need a riffo 'cause my cup is low, aspect what nigga
see
And I'm like what, fuck it so, fuck it so

Oh, just exercising my coolness
Oh, my blow so cool I should be rapping on a boss tool
She is to my dotes, call me sin, I shall be our, our
I heard nigga was hanging on me, you're record on
debate know me
Oh, Godness, that's my secret name, everything crade
upon me
Gain to face, all like a stage affront of me
I killed, hate that niggas, unbelieve, I'm the number
one
Never be the one to be, unless you're talking bout
wanna be a building near
Here we all wanna be now on kneels, but truth is I feel

this falling
That I see primos, zeroes, I ain't on my shit, wore as
she be bitch
She know miss the nice guys, smoke or the mean flow
We burn extendal, now we know, miss see the dragon,
call me sting stuff
Fly of the top row, namely you girl pussy , put it in the
slip
And instinct grammar, long they ain't go and push me
I'm so used to be in cool rush hang upon that and use
to drink coca-cola
It's change the story about I got tired how to be inhaled
on all my competitions
So I fled to be that older queer was called them
All praises dote, that shall not disrespect thee,
disrespect he,
Disrespect me JOD till his presence
My flow raises his shock like it is gelety, forget it
Burn the lower rapper stalls, still inget my credit
Their mums must be drinking, my banker count no
sweding
I see a lot of rollex, this is hard to accept it
I know that crowd working a lot while you nigga schept
it
No people work, no one praise to, no serious number,
nigga you're fool casual
My bitch ask haze you, my skin talk meibou
My ex screamed that I hate you, I whisper but I need
you.

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