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### "Flexin On Em"

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[Verse1]

Stuntin' all on my old hoes, styling all on my haters  
Presidential is rose gold, say it's time to get paper  
Glock 10 with that laser, fuck around meet yo maker  
Everyone got me pissin', fuck around with them papers  
So I can't smoke no kush, I can't smoke no kush  
But I ran throught them hoes, and I ain't talk 'bout  
reggie bush  
I say y'all fuck niggas so fold, hoes ain't never gon'  
look  
In the kitchen with that pyrex and a 9 piece, let me cook  
Now hold up, I went and bought a phantom cause I  
wanted to  
And now I drive the same one some stunnas do  
Real nigga, 100 proof  
I'mma need a 100m's to make me comfortable

[Hook]

Stuntin' all on my old hoes, styling all on my haters  
Presidential is rose gold, say it's time to get paper  
Big crib with no neighbors, ball hard but no lakers  
Spent a 100 racks on my chain, all them hoes know my  
name  
I be flexin, flexin, flexin on these niggas  
I be flexin, flexin, flexin on these bitches  
I be flexin, flexin, flexin on these niggas  
I be flexin, flexin, flexin on these bitches

[Verse2]

All I know is just flex, shittin' on my ex  
Bad hoes on my team, dick 'em down like next  
I rock ysl so fresh, fly as hell no jet  
Waves on 360, make that pussy get so wet  
She say I'm cocky, I say that's not me  
She call me papi and I say ven aqui  
Wrist wear on hockey, porsche box like ali  
My sneaks they bally, in my hood I'm proolly just rollin  
'round in that ghost  
Watching out for them folks  
Heater on my hip, trunk full of that work  
I say my shooters like dirt, 10 racks and you murk

I put that on yo head nigga, first week and you dead  
nigga  
I bottle pop, I model pop  
Pull up on them bikes, let the throttle pop  
Niggas know I'm nice, and I got a lot  
Like fuck yo corner, I bought a block

[Hook]

[Verse3]

I don't chase no bitches, I just chase my dream  
We ridin 'round so dirty in this whip that's so clean  
My old head she 30 but that dick suck so mean  
And that pussy just so good for that pipe she my fein  
On that pint I just lean, perk got me bent  
If you ain't talking 'bout money, you ain't got no sense  
Smell it on my clothes, work got that scent  
In that kitchen with them birds, 'bout to serve up that's  
din'  
Hold up! oz's and whole keys  
Straight white and no trees  
Great white and oz's and they might just od  
I stay tight with og's  
They know I'm real nigga  
Pocket full of them racks  
And my bank account meek mill nigga

[Hook]

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