

# T.i. "Flexin'"

Visit "[Flexin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{T.I.}

Yeah, it's the King, cuh  
You know my demo, Maybach, no limo, homes  
I'm sacked up, too  
I don't know what them folk doin'  
I'm flexin', tho', patna  
There it go, K.R.I.T.!

{Big K.R.I.T.} T.I.

(Hold it now) I'm flexin', shawty  
(Hold it now) I'm stupid, hoe  
(Hold it now) I'm reppin', shawty  
(Hold it now) Bitch, you ain't know?

(Hold it now) I'm Gucci, patna  
(Hold it now) I Louis down  
Don't do it, patna  
(Hold it now) Or it's goin' down

I wear stripes row, my Louis, ho, Akoo matchin' my  
kicks, bitch  
Papparazzi everywhere I go, I got cameras all in my  
bidne'  
I rep the town, hold it down, cruise all around in my old  
school  
My speaker loud and my reefer, too, I ain't speakin',  
bitch, do I know you?  
Feds want me back behind that wall, that's the only  
place that I can't go  
I'm focused, dog, and I ain't wit' that f-ck shit, think it  
sweet but it ain't, doe  
I'm tried and true when I'm ridin' through, I ain't hidin',  
they can just hate me  
My top is down and my pockets fat and my diamonds  
clearer than HD

(Hold it now) I'm flexin', shawty  
(Hold it now) I'm stupid, hoe  
(Hold it now) I'm reppin', shawty  
(Hold it now) Bitch, you ain't know?

(Hold it now) I'm Gucci, patna  
(Hold it now) I Louis down  
Don't do it, patna  
(Hold it now) Or it's goin' down

I rep the west of that A like this, don't wanna talk about  
Bankhead  
Still in the trap like a goddamn brick, 'cause I love the  
hood, the King ain't dead  
My hustle grand, my money long, my spot on top, bitch,  
I want that  
My position vacant, my crown await me, my throne is  
empty, I own that  
Folk in Kirkland, with a big hill, too, some'll head to  
Pittsburgh and all that  
Real goons'll ride wit' me to Timbuktu, I ain't Gucci,  
dude, what you call that?  
Mail the yell to East Point, and own that area, Vidalia,  
Sandal Hill all day  
Decatur to Simpson-Rose, on 4-4, Hort nigga f-ck wit'  
me always

(Hold it now) I'm flexin', shawty  
(Hold it now) I'm stupid, hoe  
(Hold it now) I'm reppin', shawty  
(Hold it now) Bitch, you ain't know?

(Hold it now) I'm Gucci, patna  
(Hold it now) I Louis down  
Don't do it, patna  
(Hold it now) Or it's goin' down

{Big K.R.I.T.}  
Them so-called dope boys ain't sold enough  
OGs ain't old enough  
MCs ain't dope enough  
I'll still split yo' coconut  
You So So, I'm like dat  
Tight work, bounce right back  
Make room for yo' bitc', dog  
Nigga, go'n get off my sack  
That loud pack, I blow big  
Always stunt so big  
Please don't get wrong, homie  
Or them Gs gon' bust yo' wig  
The A is mine, no questions asked  
The King is home, bitch, the best is back  
My swagga turned 'em just like my sack  
I'm flexin', shawty, who stoppin' that?

{Hook x2}

{T.I.}

Okay, man, you don't see what's in yo' face, big dog?

Yeah, man, big banks, no whammies, dog, you understand that?

Yeah, doin' real, I'm talkin' 'bout real proper, patna?

You understand that? I got that sack, bruh!

Prison ain't changed shit, homeboy

You understand that?

Rubber bands on deck, guess why, homes?

Big K.R.I.T., let's do this shit one time, man

A-Town to M-Town, patna, it goin' down

Mississippi stand up

Visit [T.i.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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