

T.i. "I'm Flexin"

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Yeah, it's the King, cuz
You know my demo, Maybach no limo, homes
I'm sacked up too
I don't know what them folk doin'
I'm flexin' though patna
Lets go, KRIT

(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 aint 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 be matching my kicks, bitch
Paparazzi everywhere I go,
I got cameras all in my business
I rep the town, hold it down,
Cruise all around in my old school
My speaker loud and my reefer too,
I aint speaking 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 aint with that fuck shit,
Think it sweet but it aint though
I'm tried and true when I'm riding through,
I aint hiding they can just hate me
My top is down and my pockets fat
And my diamonds clearer than HD

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I rep the west of that A like this,
Zone one I'm talking about Bankhead
Still in the trap like a godamn brick,
Cause I love the hood, the King aint 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 Kirkwood, with a big hill too,
Summerhill to Pittsburgh and all that
Real goons will ride with me to Timbuktu,
I aint Gucci dude, what you call that?
Marietta to East Point, and own that area,
Riverdale to Center Hill all day
Decatur to Simpson road, zone 4-4
What nigga fuck wit' me always

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Them so-called dope boys aint sold enough
OGs aint old enough
MCs aint dope enough
I'll still split your coconut
You so-so, I'm like that
Tight work, bounce right back
Make room for your bitch dog
Nigga go on get off my sack
That loud pack, I blow big
Always stunt so big
Please don't get wrong homie
Or them Gs gonna bust your 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 stopping that?

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Okay, man,
You don't see what's in your face, big dog?
Yeah, man, big banks, no whammies, dog,
You understand that?
Yeah, doing real,
I'm talking about real proper, patna
You understand that? I got that sack, bro
Prison aint changed shit, homeboy
You understand that?
Rubber bands on deck, guess why, homes? Yea.
Big KRIT, let's do this shit one time, man
A-Town to M-Town, patna, it goin' down
Mississippi stand up

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