

Meek Mill

"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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