

Lindsey De Paul & Mike Moran**"Whoa Flow"**

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[Tite]

Trunk crack feel foul, now where that boy Dez
I done hit the Ike, and scooped up that boy Redd
Flossing through the city, on the grind getting gritty
I let the top back, and left them bops looking shitty
I'm riding looking pretty, like a yellow bone bitch
I done swung lanes, almost hit the damn bitch
I saw that boy Dez, at the sto with a fo'
Maul in the seat, blowing on the optimoe
It's that boy Tite, on the mic going hard
I got a three hundred pound, big body guard
And boys Bog Rob, hold it down everytime
Since the 9-9, it's been my time to shine
Baguettes around my neck, with Maurquice's on my pinky
A stunner riding Hummer, and them hoes on my slinky
I'ma wave trunk, neon read Mr. Tite
Yellow bones naked, on my screen every night
Via satellite, mayn I gotta stay thoed
Sweets got me blowed, off my head story told
Now I can pimp the pen, or I can wreck the damn flow
I let my trunk drag, while the insides glow
I'm a young pro, and them hoes love to bop
I'm riding on chops, talking bout mind on blocks
I went down to Asia, fucking hoes in Jamaica
If you holding plex, I'ma let you meet your maker
I done turned heads, when I grab my remote
Clarion crunk, and my trunk getting broke
Slab looking better, than a yellow what hoe
When I swang lanes, everybody yell whoa
There that boy go, catch the gleam from my ring
And fuck what you heard, we the Freestyle Kingz

(*talking*)

Yeah, don't let it fool you
We the real deal, you listening to Tite
The D3 Nutt, back to the hood you heard

