

## Timmy T

### "Flossin Season"

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Mannie Fresh playboy  
I know you love these diamonds (they beautiful ha)  
Nigga, "How You Luv That?"  
All that stuntin and frontin  
It's all about them diamonds boy

[Baby]  
Nigga it's a pretty day, and it's flossin season  
Added six tires to my new machinery  
Double R like to ball like it's no tomorrow  
Pretty broads and we fuckin these superstars  
Chrome rims, niggaz ridin new Benz  
TV's, Cadillacs with the new fends  
Wet paint, niggaz takin trips to the banks  
Hittin malls spendin twenty G's like stars  
Rolex, PlayStations in the Hummer  
Just to show these stupid hoes that we worth somethin  
My stuntin name Evel Knievel, keep it real  
Let me pop a wheelie, hoes love stuntin cause I got love  
Gold slugs, stuntin cause we got love  
Motorbike button rims cause we livin right  
Game tight take a tramp make her out a champ  
Overnight got the yole if your money right  
Solid TV's PlayStation with the B.G.  
It's all gravy playboy cause it's flossin season  
A million dollars ain't nothin to me nigga  
but a million hoes is game to me playboy

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]  
Nahh nahh - flossers, let me see you rollin your rims  
Ballers, helicopters, bikes, and Bourbans  
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires  
Let 'em know it's flossin season everywhere  
We flossers, let me see you rollin your rims  
Ballers, helicopters, bikes, and bourbans  
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires  
Let 'em know it's flossin season everywhere

[B.G.]  
I got to get my shine on, do it every time  
Seventeens on up, that's all I ride

In ninety-eight, I been havin them hoes throwin up  
They don't know if I'm in a helicopter or in a truck  
I fuck they head up, cause I floss so much  
Police had me up cause a nigga so young (ha bruh?)  
But you know me nigga..  
that ain't gon' stop B.G. nigga (at all)  
Cause the next day you will see nigga  
me in somethin else with a TV nigga (f'real)  
Fuck it, I'ma floss like that I got scrilla  
Come try to take it, you're fuckin with a guerilla  
I got a watch you can see from a block away  
I got a chain you'll see that'll shock the day  
My click do what we say, we don't stunt wit it  
Off top Big Tymers gon' come with it  
Layin it down this month cause we got a reason (fo'  
sho')  
and we gon' rip shit up cause it's flossin season

[Chorus]

[B.G.]

We flossers, what what what?  
I say we ballers, what what what?

[Juvenile]

This is the season for the flossers nigga  
Ride top notch shit, fuck what it cost you nigga  
Ain't got no TV's or CD's in it - I ain't gon' ride in it  
If it ain't no overseas type shits - I ain't gon' drive it  
This ain't the summer to swing the top off  
This the season niggaz come out on them 20's and ball  
It ain't no secret I'ma stunter, like Evel Knievel  
Jumpin out Lex's and Hummer's, showin off for my  
people  
When I pull up in V.I.P. they say that's a nice car  
Bitches all in my face can't even make it to the bar  
Me, broke and assed-out? Never that man  
I got some shit up in my ear you can see from a  
airplane  
I don't think Super D. can pull a stunt like me  
Got karats on both of my pinkies, ten thousand ap-iece  
Today I might lay low with Kent I built my house in the  
East  
Fuck that, I'ma play bourban it's a thousand a suite

[Mannie Fresh]

Who had the, first bourban with the livin room set  
Who the only nigga you know that drive a burgundy jet  
How many cities you know, named after me? (uhh..)  
It's gon' be a bunch of them motherfuckers when I  
finish G

Now baby - I know you missed us  
Big daddy light up a room like Christmas  
Shine like a light bulb - rich thug  
Let that little girl come over here and give a millionaire  
a hug  
McGyver ain't liver than a, Big Tymer  
Big dick a million dollars and a, Pathfinder  
Mr. Betty Crocker cake maker, casino breaker  
Tell Shaq I got a half a mill' ridin on the Lakers  
Pack my bitches up and move to the hills  
Thirty days a month - thirty Automobiles  
The Lexus or Benz that come out in the year two  
thousand  
I got one of them bitches parked around corner by the  
housin  
The bike I got come out in the year two thousand ten  
Eleven fifty zoop with the batman fin  
The ring I got, Liberace want it  
He couldn't afford that bitch but I can afford to flaunt it

Chorus

[B.G.]

We flossers, what what?

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