

Super Flexin

Manolo Rose

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro]

Fuck you niggas talking, money?
Why the fuck you niggas talking money?
Fuck you niggas talking, money?
You broke niggas talking money?[Hook]

I'm a different kind of nigga
Coke dealer my profession
Thousand dollar salad dressing
We call that super flexing
Fuck your fives, tens, and twenties
Niggas counting hundreds
Fuck your fives, tens, and twenties
Niggas counting hundreds

I'm a different kind of nigga
Coke dealer my profession
Thousand dollar salad dressing
We call that super flexing
I'm a different kind of nigga
Coke dealer my profession
Thousand dollar salad dressing
We call that super flexing[Bridge]

Got this shit for the low
Hope this shit get across
Niggas counting all these blessings
Thousand dollar salad dressing
Call that super flexing
And that pussy getting bought
We call that pussy x boy
We call that pussy x boy

All my niggas getting money, all my niggas getting money
All my niggas getting money, all my niggas getting money[Verse 1]
How can I lose when the bible open on a book of psalms, chapter 82

Verse 6, all ye are gods and all ye are children of the Most High
No weapons, just we shall prosper
Hundred round drum sound like an opera
You gone need six hail marys
Couple [?] and two fucking witch doctors[Hook] + [Bridge][Verse 2]
I done seen my homie burn a couple blocks
Shoot a couple cops, come home mix a lot
Repent for the sins that he caught on his block
Still get up and he sell off his rocks
Riding round, standing through the sun roof
Middle finger up to the coppers
Two guns with me, black tooth
Funeral attire, dare a nigga try us[Hook] + [Intro]

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