

Flossin Season (feat. Big Tymers & B.G.)

Juvenile

Mannie Fresh playboy
I know you love these diamonds (they beautiful ha)
Nigga, how you love that?
All that stunting and fronting
It's all about them diamonds boy 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, niggas ridin new Benz
TVs, Cadillacs with the new fends
Wet paint, niggas 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 something
My stuntin name Evel Knievel, keep it real
Let me pop a wheelie, hoes love stuntin cause I got love
Gold slugs, stunting cause we got love
Motorbike button rims cause we living right
Game tight take a tramp make her holla champ
Overnight got the yola 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 nothing to me nigga
But a million hoes is game to me playboy 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 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'mma floss like that I got scrilla
Come try to take it, you're fuckin with a gorilla
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 Nahh nahh, flossers, let me see you rollin your rims
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Ballers, helicopters, bikes, and bourbans
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin season everywhere We flossers, what what what?
I say we ballers, what what what? This is the season for the flossers nigga
Ride top notch shit, fuck what it cost you nigga
Ain't got no TVs or CDs 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 niggas come out on them twenties and ball
It ain't no secret I'mma 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 a piece
Today I might lay low with Kent I built my house in the East
Fuck that, I'mma play bourban it's a thousand a suite 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?
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 zuke with the batman fin
The ring I got, Liberace want it
He couldn't afford that bitch but I can afford to flaunt itNahh nahh, flossers, let me see you rollin your rims
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Songwriters

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