

Flex (feat. Travis Porter, Slim Dunkin & D-Bo)

Waka Flocka Flame

[Chorus]

Shawty I'm flexin
In the court room burning dro
Give a fuck about the judge
What you think my money for?
Shawty I'm flexin
Ocean front view
And my trap is
Like my weed like my girl like my car
Shawty I'm flexin
White green red watch yellow chain tacky
We flexin not matchin
Shawty I'm flexin
Black and white donk
Zebra skins
Sittin on an elephant
Took your girl to Japan
Shawty we flexin Stunt, ball like there's no tomorrow
Threw a hundred grand at my chauffeur
Shawty, I got gwalla
If she roll with Waka Flame
Then you know that girl gone swallow
Holla at her ass tomorrow
She gon' come she gon' bang
But a nigga ain't gon' stress her
In da club make it rain
Shawty with a fucking Desert
Blue and white candy paint
Looking like Barry Sanders
So Icey flex game
Shawty we da new Atlanta
We da new atlanta
We flexin', yup!
We ridin', yup!
We iced up and we ain't matchin
They might snatch him
They might grab him
His name Waka Flocka flex
We gotta have him [Chorus] Flex, flex, diamonds round my neck

Young Juiceman and these diamonds I'm gon' flex
Red chain blue chain
Call my shit So Icey chain
32 Ent. and I made me a stupid chain
Houses by the lake
Diamonds like a snake
Young Juiceman
And he super duper straight
It's Brick Squad, dawg
And you should buy this tape
And it's Oj da Juice, Gucci, Waka Flocka straight I be Hulk Hogan flexin'
Macho Man flexin'
Juice mane, Gucci Mane, Flocka Flame flexin'
Frenchie copped another watch
And Wooh just bought a necklace
I bought me a Rolls Royce
And parked it on the 'Crest, bitch [Chorus]

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