

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

## 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  
 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 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 it 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 We flossers, what what?

Songwriters

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