## Outer Space Flow (feat. Lil Playboi & Arab)

## **Soulja Boy**

my diamonds r casted rims wrapped in plastic im in outer space chillin wit the jetsons my flow is profected my goons over protective smokin presidental my weed is elected i am well respected i am well conneted i am in the hood in the hood nigga section yo gurl is my food i had her for breakfast nd after we sexed man i left the bitch breathless this is not school so please do not test this my flow is illegal my vocals arrested u dont want beef u must noe da police yo gurl sucked on my dick nd it felt like she had no teeth soulja boy tellem that i am a beast man in hip hop i go ham now lets have a feast man i am a dog a dog off the leash man if u feel like a frog then go ahead nd leap man im on green shit my football field team shit ur on your wack shit that u have no swagg shit i might fuck yo gurl or i might jus fuck dat bitch or dat bitch o make her make me a sandwhich i am so random gurls think thats handsome haters hate man throwin temperture tantrums soulja boy killed them fucked them damned themarab call me arab put im not pakastanie jus run to yo granny cuz that ho can't stand me i am da man dats y i demand money hop on this track so fast call me arab bunny scrath that arab money rappin arab stuntin in whores face nd i keep on cummin song afta song i continue to b bumpin im right nd ur wrong u continue to b nothin i got bars i got cars im a star i got mars on my side these aliens r down to ride took u two nights to do wut i did tonight im so high y da fuck would i catch flight ur gurls leakin problem jus got handled by da pipe me n u r da same really sike bitch i go harder than a train on full throttle followed by godzilla followed by a usr rocket my money so fire it give me real hot pockets try to hate on sod aww bitch stop it my watch tockin its sayin that it is my time the crowd rockin arab they screamin it took grindin so u better keep on dreamin u better start thinkin of a master plan i throw away tha can'ts nd i collect all da cans of course i am gorgues i collect all the fansi pull up in lamborgini stuntin thru yo city u can never c me less u lookin thru a tv get cheese like im mickey get brain like im pinky yo momma goin ham on my dick like piggly wiggly her boyfriend wanna be me cuz im da one she cheat wit u thinkin she a virgin but i fuck her every weekend my pockets on dem cheez its american nd swedish how dare u tlk shit when yo pockets on dem cheez nips i got pounds of dat green tip from a town to d sipp i stay on hustle like ti so free tip free whoa free pimp take off my brim moment of silence fo my dawg dolla bill

rest in peace my nigga im back on dis track like the white chick from superman think im doin hair tha way im poppin these rubber bands stacks on deck way taller then a rubber man swagg super clean like tha bath tub bubble man fuckin wit dem rat boys call em ninja turtle man messin wit my money get jacked up like urkel pants playboy on dis beat call me da murder man pokemon ice pickachu squritutle man duckin from deck like also nd wonder land east alanta zone 6 decatur i put on man

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>