

# Mr. Flamboyant

## The Click

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, I'm just a hustler on the go  
Out here get my props, don't ya know?  
I'm livin' kind of comfortable, large mail and all, yeah  
And a jealous motherfucker would love to see me fall  
Like that, thatWhen we sell this load  
We'll have twice what we started withYeah, it's that old mackin' fast  
Old school gangsta style, smokin' dank  
Cognac lounge beat, cognac lounge beat  
Motherfucker, cognac lounge beat  
Mother, motherfuckerYeah, it's that old mackin' fast  
Old school gangsta style, smokin' dank  
Cognac lounge beat, Mr. Flamboyant  
Motherfucker, Mr. Flamboyant  
Yes, motherfuckerAs a youngster I never knew Nathan  
Just an inobedient child in the neighborhood  
You know the one the police was always chasin'Straight down and dirty for my props  
Eleven years old, extramanish, hard-headed sellin' them rocks  
I killed an old wack motherfucker, no one ever bigger than mePrettiest thing I ever seen, a 1979 air fifteen  
Clean, fully automatic and the whole killer kit  
It's cops be walkin' up and down the street  
Folks be pointin' they fingers sayin' "Partner gotta grip"Basically what I was doin' was protectin' my people  
My million dollar spots, it was my duty  
Got paid to guard the whole motherfuckin' blockTry to catch me if you can, now that I'm a grown man  
The mail I got stashed away, people will never know  
Mr. FlamboyantI came in here on business  
I, I, I came in here on business  
It could work out pretty good  
It could work out pretty goodYeah, pertainin' to this bein' a dog ass world and all  
A brother need some kind of occupation to make his mail stand tall  
Whether it's slangin' em' or whatever ya do, man  
Just make sure you true to the gameStill in the game everything pretty much the same  
Tryin' to reach a certain goal but I gotta dish that during metro

Alcohol and tobacco and Bureau, Feds and the DEA  
Just to run up on me when I'm off that there grandma, yayWell, what if they block and slap yo ass in the truck?  
Partner, if this was a fifth all of us would be drunk  
Don't even like rockin' bleach, trippin' on petty crunk shit like that  
What did you say brother? He might be talkin' bout how it's to the backMe and my pussy was comin' around  
the corner on these shoes  
I mean wheels, yeah in this 76 Cutlass Oldsmobile  
Turnin' 360's like he was an Alaskan mobile  
Sittin' on gold ones hot flamin' didn't really know the dealI say is "What's the fuck wrong with you, you crazy  
ass motherfucker"  
On the back seat tried to mean mug me and turn me like I was a sucker  
So slow ya lil' ass down on this side of town  
Before you find yourself either melted or even beat downLike that and that's on the goose my brother  
Because now days a dollar comes harder than a motherfucker  
So if you out in that world don't get caught or be slippin'  
'Cause today's society ain't trippin'Ah, hay, Ah, hay, Ah, hay  
Yeah  
There's a fortune in this business  
There's a, there's a fortune in this businessMr. Flamboyant yeah, that just might be yo name  
The center of attention, money, fame  
Fuckin' with just rain or crazed insane  
Leader of the squad, much younger than gangsSee he rolls the whole unit in a big simple pipe  
Foams stirs let it settle and then make it light  
Lookin' like rats, real swing when his bottles mail  
Spark off a kill, five hundred grams  
Pertainin' to the triple beam scaleSolid as a rock, white, white, white A-1 peep pistol plan  
Nothin' with scandalous ass cakin' were baking soda  
Whether you know it or not ,here's a dog scale  
You gotta watch ya back or playa willWay to many brothers get took for large sums but me  
You can't be frail and don't be light with ya narrow ass  
Gain some weight, drink beer by the case, it's not too late  
Become a savage, get smoked once what ya want to establish  
One hitter quitters, the ho get down, run up on me nowOoh E why you come at em' like that man  
You know they can't understand that shit  
When you doin' about a buck fifty man  
But now put that shit goin' perspective for em' thoughMan, check this out my side hog  
Due to the fact that I am at liberty  
To release such valuable information towards the public  
Ya know what I'm sayin'Every one of my last side hogs been hollerin' at me  
Demandin' that I define the definition of Mr. Flamboyant  
Pertainin' to me havin' inherited  
The gift to spit so I had to like let looseLike that, well ya know the shit is good listenin', man  
But now I want you to go back  
To the tune you was doin' earlier in that song  
You know that lil' tune ya was doin'Oh, you mean this hereYeah, I'm just a hustler on the go

Out here get my props don't ya know  
I'm livin' kind of comfortable, large man and all yeah  
And a lot of jealous fellows would love to see me fall  
Like that, that In Vallejo, California, Mr. Flamboyant  
In Oakland, Mr. Flamboyant  
South Central, San Francisco Flamboyant, Frisco  
North Richmond, Flamboyant East Palmdale, Sacramento  
Stockton, Pittsburgh, Reno  
Seattle, Washington L.A.  
Bear with me if I slither I'm kind of twisted off Tanqueray Never mind that to the East Coast we go  
Chi-Town, Chicago the land of the snow  
NYC New York, The Big Apple  
Every town is down, folks be comin' up short Detroit, Michigan and Philly  
Boise, Idaho now Billings  
Homeside State, D.C.  
Flamboyance don't care what it be costin' in Boston All around the city of Atlanta, Georgia  
The 2 Live State, Miami, Florida  
Ya don't wanna mess with Texas  
Buffalo, Memphis or Kansas Boyance can be found in Alabama  
New Orleans, Louisiana  
I just got a page from The Click  
Dank tight, I gotta get Yeah hustler, yeah hustler  
Yeah hustler, yeah hustler  
Yeah hustler, yeah hustler  
Yeah hustler, hustler Hustler, hustler, yeah hustler  
Hustler, hustler, hustler

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