

Sh*t n' Floss

Rexx Life Raj

mind ain't never mattered, this shit ain't a object
timing is nothing I know it's a process
she see me sit at the table with bosses
you wanna fuck don't make it so o'vious
move in with caution, fuck it I'm lawless; hey
if it ain't ballin' then what do you call this
think in the morning I think you should call in
my nigga is with me put him on your tall friend
off the zans at 10 in the morning

I think his addicted

he say Rajjie we been working, we derserve it; fuck it we lifted
I guess I do need my issue
for every time that they use me
they never pay no attention
now this shit look like a movie

'maxie驱车' got the city poppin, poppin adderall, got me feeling awesome I been in my feelings like I'm
'Abby Gram'

all these bitches nigga hubby damn
I could prolly use a Hologram
a sign in short to different person
people tell me you're a bitch in person
your Instagram is a different person
rolling a choppah on the way way
dropping these bombs, it's mayday
momma said don't do drugs, but this is the gateway; hey

focus pills and marijuana I been grinding like a boss
if she's wit it and I want her, she'll get high and I'm a boss
never thought they'd see me winning now I'm winning I'm boss
only right I prove em wrong
shit on niggas when I floss

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I got a plan now, I got a plan now
all of that talking don't match where you at now
look where you at now

niggas be perping and fade to the background, you're in background
remember when they used to call me a class clown

BITCH I'm a Dad now, bitch I'm Dad
still that, big black funny nigga knock a bitch joke
VIP, you're paying 10 at the door
and my section drinking here from the storehouse

never had too many options
mango earnings on the hot chips
cool-aid pickle with a bag of trolli's
eating Chinese food without the chopsticks

the fuck is a silver spoon
nigga I really lived in a living room
my mind a places you couldn't reach
if you had a million tentacles
from bridge birth is a miracle
this shit is spiritual

had a therapy with God, he told me he would give me His like I was a rookie buried barns
now every time I drop a track it sound like cherry balm

I might just roll up some Cherry pot
smoke till my eyes look like Cherry drops
don't get it twisted I been a Rex
but I'm chilling at the TrÃ-fare top
rolling these shops on the way way
dropping these bombs it's mayday

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