Flex

J.P. Buckle

Oh where you goin'
Bring your love out to the cold
Sit down and I'll tell you a little story
One of money that I know and it went
Uh, why you runnin'
Why you runnin' from the poor
See, I'm talkin' 'bout some of the places
You ain't thinkin' 'bout thinkin' to go and I'm like
Give it here, give it to me baby
I can tell you wanna
Uh, wouldn't you know it
Look who we got in control
Money you thinkin' bout healin' your pockets
Need to think who needs it most just like
Uh, buy your livin'
When you ain't been livin' love
She don't practice her own religion
But baby loves her Santa Clause and he's like
Give it here, give it to me baby
I can tell you wanna
Flex with me
Bring it on
Uh, where you goin'
Bring your love back to the cause
See, I'm really 'bout lovin' the faces
So, I hit 'em where I go, just like
Uh, when I'm the best friend you'd never thought you'd know
Seen the streets by runnin' mouth
Whether you want me or you don't see I'm like
Give it here, give it to me baby
I can tell AAAHHHH

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