

# Flex

## Waka Flocka Flame

[Chorus]

Shawty I'm flexin  
In the court room burning dro  
Give a fuck about the judge  
What you think my money for?  
Shawty I'm flexin  
Ocean front view  
And my trap is  
Like my weed like my girl like my car  
Shawty I'm flexin  
White green red watch yellow chain tacky  
We flexin not matchin  
Shawty I'm flexin  
Black and white donk  
Zebra skins  
Sittin on an elephant  
Took your girl to Japan  
Shawty we flexin Stunt, ball like there's no tomorrow  
Threw a hundred grand at my chauffeur  
Shawty, I got gwalla  
If she roll with Waka Flame  
Then you know that girl gone swallow  
Holla at her ass tomorrow  
She gon' come she gon' bang  
But a nigga ain't gon' stress her  
In da club make it rain  
Shawty with a fucking Desert  
Blue and white candy paint  
Looking like Barry Sanders  
So Icey flex game  
Shawty we da new Atlanta  
We da new atlanta  
We flexin', yup!  
We ridin', yup!  
We iced up and we ain't matchin  
They might snatch him  
They might grab him  
His name Waka Flocka flex  
We gotta have him [Chorus] Flex, flex, diamonds round my neck

Young Juiceman and these diamonds I'm gon' flex  
Red chain blue chain  
Call my shit So Icey chain  
32 Ent. and I made me a stupid chain  
Houses by the lake  
Diamonds like a snake  
Young Juiceman  
And he super duper straight  
It's Brick Squad, dawg  
And you should buy this tape  
And it's Oj da Juice, Gucci, Waka Flocka straight I be Hulk Hogan flexin'  
Macho Man flexin'  
Juice mane, Gucci Mane, Flocka Flame flexin'  
Frenchie copped another watch  
And Wooh just bought a necklace  
I bought me a Rolls Royce  
And parked it on the 'Crest, bitch [Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>