

Flow

Felony Fame

Uh x5

Music notes and dolla signs goin' twice
I got a couple of exotic cars parked out back.
Two bottles of red wine in the dining room,

And twelve of the classiest women I can find in Northern America waitin' in the lobby.

Hey miss,

90's I'm feelin' close to Hillary Clinton,
With all these bills I be gettin'™.
Nigga William is trippin'™.

William Clinton tell her finna come sit in my kitchen.
I grant her wishes and he go and sniff coke off the dishes.

I'm talking all white,
Leave it up to beaver.
That white girl nigga,
Jungle fever what I give her.

I tease her.

Leave that residue up on the beezer.

If she sniffin' Imma leave her.
I forget that she a Libra.
And that still ain't everythang,
Nigga I'm seein'™ more.

Either or,

All my fiends look premature.

I'm here to bring the game to a prominence
And that's the consequence of being confident

I chuck the deuce on you poker-faced niggas
Take an ace to the face and watch my soul deflate, nigga

Money is the motive
Watch me motivate, nigga
And I capitalize on you lowercase niggas

Uh

I'm so presidential
Holla at Hillary
So I don't get dumped
I get impeached

My chick badder than the Beamer that I'm leanin' in
You niggas gettin' left behind like a fingerprint
I'm in that Maybach with the blinds closed

Thinkin' 'bout where time goes
While I got my eyes closed
But how would I know?
Y'all niggas like Phil Jackson on an airplane
Y'all fly coach
When I inhale
The smoke is my solution
Now I'm waitin' to exhale
Whitney Houston
Cops don't even use the cuffs; now they fuckin' shootin'
And every verse is what I choose to put the fuckin' truth in
You rappin' everything but the facts, nigga
I hop on tracks and run laps, nigga
100 meter dash and fall flat, nigga
germain de prix (???) when she with me my bitch a brat, nigga

Hillary Clinton
Comin' for Whitney's women
All these bills I be gettin'
Bill Clinton, niggas is trippin'
Niggas is tippin' so shawty is shakin' for business
We ain't takin' you with us
Baby I'm payng to witness
I'm payng to witness
She naked I'm tippin'
She naked she strippin'
She makin' a livin' x2
That's Hillary Clinton with all the bills she be gettin'

I hear the heels tappin'
She made her way to my room
Breaking my tomb
Laura Croft raided my room
I make her change clothes like a Transformer
Only lingerie, nigga no pants on her
Lay my hands on her
And if mans want her
I tell 'em toot it and boot it
And then prance on her
Ha,
Trump tower with my own room
Flying first class like I stepped out of homeroom
And if a bitch with 'em my niggas will get with her
Maybe consider
to drink into they liver

Completely gone; I am complete blown off the swishers
Throwinâ€™ money away we hit the strip club and litter
Nigga, who fuckinâ€™ with me? x2
Nobody fuckinâ€™ with me; only women fuckinâ€™ with me
All they do is kiss ass; I guess they pucker friendly
I can have a cook- out on the grill of this fuckinâ€™ building

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Baby let me spend this money on you x5

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