

Flashin'

E-40

Ooh ooh

Flashin' *belches*

Ooh

I'm goin' off that Boyd dog through Purina Chow Chow

Pow Pow hot lead on a nigga head

Chest out never understood grew up in the hood

Never knew right from wrong

Get to dumpin' on a nigga for nothin' for no reason

Mannish little knucklehead hard head heathen

Meanin' give a fuck about life I seen my momma

Stab my daddy in the stomach with a knife

When I was three years old, finally figured it out

That's why a nigga sold coke, clientele and clout

Without a motherfuckin' doubt, take a nigga out

For trying to go between my motherfuckin' paper route

Wet his ass up, that nigga see and go

Fully automatic convertible I'm a wipeaway arsonist

Fire extinguisher, if you ain't spittin' heat then motherfucker

You betta' damn sure be workin' for me or else you're fucked

Either that, I get your jaw wired up, pathological liar

Dope game got me like this, fertify high

Smokin' more bomb than Cheech and Chong, I'm sayin'

Hit up Denny's restaurant and order a gang of food

Run up out of that prejudiced fuck-ass motherfucker

Without even havin' any n kind of intention on even payin'

Damn near flashin', that's what the fuck I'm doin'

And I'm blatin' up in this motherfucker

I got my motherfuckin' heater out and I'm sayin' fuck the world

I'm pissin on everything, fuck it, nigga I'm flashin'

I'm actin bad

I got all kind of marbles on the motherfuckin' table

And I'm tellin' a motherfucker you touch my shit and I'm flashin'

Understand my shit, the situation is way damn real

Motherfucker I'm drunk off the shit

And I'm breakin' bottles on the pavement, I'm flashin'

Nigga I'm out there bad I'm poppin in the air for nothin'

Nigga for no apparent reason I'm duh duh duh duh check it out

At this, got it fired up, choppers in the back of the truck

About to light the nigga crib up

Bang bang shoot 'em up claim fame
Got a little to my name, slick as sugar cane
Three in the mornin' it's hard labor chasin paper
Nigga twerkin', go to several Russian car
Click-ers come esouped with VCR's
Microwave ovens and credit cards
Pullin" all kind of heavy metal straps
Beatin' nijjas down with bumper jacks
LIP's bitches overseas shoot crap
Try to have more paper than a factory
Motherfuckers gettin' to showin out when the yard flexes
Liable, blow a whole on a psycho
Vital, lookin' out for the rival tribal dead on arrival
Psycho, it's all about survival
Quarter ounce zippers is on
Run up in his home white sock or bone
With the chrome pist-al, pistol whip a nigga
With a zap force, seen this hammer, Arm and Hammer
Bakin soda, listening to the scanner, scared man
Can't win, especially when a nigga packin"
Fetti stackin", mashin', flashin'
I'm flashin', the Elroy's pulled me over
And put the flashlight to my window and told me I was speedin'
And I got to, fa-lashin' on they ass
I got to actin like a demon the motherfuckers told me
The other day I go to turn off my P-G-and-E
Nigga and I got to actin bad and I got to flashin'
On a motherfucker, motherfucker come out there
Talkin' crazy to me lookin' at me crazy up in the motherfuckin' sto'
And I said, "bitch I'm F-ah-lashin!"
Don't let me get to flashin' on yo' ass nigga
Motherfucker up in the club, and a motherfucker step on my shoe
And I got to fa-lashin!
It's all bad, motherfucker used to be comrade
Used to fuck the same hoes, wear Jeff clothes
Closer than a bugger to a nose, choosin vogues
Slammin' Cadillac do's together, cookin crack
Gettin' eighteens if it's back, overkill
Put the whammy on the whoop, be on the lookout
For the state troop, might shoot, durin the drug deal
Flippin at the mouth
Voluntarily raps your motherfuckin' folkers out
Tight about since Little League, Boy Scouts
Paper route dropped a diamond get some day skunk
I'm uh, I'm ooh cranky, booty like a old hag

She gonna get hella stanky if youse get teared up
But us niggas don't bring me back
My motherfuckin' duffle bag I squinges off the hinges
Lean ballin', alcohol and weed
A thousand dollars worth of chump change, chicken feed
A criminal record a full of dirty deeds
Givin niggas black eyes and bloody lips
Cauliflower ears and extra clips
Gun clappin music slappin party crashin"
Brash and motherfucker flashin'
The holiday just came on the first second and third of the month
Made my check late and I got to, flashin' on motherfuckers
Next door neighbor hollerin' that shit about my beat too loud
I walked up the motherfuckin' steps and I got ta
Tellin that bitch I'm F-ah-lashin'
Send a rookie to the store to bring me back some Rossi Ron
He brought me back Chablais, and I get to flashin'
On that bitch ass motherfucker, silly nigga
Yknahmsayin? A motherfucker up in this motherfucker flashin'
Get to testin my testicles nigga and I'ma flash on yo' ass
Bad word get back to me and I'm flashin'
Lost all my money up in the dice game and I flash
Didn't let me up in the Club Cafe Echelon and go to flashin'
Dopefiend ran off with a hundred count of my teeth
And I'm flashed
Big Willie cashed my hawkin money water so I took it to Scottie's
To keep myself from flashin'
Bought \$250 worth of liquor and they tried to charge me
For some ice and I flashed
Got jumped outside a house party fools left me for dead
When I got home I seen them motherfuckers
And they ass was in the red, I got to flashin'
I tell ya, bitch these niggas I tell ya
Shit I tell ya, shit shit shit shit bitch, shit!

Songwriters

STEVENS, EARL T. / WHITEMON, MARVIN
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>