

Flavor

Young Dro

Let me kick my shit, riding around gettin that paper
Treat your bitch like candy, fuck her now and later
I flex I flex n stunt, gotta shine on them haters
Your bitch seen all sauce, said, 'Can I have some of your flavor?' Oh, no, your flavor
Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no, your flavor
Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no
Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no
Can I have some of your flavor? Hold up
You can have none of my flavor
You can have none of my paper
You can have none of my linen
You ain't have none of my gator
I'm moving these bricks and this shit is conductor
Designer, designer, my shit is exclusive
Flexing, I'm flexing, my rims are Gucci
I'm all up in Fifth, I'm shopping in Pucci
Giving a damn, I go up in Gucci
I'm on the molly, I'm smoking a Lucy
My future with bands, they free like Boosie
They know I'm a dog, they calling me Snoopy
The chopper, the scope, the riffle, I want it
Knocking them out like face it, I'm on it
My daughter was five, I borough a pony
I'mma stay, yell baloney
Yeah, etcetera, etcetera, paper is federal
You gonna need medical
Even with lyrics you niggas is edible
Drizzle be rapping and snapping, I'm telling you
Let me keep my shit, Bruce Lee, nigga, back up
She can't have none of my flavor
And she can sauce none, I'mma hack her Let me keep my shit, riding around in that paper
Treat your bitch like keep, fuck her now and later
I taste that bitch, don't splurge, gotta shine on them haters
Your bitch seen all that sauce, said, 'Can I have some of your flavor?' Oh, no, your flavor
Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no, your flavor

Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no
Can I have some of your flavor?
Oh, no
Can I have some of your flavor? Hold up, flavor, I'm impossible with it
Surgery, I'm a god with digits
Got the monopoly fitted
Hoes will be honest, they popping and taking
Used to be broke and poverty stricken
Now I got worry about them boxes in the kitchen
That guy information is not to be mentioned
Chauffer, the Phantom is not to be driven
All of this flavor is not to be given
You got it, baby, they buy me like paper
Bullets, the county, balling like aces
APM sharp, I'm pumping your lady
You on the block, I'mma take out the baby
You know I'mma cut it, don't mix it with bacon
Soda, Cola, bitches in Boca
Me and Fantasia had dinner with Oprah
Winfrey, Bentley, taking the semi
Nigga get wrong I tow him like jenny
Drunk as a fuck I'mma do 'em like Remy
Nigga I'm more, the plural is in me
I run through your crew like a bullet, don't tempt me
Got too many hoes so how you gonna pick me?
Let me keep my shit
Back up, bitch, hear me? Let me keep my shit, riding around in that paper
Treat your bitch like keep, fuck her now and later
I taste that bitch, don't splurge, gotta shine on them haters
Your bitch seen all that sauce, said, 'Can I have some of your flavor?' Oh, no, your flavor
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