

Flossin' Season (feat. Big Tymers & B.G.)

Juvenile

Man what's up playboy?
I know you love these diamonds
Nigga, how you luv that?
All that stuntin' and frontin'
It's all about them diamonds boyNigga it's a pretty day and it's flossin' season
Added six tires to my new machinery
Double R like to ball like it's no tomorrow
Pretty broads and we fuckin' these superstars
Chrome rims, niggaz ridin' new Benz
TV's, Cadillacs with the new fends
Wet paint, niggaz takin' trips to the banks
Hittin' malls spendin' twenty G's like stars
Rolex, Play Stations in the Hummer
Just to show these stupid hoes that we worth somethin'
My stuntin' name Evel Knievel, keep it real
Let me pop a wheelie, hoes love stuntin' 'cause I got love
Gold slugs, stuntin' 'cause we got love
Motorbike button rims 'cause we livin' right
Game tight take a tramp make her out a champ
Overnight got the yole if your money right
Solid TV's Play Station with the B.G
It's all gravy playboy 'cause it's flossin' season
A million dollars ain't nothing to me nigga
But a million hoes is game to me playboyNahh nahh flossers, let me see you rollin' your rims
Ballers, helicopters, bikes and bourbans
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin' season everywhere
We flossers, let me see you rollin' your rims
Ballers, helicopters, bikes and bourbans
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin' season everywhere
I got to get my shine on, do it every time
Seventeens on up, that's all I ride
In ninety-eight, I been havin' them hoes throwin' up
They don't know if I'm in a helicopter or in a truck
I fuck they head up 'cause I floss so much
Police had me up 'cause a nigga so young
But you know me nigga, that ain't gon' stop B.G nigga
'Cause the next day you will see niggaMe in somethin' else with a TV nigga

Fuck it, I'ma floss like that I got scrilla
Come try to take it, you're fuckin' with a guerrilla
I got a watch you can see from a block away
I got a chain you'll see that'll shock the day
My click do what we say, we don't stunt wit it
Off top Big Tymers gon' come with it
We layin' it down this month 'cause we got a reason
And we gon' rip shit up 'cause it's flossin' season Nahh nahh, flossers, let me see you rollin' your rims
Ballers, helicopters, bikes and bourbans
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin' season everywhere
Flossers, let me see you rollin' your rims
Ballers, helicopters, bikes and bourbans
It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin' season everywhere
We flossers, what what what?
I say we ballers, what what what? This is the season for the flossers nigga
Ride top notch shit, fuck what it cost you nigga
Ain't got no TV's or CD's in it, I ain't gon' ride in it
If it ain't no overseas type shits, I ain't gon' drive it
This ain't the summer to swing the top off
This the season niggaz come out on them 20's and ball
It ain't no secret I'ma stunter, like Evel Knievel
Jumpin' out Lex's and Hummer's, showin' off for my people When I pull up in V.I.P. they say that's a nice car
Bitches all in my face can't even make it to the bar
Me, broke and assed-out? Never that man
I got some shit up in my ear you can see from a airplane
I don't think Super D. can pull a stunt like me
Got karats on both of my pinkies, ten thousand a piece
Today I might lay low with Kent I built my house in the East
Fuck that, I'ma play bourban it's a thousand a suite Who had the, first bourban with the livin' room set?
Who the only nigga you know that drive a burgundy jet?
How many cities you know named after me?
It's gon' be a bunch of them motherfuckers when I finish G
Now baby, I know you missed us
Big Daddy light up a room like Christmas
Shine like a light bulb rich thug
Let that little girl come over here and give a millionaire a hug
McGyver ain't liver than a, Big Tymer Big dick a million dollars and a, Pathfinder
Mr. Betty Crocker cake maker, casino breaker
Tell shaq I got a half a mill' ridin' on the lakers
Pack my bitches up and move to the hills
Thirty days a month thirty automobiles
The Lexus or Benz that come out in the year two thousand
I got one of them bitches parked around corner by the housin'

The bike I got come out in the year two thousand ten
Eleven fifty zoop with the batman fin, the ring I got, Liberace want it
He couldn't afford that bitch but I can afford to flaunt it Nahh nahh, flossers, let me see you rollin' your rims
Ballers, helicopters, bikes and bourbans
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It's on us, C-M-R are millionaires
Let 'em know it's flossin' season everywhere
We flossers, what what?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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