

Flex (feat. Juice WRLD)

Polo G

Mm-mm-mm, mm-mm-mm

(Hit-Boy)

Mm-mm-mm, mm-mm-mm Natural born hustler, nigga, stuntin' is my strong suit

Flexin' with a hundred cash, look at what these songs do

Gangster and a baller, baby, I do what I want to

I be with some steppers, I don't care 'bout what you gon' do

Wet shit like the Warriors, all my niggas gon' shoot

He gon' have to take a loss, some my niggas gone too

I know a bad bitch and I'm who she belong to

I just picked a Cuban up from Wafi, bitch, these stones new

Dolce & Gabbanas on my feet and these my favorite pair

Got a lot to lose, still can't be scared to take it there

I was in them slums, shit get dreadful like some Haitian hair

I come from that zoo, it's just cobras, pigs, and apes in there

1300 block, bitch, I caught my last cases there

Ain't no second chances in this shit, so we can't play it fair

Foanem line shit like a barber, Glock knock off his facial hair

Caught him lackin' in his whip, they tryna find his face in there

Lil Hop Out, he stay on go, bitch, all he know is green light

Let off shots with accuracy, showed 'em what that beam like

Posted by that liquor store, was sellin' what the fiends like

Used to wake up in low income, now I live a dream life

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I just picked a Cuban up from Wafi, bitch, these stones new Bury me like a pharaoh with this
money and my gold too

Keep a shooter in there, try to rob me, this the wrong tune

I hit Johnny Dang and mixed the diamonds with the gold tooth

The FN sing a song like it's the leader of a soul group

Don't come 'round here like we friends, you know I don't know you

You know I got demons, allow me to show you

Lately, I been on the road (Yeah), show after show

I know I'm makin' all the opps mad back home

Been a while since I had to dial from a trap phone

See you later, alligator, quite a while, crocodile, we gone

Pray to God that my money stay long

Also prayin' for good aim for when the devil try to go Natural born hustler, nigga, stuntin' is my

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