

Let Me Flex

Chris Travis

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nna slow up
Said she goes to school, in her city she a loner, baby you can
leave with me cause I love your persona

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Handgun in her purse, no she ain't taking shit
Bad bitch, she ain't ratchet, and she looking heaven sent
Yes she is, yes I'm is, crusing, feeling on her clit
Wavy nigga with them bricks, its still free Max B you bitch
I just flex, I just flex, on the bitch denying sex
I don't stress, I don't stress, cause I know this bitch ain't s
hit
Up in space, that's my place, I be there like everyday
Smoking kush straight to the face, darkest cup I'm sipping grap
es
Bitch I rock designer, ain't nowhere were that you could find t
his
Boy I'm like a diamond, ain't no way you can outshine this
Bitch I'm Michael Jordan, run the whole damn lineup
Thinking you can fuck with me? Nigga get your rhymes up
Niggas get the shine, before you know they time up
Ima keep saying real shit until my time up
Fuck everybody tryna doubt a nigga future
Ima get a hundred K just for my jeweler

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Zeros on my check
Derrick Rose of my set
Let a young nigga flex

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