

Ooh ooh
Flashin'
Ooh

I'm goin' off that Boyd Dawg 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 wipe away 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, certify high
Smokin' more bomb than Cheech and Chong, I'm sayin'
Hit up Denny's resteraunt 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 blastin' 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
Clickers 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 pistal, 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, flashin' 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 flashin'"
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 flashin'

It's all bad, motherfucker used to be comrade
Used to fuck the same hoes, wear Jeff clothes
Closer than a bugged 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 you're get teared up
But us niggas don't bring me back
My motherfuckin' duffel 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' niggaz 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 flashin'
Send a rookie to the store to bring me back some Rossi Ron

He brought me back Chablis, 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'
Dope fiend 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 dollar 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 niggaz I tell ya
Shit I tell ya, shit shit shit shit bitch, shit
© E-FORTY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO; UNIVERSAL MUSIC - Z SONGS;