

Waikiki Flow

Shy Glizzy

If they wrap your body up, they ain't gon' remember you
Used to pour the drank up, had too many minerals
Hop on the jet, might fly to Senegal
Y'all do baguettes, I'ma do the emeralds
All on the islands, nah, I'm not Gilligan
Bad bitch talk loud, must be Dominican
Wrist on ice cube, all about the Benjamins
First they didn't like me, now they wanna be friends again
Pussy so wet, she soaked my Versace
Gave me more head than she gave me body
Bitch thinkin' she slick 'cause she fuckin' Lil Yachty
Shout out my nigga, just beat a lil' body
Niggas actin' like Big Meech on the iPad
RIP, niggas gon' type that
Love all my fans even if I don't write back
Ask your favorite rapper where the fuck he get his stripes at?
Watches don't tick tock, you should see my wrist lock
Bang bang, Glizzy Gang, bitch, I got a big Glock
And I went platinum way before hip-hop
Used to play knick-knock, now I got rich opps
Almost caught me a case but these niggas be tellin'
I done caught me a wave, then a nigga start sailin'
Rollin' big Backwoods of that MegaWellness
Ain't good in one hood, these niggas be wildin'
1942, know what she goin' do
Fuck her to some Bad Bunny, we gon' make a porn too
Screaming free Ralo, used to sell dogfood
Please don't make the wrong move, sic the dog on you
This is an encore, fuck I gotta front for?
Runnin' with some niggas who'll kick in your front door
Naturally bad, but she love the damn contour
European swag, tell a fuck nigga bonjour
All this swag make a fuck nigga mad
All this swag make a fuck nigga mad
All this swag got me in my bag
Oh, all this swag make a nigga jet lag
Ham ass niggas, they ain't blockin' my path
They envy a nigga, they jockin' my swag
I got a .40 cal in the man bag
Forty thousand on merch, what you think they gon' say?
I got a bitch look like Meagan Good
When she playin' 'em waist-deep, lil' bitch, she a freak
I just bought me a coupe with the trunk in the hood and the bitch ain't come
with a key
I gotta keep me an ARP in case a fuck nigga ever try to run up on me
I was on the corner like Champ Bailey, tryna pick off every nigga, tryna get
one on me
Fucking on models, Victoria's Secret
Look at my pockets, they on Rakeisha
Wake they ass up, boy, I heard they got sleepy
KiKi ain't love me, I'm in Waikiki
On my sneaks, fifteen hundred my feet
And he wasn't worth a body, so I'd rather murk a beat
I done lost a couple of mine fuckin' with these streets
But you better bet the other side feelin' my grief
These niggas be hurtin', that hatin' not workin'
Screaming free the gang, they couldn't stop murderin'

I'm fuckin' your bitch, she know that you purpin'
She lovin' my drip, a nigga be surfin'
I ain't goin' outside 'less I got a cutter on me
I been the same nigga since they took my brother from me
Name your top five, dude ain't got nothin' on me
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'Member I ain't have a rubber on me? Haha