Express yourself Come on and do it, Strydes Express yourself Do it, do it

Yeah, let me express myself Brand new car, let me Lex myself Wait, how can I stress this well? I'm illie on the mic, I'm bad for your health I'm really on the clouds, I'm out of your world Celebrate life, I'm out with girls Good right, this is the good life But I stay in the hood like I'm trapped in a cell Stone-cold swagger, Gucci or Prada It really don't matter, I make it look better Get my butter, more than a slice of bread and cheese I'm liking this cheddar Non-stop hits and a little bit extra Flow's on point, Mr red beam laser Yeah, so that means more paper Let me express myself to the hater

Express myself
Let me check myself
Express myself
I'm tryna be the best myself
Express myself
Let me check myself
Express myself
I can even impress myself

Let me express myself Let me start from the money that I'm getting in Backstage, all of the honeys that I'm letting in Lifestyle's really that sick, it needs medicine Thanks to the bangers I write I can go out late on a Saturday night Gimme this, gimme that, plus whatever I like Buy out the bar like whatever the price Chase my dream, now I've got my Status Want a whole book cause I done seen papers Had struggles and difficult stages Now I got yellow on the chain, call me Lakers Don't play me, I don't do games, boy I'm flaming hot but still reign, boy Get my point across with no noise Let me express myself to the young boys

Let me express myself
Had a good few years, I can thank myself
Let me reflect on sales
It went quite well, God bless my soul
I'm hood, I'm raw, a star of course
That much better than them times four
Scratch my back and I will scratch yours
Show me love and I'll show you more
If not minor, see me on the TV

I bling all crazy, shining armour
Me, I don't flop or fold, I go harder
Rock the mic for life, I'm Jay Hova
Wait, I'm not done, it's not over
Gift I got, it's wrapped, it's game over
Let me express myself, get my point across, it gets over