

Rich Flex-21 Savage, Drake Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Rich Flex”

Go buy a zip of weed, hit the club
Pay for like ten nigga' to get in, we crump, lit in this bitch, yeah
Know we walk around the world
(Body up, yuh, yuh)
Steppin' not givin a damn 'bout where our feet land at
Yeah, get your ass mushed, smooshed (6ix)
Yeah, 21, the biggest
Put a nigga in the chicken wing, pussy
21
Can you do sum' for me? (21)
Can you hit a lil' rich flex for me? (21)
And 21, can you do somethin' for me? (21, 21)
Drop some bars for my pussy ex to me
And 21 (21), can you do sum' for me? (Yeah)
Can you talk to the opps necks for me? (Okay)
21, do your thing, 21, do your thing (21)
Do your thing, 21, do your thing
Yellow diamonds in the watch
This shit cost a lot
Never send a bitch your dot
That's how you get shot
I DM in vanish mode, I do that shit a lot
Took her panties off and this bitch thicker than a plot
All my exes ain't nothin', them hoes busted
If my opps ain't rappin', they ass duckin'

You ain't ready to pull the trigger, don't clutch it
I know you on your period, baby, can you suck it?

I'm a savage (21)

Smack her booty and magic (21)

I'll slap a pussy nigga with a ratchet (Pussy)

I might slap a tracker on his whip and get to addin' (Pussy)

Don't call me on Christmas Eve, bitch, call your daddy (21)

Bitch, call your uncle (21), bitch, don't call me (21)

Always in my L, your hoe a freak (Fuck)

Why my opps be posting guns and only use they feet? (21)

Paid like an athlete, I got-

All you hoes

All of you hoes need to remember who y'all talking to

It's the Slaughter Gang CEO

I got dick for you if I'm not working, girl

If I'm busy, then, fuck no

You need to find you someone else to call

When your bank account get low

You need to find you someone

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

I'm on that slaughter gang shit

Ayy, murder gang shit

Ayy, slaughter gang shit

Ayy, murder gang shit

Ayy, sticks and stones, chrome on chrome

That's just what a nigga on

Internet clones, got 'em kissin' through the phone

Pussies clickin' up so they don't feel alone, ayy

Man niggas seein' me, I'm young money CMB

I used to roll with CMG, the house is not a BNB

The bad bitches waitin' on a nigga like I'm PnB

I'm steady pushing P, you niggas pushing PTSD

I told her ass to kiss me in the club, fuck a TMZ

I used to want a GMC, when world was doing BNE

We revvin' up and goin' on a run like the DMC

I later wait a full couple days then its "BRB!"
You rappers like askin' if I fucked when you know we did
When you know we did
She came in heels, but she left out on her cozy shit
Ayy, I'm livin every twenty-four like Kobe did
Shoutout to the 6ix, R.I.P the 8's
Swear this shit is getting ate, I'm on ten for the cake
Get a lot of love from twelve, but I don't reciprocate
Fifty one divisions stay patrolling when it's late
21 my addy so the knife is on the gate
All the dogs eating off a BACARA plate
Niggas see Drake and they underestimate
Take it from a vet, that's a rookie ass mistake, ayy
Slaughter gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit, ayy
Slaughter gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit, ayy
(Slaughter gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit, ayy)
(And you got 'em)
Boy, look, you the motherfucking man
Boy, you, ooh, you is the man, yeah man!
