

Flexin' & Finessin'

Iggy Azalea

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Ain't got no time for stressing
Im just flexin and finessing

Okay now, Big dollars I been gettin. This my world boy I been shittin
These bad bitches? im friends with em
They bow down and let my friends hit em
Like got damn. this Tight Gold shit! you ridin' round in my old whip
Me? Trapgold 1st? Black hood
He gotta double cup, and pour that good
I got racks to play, you on my tip. You just window shop and don't by shit!
I gotta pearl handle, don't try shit. And to these haters please stay up off
my dick
I got cartiers on my eye lids. And these princesses on my wrist
How the fuck could you say it ain't fly bitch!?
Im so fresh to death I just died bitch!
Now clap clap for me. Go ahead girl bring it back back for me
Pull my cash out my let her lap dance for it
Fuck around and bust a band no black jack on it
Call me iggy Iigs I'm on trippy shit
I like whitneys hips. I like britneys tits
I want em both to strip im on pippin shit
And since I can't pick... We'll do a switchy switch, word

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Let's go!
I was counting cash with the money machine
She giving me head then coming outta her jeans
Smoke a pound today roll up a Juicy J double cup full of Promethazine..
Seen the Porsch I like bought the bitch twice
I can do that shit for the rest of my life
Seen the bitch I like hit the bitch twice
Stay flexing hard mother fuck a price
I get it flip it and shit it
Poppin molly dig it back to business
Ride the lamb doing twice the limit
Got your bitch screaming from start to finish
Bank bands all on my cash, stripper bitches gone shake they ass
Twenty years in the rap game, man I don't have to make it last
That bullshit that you smoking never been in my cigar
What im smoking on you gotta keep in a jar
Own it to the shit and nigga pop and have a bar
With two white chicks menage-a-trois
Rolling up, back to back
I need my medicine I got cataracts
One night with yo bitch then you can have her back
Me saving these hoes imagine that

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