

No Flex Zone Remix

Karmin

I'm jubilant with a stupid grin
Your screw's loose where do you begin?
I call my dude and I tell him I'm boonin' and then moon him
From the window of the looney bin
He's fuming, cause I'm really being rude again
I ruin my connection to my human kin
And so I'm movin' him to the kennel
Settle down with the goof troop
Snoop, and it's juice and gin
Took my Tylenol
And took a violent fall
When I tried to crawl
Up the asylum wall
Watsky sippin' Carlo Rossi
All the foxy ladies, I can drunk dial 'em all
Because I can be in seventeen places at once
While seventeen me's puff a hundred seventy blunts
And while I'm cheapin' in DC with Eric Holder
I'm sharing marijuana with the mayor of Boulder
Colorado, but the air is colder
When I'm in the south pole, where the bears are polar
I crap on the critics who deny my place
Then wipe my ass with the fabric of time and space

No flex zone, no flex zone
They know better, they know better
No flex zone, no flex zone
They know better, they know better

I know, the city, it be filled with crap
Plastic pretty women, hear my knuckles crack
Out on Hollywood Boulevard poppin' those silicone humps
Like it was a roll of bubble wrap
I keep my fingernails sharp, but my mind too
If a dog's gonna bark, then I'll find you
But if you scratchin' on the bark of the wrong tree
And I'll reach you then I'll eat you, I'm hungry
Cause I don't care if you're a sex machine
Little man, move along to the next vagine
I could slide up in the west and I blessed the scene, the queen
Here to flex on the next regime, my team
Is impeccable, wrecking every consecutive sucker
That wanna step up and knock us off the pedestal
You're pitiful, lookin' just like the next goon
Put 'em all on a rocket to Neptune

Roll up to a tender bash
And you get whiplash like a ten car crash
With Kim Kardashian's ass, get a flash
Passenger side of the Jaguar's dash

I come through late like Dre with Detox
If these elite jocks, I'll say we're ewoks

Chumps with wee caps, pull up your knee socks
Then pump your Reeboks, then jump the tree tops

Skintone fair, syndrome rare
The peasant is unpleasant but the king don't care
Let them all call like my ringtone blare
While the beat bump, bump like a ingrown hair
Bump, bump like a ingrown, bump like a ingrown
Bump, bump, bump like a ingrown hair
Cut through the jungle in the middle of nowhere
I'm steady with my machete, I'm ready to go there

I be rubbin' my nipples, givin' the public a sample
I'm a ridiculous bubbly personality
Hit 'em with the fatality, lickety-split

A lot of petty people, they don't get the simplest shit

They don't mean diddly squat, do they? Now riddle me that

We be the pitbulls, nibble on these kittens and cats

Eat 'em like Kibbles 'n Bits, leavin' them stiff on their back
Give them a wag of the finger, never a tip of the cap

We be the pick of the litter, keepin' it mentally locked

I got a lot of opinions, more than a centipede's socks

And I open up the door when my enemy knocks

They're gonna be checkin' me, they're gonna be in the penalty box

Lookin' a bit like a hockey player with a messed-up enamel

And I be clickin' the button for the Discovery Channel

Until I'm kickin' the bucket, so kiss my butt, I'm an animal
And I get more hump than a couple of camels