

# 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