

I'm Flexin'"

T.I.

Yeah, it's the King, cuh
You know my demo, Maybach, no limo, homes
I'm sacked up, too
I don't know what them folk doin'
I'm flexin', tho', patna
There it go, K.R.I.T.!

(Hold it now) I'm flexin', shawty
(Hold it now) I'm stupid, hoe
(Hold it now) I'm reppin', shawty
(Hold it now) Bitch, you ain't know?

(Hold it now) I'm Gucci, patna
(Hold it now) I Louis down
Don't do it, patna
(Hold it now) Or it's goin' down

I wear stripes row, my Louis, ho, Akoo matchin' my kicks, bitch
Papparazzi everywhere I go, I got cameras all in my bidne'
I rep the town, hold it down, cruise all around in my old school
My speaker loud and my reefer, too, I ain't speakin', bitch, do I know you?
Feds want me back behind that wall, that's the only place that I can't go
I'm focused, dog, and I ain't wit' that f-
ck shit, think it sweet but it ain't, doe
I'm tried and true when I'm ridin' through, I ain't hidin', they can just ha
te me
My top is down and my pockets fat and my diamonds clearer than HD

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I rep the west of that A like this, don't wanna talk about Bankhead
Still in the trap like a goddamn brick, 'cause I love the hood, the King ain
't dead
My hustle grand, my money long, my spot on top, bitch, I want that
My position vacant, my crown await me, my throne is empty, I own that
Folk in Kirkland, with a big hill, too, some'll head to Pittsburgh and all t
hat
Real goons'll ride wit' me to Timbuktu, I ain't Gucci, dude, what you call t
hat?
Mail the yell to East Point, and own that area, Vidalia, Sandal Hill all day
Decatur to Simpson-Rose, on 4-4, Hort nigga f-ck wit' me always

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Them so-called dope boys ain't sold enough
OGs ain't old enough
MCs ain't dope enough
I'll still split yo' coconut
You So So, I'm like dat
Tight work, bounce right back
Make room for yo' bitc', dog
Nigga, go'n get off my sack
That loud pack, I blow big
Always stunt so big
Please don't get wrong, homie
Or them Gs gon' bust yo' wig
The A is mine, no questions asked
The King is home, bitch, the best is back
My swagga turned 'em just like my sack
I'm flexin', shawty, who stoppin' that?

Okay, man, you don't see what's in yo' face, big dog?
Yeah, man, big banks, no whammies, dog, you understand that?
Yeah, doin' real, I'm talkin' 'bout real proper, patna?
You understand that? I got that sack, bruh!
Prison ain't changed shit, homeboy
You understand that?
Rubber bands on deck, guess why, homes?
Big K.R.I.T., let's do this shit one time, man
A-Town to M-Town, patna, it goin' down
Mississippi stand up