

Drake, Rich Flex

Go buy a zip of weed, hit the club
Pay for 'bout ten niggas to get in, we crunk, lit, in this bitch, yeah

Know we walk around the world
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 somethin' 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 to my pussy ex for me
Then 21, can you do somethin' 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, yeah okay

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 the 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
I'll slap a pussy nigga with a ratchet
I might slap a tracker on his whip and get the addy (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 ho 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 a Slaughter Gang CEO
I got dick for you if I'm not workin', 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

Stick 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
Nan' nigga 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 pushin' 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 Woe was doing BNE
We revvin' up and goin' on a run like we DMC
I layup with her for a couple days, then its BRB
You rappers love askin' if we 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 to 8

Swear this shit is gettin' ate, I'm on ten for the cake
Get a lot of love from twelve, but I don't reciprocate
Fifty-one division state patrollin' when it's late
21 my addy, so the knife is on the gate
All the dawgs eatin' off a Baccarat plate
Niggas see Drake and they underestimate
Take it from a vet', that's a rookie ass mistake, ayy

Ah, ah
Slaughter Gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit
Ayy, Slaughter Gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit
Ayy, Slaughter Gang shit, ayy, murder gang shit
On God
Boy, look, you the motherfuckin' man, boy, you, ooh
You is the man, you hear me?