

# Flex (feat. Travis Porter, Slim Dunkin & D-Bo)

## Waka Flocka Flame

I'm flexin', I'm flexin'  
I'm chillin' in our sessions  
I'm in my private section, give me pussy then I'm sexin'  
I'm flexin', I'm flexin'  
What she know 'bout flexin'?

Might pull up to the Weston and hella girl undressin'I've this ice on me but my heart cold  
I'm a real motherfucker, check my bar code  
In the strip club, prolly at the blue fline  
Scratches on the whip, a Mini coupOkay I stepped up from the scene super clean  
Got a 50 in my jeans, screamin' money ain't a thing  
A vilt full of bottles, got some models and some bitches  
Man I'm just a young, checked up in the club ballin', stacks upOkay I'm standing on the bar and  
all the girls starin'

And my chain costs a Ferrari and my wrist costs a McLaren  
We'll be sayin' flex flex flex flex flex flex flex  
She want a bottle that can packs and a man can do it  
Man, I bought a half a pill then we ran straight through it  
What we doin'? Flex flex flex flex flex flex flexOkay all I know it flexes you  
Some different check you more  
Shorty can't hit the whip, I need a astro blow  
Spare tier in the trunk, ride with an extra shot  
Spend your red money at that Benihana restaurant  
Gucci low, Polo, diamond dancing go go  
Whole squad flexin' like army have my logo  
Karate kickin', dojo  
Paparazzi photo  
Aggravated flexin',. plain Nolo  
We against bein' broke  
Dirt Gang protest  
We gon spend harder than the mob, bow flex  
On this shit period, contest  
Waterfall money in the club, got your how with  
Okay I'm standing on the bar and all the girls starin'  
And my chain costs a Ferrari and my wrist costs a McLaren  
We'll be sayin' flex flex flex flex flex flex flexShe want a bottle that can packs and a man can  
do it  
Man, I bought a half a pill then we ran straight through it  
What we doin'? Flex flex flex flex flex flex flexCame to the club, savin' chains, do it too much  
Ferrari Rary fay Waka Flocka flexed up  
All dogs really spend it cool...  
Two crowds for my haters, throw your gropes on  
White Remy Martin but we buy by the case long

Smoke back to back in our Rollie and eyes closed  
Paparazzi follow us everywhere we go  
He know, she know, I'll be flexin'  
All this Remy Martin, I might mix it with some Rosay  
Heavy rotation on the radio you get no play  
Ball ball ball ball ball go and get it  
Dream about it all weekend  
Flex! Okay I'm standing on the bar and all the girls starin'  
And my chain costs a Ferrari and my wrist costs a McLaren  
We'll be sayin' flex flex flex flex flex flex flex She want a bottle that can packs and a man can  
do it  
Man, I bought a half a pill then we ran straight through it  
What we doin'? Flex flex flex flex flex flex flex

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>