

# Flex (feat. Leven Kali)

## Playboi Carti

All of these bitches, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
All of these bitches, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, walk with a bag, ooh  
Sad, ooh, sad, ooh, mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
Walk in the buildin', I flex on that boy  
I flex on that boy with the bag, ooh  
Ice on my neck and my mama like, "Boy  
Where you get all of that cash?"  
I got the bag, ooh, ice on my wrist  
Mama like, "Where you get this?"  
I got a sad boo, gave her a brick  
Then I gave her a lil' kiss, ooh  
Yeah, I rock out in the 6, 6  
But nigga, we fire, we split  
I'm takin' your shit, you college kid, ooh  
We really be poppin' shit, ooh  
I hit a lick, no kid, ooh  
I had a lick but no bit, ooh  
She suck me up like a tick, ooh  
Damn my weed smell like a pick, ooh  
He do that talk and he simp, ooh  
Damn that lil' got a lil' thick, ooh  
I told that bitch to come in  
I told that bitch to come in  
All of these bitches, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
All of these bitches, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
I walk in the bank and I laugh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, walk with a bag, ooh  
Sad, ooh, sad, ooh, mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh  
All of these niggas, they're mad, ooh

Walk in the buildin', I flex on that boy  
I flex on that boy with the bag, ooh  
Ice on my neck and my mama like, "Boy  
Where you get all of that cash?" Yeah, who the fuck is you talkin' to, nigga? The fuck you think  
this is?  
You think 'cause you got a couple dollars you're a fuckin' playboy?  
Nigga you ain't a fuckin' playboy, nigga, you ain't nothin', nigga.  
Fuck outta here, Carti, fuck outta here.  
Don't call my phone with that shit, my nigga.  
Real mad, nigga I don't ever get mad. This nigga trippin'  
Is you mad, or what?  
Is you mad or what? Girl that's bad for us  
Say you mad for once  
Said she had enough  
Girl that's bad for us  
She came back for once  
Yeah it's probably done  
She gon' back it up  
I'm gonna spaz for us  
Girl that's bad for us  
Say you mad for once  
Said she had enough  
Girl that's bad for us I guess you're not feelin' me  
Not feelin' the energy  
Baby girl, we can do plan A  
Baby girl, we can do plan B, ooh  
I walk in that bitch, they playin' my shit  
Walk in that bitch, eyes on the kicks  
Walk in that bitch, eyes on the fit  
I look at your bitch, then blow her a kiss  
Mwah, ooh, I got that deuce in the coupe  
Got a white bitch like YesJulz  
All of my niggas, they fool  
Look at that boy, look at his jewels  
All of my niggas, they're bool  
Lil' bitch, bleed in the booth  
Ooh, these niggas, they lookin' like who  
Ooh, Cash, Cash, Cash  
My outfit just made the front page  
Hop off the plane, I run to the stage, yah  
Ooh, your ho gettin' laid  
Yeah, ayy, she might come in late  
I heard that your nigga Atlanta  
I heard that your nigga Atlanta  
I heard that your nigga Atlanta Yeah, might sing on a bitch  
Ayy, might sing on this shit  
Might sing on a bitch  
I might just sing on this shit  
Might sing on a bitch

I might just sing on this shit  
I might just sing on this shit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>