

6-19-13

When I Flex

By De La Egan

People clown cause I'm skinny, guess what? Pockets are fat,
while you're lifting weights, I'm lifting money from my traps.
Pockets are so fat, I think they need to run some laps,
will never lose no paper, using money when I crap.
It's OK I'm skinny, I'm glad I can't gain one pound!
My pants hang real low, cause my money, is pulling them down.
Yeah you got 20 inch arms, I got 20 inch rims,
can buy what I want, but your pockets are slim.
Keep doing your sit ups, go work on them abs
and when you leave the gym, don't forget yo bus pass
work on your back arms, keep doin them dips,
I'll still be skinny, but still stacking my chips.
Go ahead and hate on me, yeah I'm skinny as hell,
you weigh over 200 pounds, my pockets weigh more than a whale
you're a hater, because all you know is hate
but I'll be on the grind, every day I paper chase.
Money in my safe, inside my wall it's mounted,
cause banks charge me fees just to keep it counted.
Don't have flashy rings, watches and platinum on my neck,
big bank takes little bank, you gone give me respect
when it's all said and done, you're big and swole,
I'll be still counting paper, just getting off of parole.
The chain I'll wear will be so heavy, it'll hurt my neck,
my pockets look like they lift weights when I flex!