

Flirt

PRhyme

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, you ever have a bad bitch try to kick it with you in your Twitter DMs?

I have! Been a statistic and demonstrated against

Wicked minds of the twisted bitches challenge the scrubs

I had a bitch expose me on media takeout

And after her 15 minutes of fame was up

She hit my phone back apologizin', askin', "Can we still fuck?"

Bitch, please, miss me, I'm paid as hell

I got the game locked, arcades in jail

I wish my uncle wouldn't have died, he woulda loved to see this

Find you a nigga who do molly with a buzz and beat it

I'm 'bout to walk up in this restaurant, like the upper echelon

Is you comin'? Is you not? Bitch, I'll call you

I find it hilarious when bad ass bitches try to get your attention

Be lookin' like fish outta water, it be for no, no reason

A chick'll drop a pencil and go, "Oh, oh, Jesus"

Just to bend down to get this shit to show, show cleavage

Haha, why can't y'all just ask a nigga for his number like we do y'all

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

I'll tell you, women don't know how to flirt

And the ones who's bad, they ain't even gotta work

That's real shit, I see it all the time, anytime I shine

I'm just acknowledging but I'm not tryna play y'all

This is it (what?) Bad bitches, can't flirt good for shit

This is it (what?) They used to me comin' out the dick

Real quick (what?) like this is it, what?

This is it (what?) Woo! (what?) Woo! (what?) Woo!

Women don't know how to flirt (That's right)[Interlude: 2 Chainz]

You know how I come in

Talk to 'em Chainz!

[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]

Okay, came up the street like a ladder, Aladdin

A bust through the hole like McFadden or Madden

A matter of fact, that's a after effect

If the crime don't fit, then I'm takin' it back now

Fuckin' on this bitch who wear eye contacts

And I pulled a bitch off of iContacts

And I had the racks since she had a nice rack

Met her at Bergdorf, right by the nice racks

She said, "Should I get a shirt to match with the hat?"

Or should I get the shoes that match with the slacks?"

Yeah, said it's for her man, ain't gotta be, they comin'

Had a lil' Uzi on me, DJ Drama
Never trust a bitch, and yeah, I never will
Okay, sometimes, if she got sex appeal
I meant to say I like to have sex and take some pills
I meant to say I like to relax and make a mill'
I meant to say I like to relax and make a meal
I mean, they both the same thing but I ain't talkin' grill
I ain't talkin' dinner, I ain't talkin' supper, this the bloodsucker
Met the bitch at FuddRucker off Amityville
She had a man on the real, he had his hand on the steel
Fucked, then the camera he steal, I shoulda passed on the real
What happened six without ass, I got more dimes than a pass
And if I knew you'd do what's crazy, I wouldn't-a let me smash[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]
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Women don't know how to flirt (That's right)[Outro: DJ Premier]
Yo Chainz, Royce!
Remember PRhyme 1? Remember when I said:
"Word? That's how you feel up on this track?
Let a bitch come and try to shit on that!"
Yeah, and on that note, move on to the next one!
Hahahahahahahahaha!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>