

3,2,1 Go!

Lil' Flip

Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back
Bring it back

Now if I front you a O (Bring it back)
And once you make all ya doe (Bring it back)
And if you steal from me nigga (Bring it back)
Cause my homies kill for me nigga (Bring it back)
We'll cut off ya head (And bring it back)
Duct-tape it to ya leg (And bring it back)
And yo partnas can get it too (Bring him back)
Now they pumpin on his chest, cause they tryin'a (Bring him back)
I told y'all niggas, you supposed to (Bring it back)
But that's what you get when you talk behind my back
So tell my foes they can get it anytime
Cause when I'm on that shit, yeah I got it on my mind for real
Here we go

Three, two, one, go!
I'ma let'chu know, these rap niggas hoes
Look you don't wanna fake
Cause I'll break yo shiiit
And you don't want drama with the Clover G clique, yeah!
Three, two, one, go!
I'ma let'chu know, these rap niggas hoes
Look you don't wanna fake
Cause I'll break yo shiiit
And you don't want drama with the Three-6 clique, bitch!

See nigga, this dope is cut-less
Flippin iron n' weight out my black Cutlass (Cutlass)
Shiny paint, with the quarter-top rag (Rag)
Got it for cheap, but we can't brag (Can't brag)
Haters playin, but they better have a plan-B
I got a Glock everytime that they see me
And I'ma bust til' my clips out of business
And that won't be til' I down all that witnessed
See I'ma do you bitches clean, by the book
With no murder weapons or talkers, then I'm good
See I ain't no trouble maker, just love to smoke wood
But'chu Three-6 wanna-be's got me mis-understood, bitch!

Yes sir
When you make a little cheese, then these niggas start to hate
For just rappin, or a jackin, or a dealer pushin weight
Don't get mad at the Juice, cause I hustle til' it's late
And you somewhere passed out, wit'cha face off in a plate
Heard you never get no pussy, so you hold 'em down and rape
Ridin 'round in rental-cars, like you head of the state
Tryin'a cut niggas deals, in the trunk he got the ba-kin soda
Thought I told ya, he'll get'cha cause he fake
Since I rap, don't be thinkin I can't leave yo body stinkin

Yes, we do a lot of drugs and a whole lot of drinkin
In this business, yeah it's gangsta
But this hatin, I'm gon' finish
Hit'chu in yo fuckin mouth, send you back to the dentist (Nigga!)