

Bustaclip

Lil' Flip

Yeaahhh

Yeaahhh

Yeaahhh

Let's take it back to the streets nigggaaaaaaa

East coast

West coast

Midwest

To the dirty dirttttyyyy

It's Flip Gates

The number one fly boy

I'm strapped nigga

Let's get it poppin'

I got a brand new 'Mac I hope this bitch don't jam

I had to bulletproof the Lam, I learned that from Cam

You want a thang got em yams go straight to Money Gram

I'm from the hood, so you know I'm down wit any money scam

Black glocks, white glocks spit like sheet rock

You know a drank on me, this concert gon' stop

A lot of cops at the scene tryin' to shut shit down

You was a nobody, but now you famous now

I be out in Chi-town wit some real OG's

Matter of fact one of them had dinner wit me

You gotta play by the rules when you on these streets

You lil' niggas tryin' to mimic what you see on beef

You betta

Bustaclip I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider

You don't wanna beef wit meee

I know some Long Beach Crips (fo' reeeall?)

I know some Englewood Bloods (bloods)

And you can ask ??? fans I got Cali love (love)

I got a strap waitin' for me everytime I land

Just to send you a message, I'll clap your man

Now he under white sheets like the Klu Klux Klan

You lil' boys shouldn't beef wit a grown ass man

I got stripes in the hood, I put in work fo' real

And mentioning me, will get you put in dirt fo' real

How much that gramma yay, bitch you carry weigh

Cause I'm on this Alize and I carry cake

I came back to the streets I had to let y'all know

And by the way my new deal worth 8.4

So I'mma

I'm strapped nigga

I'm strapped nigga

I'm strapped nigga, what about you?

This for my Nap-town niggas all my G-town killas

The ones wit the blow and them 18 wheelers

Cross the state lines wit it on them waist line cocked

Cross lope and you know it's goin' doowwnnn (like Yung Joc)

40 cal, 50 cal, what you workin' wit nigga?

I'm in a Maserati what you swervin' in nigga?

And when I'm out in Cleveland, I'm fuckin' wit X

It's been 'bout 5 years he still holdin' my tech

I be in the gun range like everyday

You betta pray no drama ever come my way

I'm in the studio now wit a gun on my hip

And I'm tired talkin' 'bout the beef wit me and

You betta

This some shit for the street baby
We bust a clip everyday
You know what it is
I do what I wanna do nigga
When I feel like it nigga
Track And Productions on the muthafuckin' track
Full Effeck is the muthafuckin' future
Cross them niggas, I shoot you nigga
Any nigga, who got a gun and a chain nigga
And that dough, that's a true d-boy
Can't be a dope boy without a gun and a chain
Make sure you got them extra clips nigga
But on the real nigga, don't hate on a nigga when you see me pull up on that
Maserati
I'm done wit the muthafuckin' Maybach
Fuck that shit nigga, I'm on some drop top flashy "Flash Gordon" type shit
Biatch, BUSTACLIP!