

Bustacclip

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
Bustacclip 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!