

# Deep Down South

Lil' Flip

Come on, uh...

I'm bout to cause a disaster, like a earthquake  
Eighteen's, got little kids dropping milk shakes  
I smoke and sip eights, poured in one soda  
Treat my girls like dogs, nigga teach em to roll over  
Give em the cold shoulder, if they don't listen  
But they quickly convinced, when they see them rims twisting  
Better pay attention, to that nigga Lil' Reezy  
It takes six dimes in bikinis, just to please me  
Better believe me, its real in the field  
My chain like yellow lights, it make people ill  
In the Porsche switching gears, like a Nascar racer  
And the rocks on my bracelet, got it looking like a glacier  
I'm a clutch player, like Robert Ory  
These cats ain't balling, they telling stories  
But ain't gotta worry, bout H.S.E.  
If I ain't hating on you, then why you hating on me

We from the deep down South in the city  
In the light, and I be seeing these girls be looking pretty  
That's why, I got to stay on my grind  
So we can be a hundred percent, all the time  
Y'all don't know where we from (where we from)  
Y'all don't know where we been (where we been)

Its like one for the money, and two is for them hoes  
Three is for the drank, Four pass me the smoke  
You won't see me riding, in any ole Benz  
Unless its jet black, on twenty inch rims  
I got more Air Force, than the government  
Every color pair, I'm so fly trust me I'm loving it  
I never leave the hoe, with just a single rubber  
And I crawl like Ringling Brothers, hoes love us  
Under the in-fluence, catch me swerving  
Playing in a number six, like Julius Irving  
My watch and my chain, got me coughing and sneezing  
Still a young heathen, as long as I'm breathing  
I pay for a show, turn it out then I'm leaving  
The way the man told us, its flossing season  
This year we got it made, we shining y'all  
Even though we got a due, we still grinding y'all

Who am I, name is Lil' Flip  
And I roll with, two clips  
Just in case, something happen  
While y'all niggas yapping, I'ma be capping  
Rolling with my strap and, pistol packing  
Glock 9's, Tech 9's, even a Mack 10  
I'm not acting, I pack clips so  
Play your roll, and stick to the script  
Before I flip, and empty the clip  
I'm Gladys Night, cause I'm a pimp  
We eating shrimp, and catching planes  
You know I'm great, at catching dames  
And what's your name, where you live  
Will you give some brain, do you got kids  
Cause if you do girl, its okay

So pass the syrup, fuck the courvassier