

Flippin'

Lil' Flip

You are now rockin' wit The Symphony
Yessir
It's ya boy Fliperachi the #1 fly boy (yeaahhh)
I'm the building wit my girl Mya (fo' sho)
You know we doin' a song for the ladies, they want records too, you know
So if you want to come kick it wit some real pimp, a real man, a young boss
Girl money don't run out
Let me holla if you down wit Clover G's (fo' sho)

I know that you'd take care of me, baby please (that's right, that's right)
No baby is not jealousy, jealousy
I know that I know that you pimpin' you pimpiiinn'
I know that I know that so I'm flippin' I'm flippiinnnn

The first day we met, I was in my vet
I just left Warner Brothers pickin' up my check (hahaaa)
I pulled up in Wing Stop just to get me a bike
Rubber cush on my blunt so I'm high as a kite
Red monkeys wit a crist twelve hundred to pop
And when you walk by I couldn't do nothin' but watch
Cause I know you wit a cat who ain't treatin' you right
And if you wanna be happy you should leave him right now
I got a ten o'clock flight on my G-5 girl
Let me upgrade you, no more Levi's girl
I'mma show you finer thangs you can cruise the world
And when we come back you gon' have bluest purse
Yessir

I ain't a pimp no more, that was '99 (99)
Cause when it came to the bread I had to get mine
Top down when I'm roll up the Vegas Strip
Four pound on my hip in case a nigga trip
A hundred dollar chips, let's gamble ma (let's go)
And if the crowd get thick let's scramble ma (let's go)
No gal can cook shrimp better than ma (haha)
I had a gal ain't know what berretta or nine
After this, I'mma drop "Ahead of My Time"
The true thangs that I love is my bread and my dyme
They be like "Flip man you got a lazy flow"
That's when I say "oh welllll, I make crazy dough"
Chuchhh Chuchhh

You always say the things to make me staaaayyyyy
He then told me that you would change your waaayyyysss
You always got the best from meeee
I gave 'em to you faithfully
I'm flippin' now I gotta get awaaaayyyyy

So come and roll wit a fly boy
You can be my fly girl
Just you and I girl
The kid ballin' like Jim Jones (balliiiiinnnnnnnnnn)
Cause I made about 8 million ringtones (balliiiiinnnnnnnnnn)
I'm a certified mack in the streets
How many rappers got ice on the back (but they not too many)
I do it big like that rapper from ??
While you exit home put your ring out (hahaaa)

And we on private jets sippin' real wine
I was in the projects watchin' feds crime
But now I'm doin' projects gettin' paid now (yeahh)
There go the paparazzi go and put your head down (cheese, cheese)