

Hey Ho

Lil' Flip

Hey ho (hey ho), let's go (let's go)
I know, cause we can get it on tonite
You fine (you fine), I pimp (I pimp)
And I walk with a limp
Man you know the dro got me feelin' tight
I'm rich (I'm rich), you po' (you po')
Now you know, it's time to hit the block and grind
I pimp (I pimp), I ball (I ball)
And twenty's how I crawl
Can't stop a nigga in his prime

Now I was in Washington at the playas ball
Every pimp was there yeh in gator's and all
I had to fade 'em all I had to pop my collar
Valet my car yeh I'm in the drop Impala
You got to swallow if you givin' me brain
I'm goin' for the chart don't be givin' me pain
You can get in the car don't touch shit in the car
Do this, get on that plane put this brick in ya bra
Come back, bring me the change in a hundred stacks
Cause you know how we do it when we makin' that
I'ma gi' you your cut and you gon' gi' me my shit
And that's the way we do it now I'm in the lab droppin' hits
Undergrounds get me paid, shows I'm on stage
Hoes go in a rage when they see me on stage
Cause I'm iced out when they see my chain they be like
who cut the lights out, niggaz at the stores tryna figure out
when I drop, I'm comin' sooner than you think
In the summer time tanktop winter time mink

Hey ma, I done seen bitches come and go
That skeeze and fiends that have dreams to become a hoe
Scream Geronimo, ya deep in the Pacific
(I can hit it all night), if you wanna be specific
Baby feel terrific when ya shake that ass
Ain't no end when your friends tell you to make that cash
Go on make it fast, see if you make it last
After every niggaz smash, you mistaken for thrash
Bitch where's my cash?, Will Lean the pimp
Pimp cups up bitch with codine to sip
I'm a Clover G, and I walkin' in dough
And every twenty five feet nigga I'm walkin' on mo'
Lil' Flipper, yo we gots the gats
Them botany boys motherfucka, we gots them stacks
S.U.C and we holdin' it down
Cloverland on top and we holdin' the crown

I know this chick from the north side that like to freak
Fucked the hoe in the back of the jeep, Clover G's ain't weak
Watch me creep, holdin' on a wood grain wheel
Plus I got the diamond grill uh
We be winnin', I love the way this free world spinnin'
We been hot from the beginning shit
It's Botany Boys, creepin' wid them chopper toys
Quick to break ya off proper boy shit
Call her cell, take her to the next hotel
Young bitch know how to fuck like hell

Call her friends, they pull up in a big bod Benz
I guess we ain't the only one that playin' wid ends