

Kings Of The South

Lil' Flip

Oh (oh), oh (oh) this what the streets been asking fa
The real Kings, Lil' Flip and Z-Ro ha-ha-ha
Clover G'z and Rap-A-Lot, different labels
But we both in the Screwed Up Click, let's go

Look me and my niggaz, we fifty deep with them triggas
I'm a school boy yeah right, I run with them killas
Afilliated with pimps, I know too many cats
I've been rapping eight years, I got too many placks
Now when I run in your crib, and take your son out the crib
And put the gun to his bib, now it's one in his ribs

I stay in and out of the jail house, I can afford to bail out
You can call me the post man, all I do is follow my mail route
I got a stank ass attitude, excuse me nigga you have to move
See these big *old* niggaz I'm walking with, there's some behind you too
Don't want us to trip, you don't wanna see this extended clip
Be on the lookout for Z-
Ro and Lil' Flip, this is history in the making ya bitch

Now I'm back with my crew, like we ain't got nothing to do
So if you beefing with them, then I'm beefing with you
I'm the King of the South, you see the ring and the house
I'm a major playa like, Mean Green in the South
So if I kick in your do', and put my dick in your hoe
Give me the brick in the flo', now it's time to go

When I roll I roll solo, I got seven sets of fo' do's
I got rid of all my old bitches, to make way for some mo' hoes
We are the real Kings, god damn it my grill clean
I smoke and I still lean, hit up C-Note or Will-Lean (why dat)
Cause I kick's it with my people, fuck friends they all turn evil
They might try, to do me something lethal
All y'all niggaz claiming to be cold, can deal with my heater

Oh no I flip digits like Puffy, I slay niggaz like Buffy
You a fag, I refuse to let a label fuck me
Cause I'm calling the shots, my favorite rapper is Pac
Nigga I was stealing cars, when you was wiping your snot
So when I blow up your office, and rob one of your bosses
I can't take no losses, you know how crunk the South is
Hell yeah we throw bows for really, we blow dro and Philly's
I get three dollas with this, you only getting a penny
This skinny nigga, will never be in my position
How you gon fight, when you got malnutrition
So when I stomp your ass, and when I front your ass
And when I punch your ass, you ain't gon wanna talk no mo' let's go

I'm a gangsta kin folk, I stack and don't spend do'
I got five percent tint, on each and every one of my windows
Everytime the wind blows, another Benjamin goes
Where the rest of the Benjamins go, hoe I'm paid for your info

I'm the rap LeBron, better yet I'm T-Mac
I was flipping work, when you was playing pitty-pat
I take a brick from here, then I move it on the East
I got New York niggaz, paying 23

So when I hit your gut, I'm in my pick-up truck
I come to pick up bucks, after that I'm picking up sluts now let's ride