

## Platinum Stars

Lil' Flip

Uh, Lil' Flip  
I'm hoppin' out in a fendi suit  
I got DVD's in my bentley coupe  
I got hoes that's 22  
they buy me clothes and tennis shoes  
I'm so throwed when it come to hoes  
before I get they phone number they come outta they clothes  
I might take 'em to Papa Deaux's  
but only if she a proper hoe  
I gotta lac (what kind), a cadillac escalade  
I'm wearin' jordans (which ones), very first ones made  
I gotta watch (what kind), iced out cartier  
I gotta rolley but that's somethin' that I hardly wear  
I'm Lil' Flip, the coldest freestyle ever  
Since day one I was programmed to get this cheddar

Who you drive? Platinum cars  
Who you pull? Platinum stars  
Who you write? Platinum bars  
Platinum teeth, inside yo jaws  
Diamond gon' rock my platinum wrist  
Platinum toilet to take a ish  
Gold is gold, and platinum is happenin'  
so whodi watch this

Yeah, ay, it's Koopa  
Gotta green back, stack in my palm  
I come in Yukon black with alarm  
Ice on the arm and a platinum charm  
And you prolly had a thought about jackin' it nah  
Of course you didn't nigga the force is hittin'  
behind the throwback I show that the boys is trippin'  
sky hit a force and lift him  
Top on the drop yeah of course it's missin'  
Don't want her man to know  
that I'ma hit when I'm finished I'ma hand the hoe  
Back to her man before, he even have to know  
A weddin' ring ain't somethin' I'ma hand the hoe  
Do money grow on trees? nigga the answers no  
I treat g's like seeds get a grand to grow  
Car lookin' like a zoo in a candy store  
Alligator on the floor with a candy door  
Can't stand me no, cuz I'm havin' dough  
I keep a tune on me just like a mechanic flow  
You ain't gettin' paper what you up in the game fa'?  
Gettin' paper now couldn't be a complainer  
Trunk lift up at a acute angle  
Isocoles triangle pokin' outta my swangers  
Chain cost me 10 g's  
Independent no label could pimp me  
So it really ain't a thing you could get free  
Unless you tryna get them chains off of Pimp C  
We, jammin UGK you see the jewlrey ay!  
Cover ya eyes it'll blind like a U.T. Ray  
Stay throwed in the game, holdin' the grain (yeah)  
Ice and the white gold in my chain  
Raisin' the trunk and showin' my bang

Hoes on the swangs while the doors color change  
Nah I won't let the change go to my brain  
Respect better be somethin' you hope in the game  
You gon' mess around and get choked with ya chain  
Flip, Bun and Chamillion in control in the game

U (Under), G (Ground), K (Kings)  
Bitch I'm the King of the underground  
and the pope of Port Arthur  
Keep that fire heat on ya street  
and a meat in your daughter  
Got no love for a hater, got no hate for a lover  
Just distribute my pollution, keepin' weight undercover  
My brother, now we back up on the block again  
I got them rocks again, and the blocks again  
until' the cops come in  
but see the better bring the SWAT my friend  
Because I promise that we not runnin'  
Nigga we gon' be here all day  
posted in this hallway  
Keep them cluckers comin' in cuz we serve 'em all yay  
Them nickles and dimes and quarters  
That pop of the rock you a boughta  
But we oughta, nigga we turnin' ya projects into the Carter  
Got automatic starters, for they automatics choppers  
And the Texas boy a automatic to break you off somethin' proper  
I knock off a bopper, break down a bird and bust me a flow  
I'm down with the Pimp and the Prince  
from now forever you don't like it you must be a hoe so