

# Takeover

Lil' Flip

Hey Hump, how much you paid E.S.G.  
To get on the H.S.E. album mayn  
(I gave that nigga three full cookies, told him  
Get his ass away come back and get a fifty pack)  
Hey y'all, E.S.G.. snort cocaine ha-ha-ha

Sucka Free Records, we running this rap shit  
Humpty-Hump, we running this rap shit  
R-E double D, we running this rap shit  
Lil' Ron, we running this rap shit

The take over, yeah the break's over  
I'm the God of freestyle, bitch I'm from the Clover  
And I'm screwed up, did I make myself clear  
Now you got me pissed off, so I'ma end your career  
I don't care if you swang and bang, you still broke to me  
Remember Hump, use to let you snort dope for free  
Look you ain't on my level, cause you are lame  
You had to run from your gal, so you could do some caine  
You went from Perion, Black Heart to Wreckshop  
Now you got some tattoos, so you wanna be Pac  
You fell from top ten, to not mentioned at all  
Face it E, you will never have a plack on your wall  
You did Maan with Big Moe, then you left the label  
You ain't get shit, Big Moe got a Navigator  
Matter fact, you had the worst verse on the song  
But we all know, you ain't shit but a clone  
You ain't write Buy the Car, nigga I wrote that hook  
But I should of known that day, I couldn't find my notebook  
And you are, so laaaame  
Damn E.S.G., tell the truth how long you been in this game  
You came out with Ocean of Funk, and Sailin' Da South  
Then you went to jail nigga, so you took a loss  
Then you returned, with the Living Dead  
But wasn't nobody feeling you, your career was dead

Big H.A.W.K., we running this rap shit  
Po-Yo, we running this rap shit  
T.J., we running this rap shit  
Big Moe, we running this rap shit  
3-2, we running this rap shit  
Slim Thug, we running this rap shit  
Scarface, we running this rap shit  
U.G.K., we running this rap shit

Now you rolling with Slim Thug, cause you done lost your buzz  
You ain't shit, so you don't get respect in clubs  
I took you to get your license, I paid your bills  
And don't you think right now, it's time to change your grill  
Don't nobody wear crushed, we wearing princess cuts  
And didn't you see the new Vibe, I bet that fucked you up  
Scarface said it all, in one paragraph  
Now who the Freestyle King, don't make me laugh  
Now tell your fans, how you stole raps out my books  
Tell your fans, Lil' Flip wrote all your hooks  
I'm spectacular, bite your neck like Dracula  
Nigga I wrote it, you ungrateful bastard

And you are, so laaaame  
You almost thirty, and you still broke in this game  
You really from Bogalusa, but you claim you Texas  
Tell the truth, you ain't never drive a Lexus  
And you are, so laaaame  
You might sell more records, if you quit screaming mayn  
Your style been whack, so now it's time to retire  
I thought I made myself clear, to stop stealing my style  
And Lil' Flex, you ain't shit but a hoe  
Don't try to be Yungstar, get your own flow  
We all know, that Z-Ro go the hardest  
We Screwed Up Click, we gon shine regardless

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You fake motherfucking rappers  
Yeah we run this rap shit, broke bitch  
No rapping ass motherfuckers, that's jealous  
Cause young niggaz got y'all's spots bitch  
Been another nigga play, Freestyle King forever hoe  
Sucka Free run this shit, fake motherfucker  
Yeah nigga, y'all thought I was gone bitch  
Remember this, don't give a fuck about Flex  
We don't give a fuck about E.S.G.  
Take a dick to your brain bitch, yeah CEO's for life  
Sucka Free run this shit, you old Flex  
You and that bitch Den Den, Den Den I thought  
You were a CEO bitch, you a CE-Hoe  
That's why we see your as at the Impact, broke bitch