

What It Do

Lil' Flip

Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh
Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh
Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh

Yo, Rednecks, Colords, Asians, Africans, Ethiopians
What ever you is, this is yo boy
Fresh to the snipes ya hear
With young flip, and I call this one

Now what it do, yeah nigga got to much loot
Now what it do, ya baby push that GT G loot
Now what it do, ya baby show the platinum twos
Ain't playin' wit me homie let the eagle shoot

Now what it do, yeah baby young flippa is back
Now what it do, ya nigga candy cadalac
Now what it do, pump yo bracks its just to much playin'
I still rep for my lane, now what is y'all sayin'

You know you baby,
Mama wanna ride wit a G
'Cause she shakin' her ass to this
Mannie Fresh beat

I'm fly as a mothafuckers
High as a mothafuckers, fo row
Down the chain iced out belt buckle, aaa
And I'm still on the grind

I own ten watches
But I'm neva on time
I show up late
'Cause I blow up weight

You doin' shows down hear
But you can't go up state
Now what it do
I tryin' to leave wit you and you

I'm 20 deep, I ain't tripping bring ya crew
I got my heat
You pakin' lil' 22's, we cloven g's
The home and leaving DJ crew

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I got the, big home, the whip chrome
The king back you cant take my throne
I been chillin' on the low gettin' dough fo show

Run up on me 30 shots but I'm lettin' 'em go

You can't fuck wit my team I'm just lettin' you know
If it cost 500 that regular dro
Cops pull a nigga ova
'Cause they jealous of my Carmo

ZZ's 1200 you could smell it through the charts
Rapper sweet roll it up
Get the drink, pour it up
You know you can't

Come wit me if you ain't old enough
You know that desert eagle come wit a holster
But my GT ain't come wit a choffer, damn

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Yeah, the dough boy say I'm shinin' boy
But that shit came from grinin' boy
Yell the diamonds everywhere like a stuck up junin'
Dog I heard your paper low I got that stuck up money

Shut the fuck up dummy, you ain't hard as us
I went to France and found out you ain't large as us
I get paid just ta come to the club and chill
Let yo chick braid my hair cause she love my grill

Fuck a house on the hill 'cause my ship by the lake
I'm like jiga, I can do this in one day
We got weight, we got drunk, we got all the guns
Ask 'bout Lil' Flip you don't know where I'm from

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Yeah, yeah this how we do it man
Ya niggas need to step ya game up man
Glove G's in the mothafuckin' buldin'
Desse duk in the buldin'

D-rad in the buldin'
Rarena kimmins in the buldin'
Black Al Capone in the buldin'
Dre Add in the buldin'

Big west in the mothaukin' buldin'
And we doin' it, so, so mothaukin' big

Big charts in te buldin'
M dolla in the buldin'

We gettin' money nigga
And when you see me in the street say what it do
And don't call me flip no mothauckin' more
Call me flipa rachie ha ha ha
And we out