

Uh uhh, Lil' Flip (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 Pappadeaux's, but only if she a proper hoe
I got a 'llac (what kind) a Cadillac Escalade
I'm wearin Jordans (which ones) the very first ones made
I got a watch (what kind) a iced-out Cartier
I got a Roley 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
Do you write, platinum bars, platinum teeth, inside your jaws
Diamond gon' rock my platinum wrist, platinum toilet to take a ish
Gold is gold, and platinum is happenin so, wodie watch this

Yeahh, aiy
It's Koopa
Got a greenback, stack in my palm
I come in a Yukon black with alarm
Ice on the arm and a plat-i-num charm
And you pro'llly had a thought about jackin it - naw!
Of course you didn't nigga the force is hittin
Behind the throwback I show that the boys is trippin
Beam me up Scotty, yeah the force'll 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 befo', he even have to know
A weddin ring - ain't somethin I'ma hand a hoe
Do money grow on trees? Nigga the answer's no
I treat G's like seeds, get a grand to grow
Car lookin like the zoo in a candy sto'
Alligator on the flo' with a candy do'
Can't stand me no, cause 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 for?
Gettin paper now, couldn't be a complainer
Trunk lift up at a acute angle
Isoceles triangle pokin outta my swanger
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 tryin to get them chains off of Pimp C
We, jammin U.G.K. you see the jewelry, ay
Cover your eyes it'll blind like a UV ray
Stay throwed in the game, holdin the grain (yeah)
Ice and the white gold in my chain
Raisin my trunk and showin my bang
Hoes on the swangs while the do's color change
Nah I won't let the change go to my brain
Respect better be somethin that you hopin to gain
You gon' mess around and get choked wit'cha chain
Now Flip, Bun and Chamillionaire controllin in the game

U (Under), G (Ground), K (Kings)

Bitch I'm that King of the underground, and the Pope of Port Arthur
Keep that fire heat on ya street, and the 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 them blocks again, until the cops come in
But see they 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 cause we gon' serve 'em all yay
Them nickles and dimes and quarters; that powder the rock you a-boughta
Mo' dope than we oughta, nigga we turnin your projects into The Carter
Got automatic starters, for they automatics choppers
And the Texas boy'll automatically 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 ever since
You don't like it you must be a hoe, so