

Now when you see me in the Lamborghini speeding, bumpin Screw  
I know you see my license plate, "Lil' Flip #2"  
I use to skip summer school, hit the block and move work  
That was enough to buy some shoes, pants, and a new shirt  
Now I'm shinin like Puff, wearin diamonds like Puff  
We got everybody else music sounding like US  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been bumpin Screw down here for a while!  
And when you see me at the mall, Just me and my dawg  
I'm shoppin with them, Cause I ain't trickin for a broad  
I do shows and rock crowds, And then I get paid  
Summer time, I'm on dubs, Winter time, I'm on blades  
My whole click livin laid, man we all got Vets  
My crib so big, I ain't even see my room yet  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been buyin six-figure homes for a while!  
Now when you see me in the Vibe, Murder Dog and The Source  
And the XXL, standing next to a Porsche  
I get paid with my voice, so I pimp these beats  
I hate commercial rap, so I pimp these streets  
You don't work you don't eat, that's a known fact  
I just don't rap, nigga I know how to act  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been fuckin with magazines for a while!

Because we represent the 7-1-3!  
The type of Rappers y'all never goin be!  
We makin money y'all never goin see!  
Because we represent the 7-1-3!  
Houston, Texas nigga!

Now when you see me with Tigga, On BET  
Or 106 and Park, with AJ and Free  
Or MTV, come take a look at my house  
And after that, come take a look at my mouth  
Yea I represent the South, like Pastor Troy  
And I'm still Fresh and Clean, like Andre and Big Boi  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been talkin shit on TV for a while!  
Now when you see me with a sweet, blowing smoke out my nose  
9 times outta 10, I'm probably blowin Hydro  
So don't blow my high, just leave me alone!  
Cause I get high like Cheech and Chong  
Call me 'Afroman' when my hair ain't braided  
I got 20 tatoo's but I'm still educated  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been smokin high-time weed for a while!  
And when you see me at the club, I gotta get my floss on  
Techno, my ring shinnin, and I got my cross on  
I gotta brand new phone, Cause I'ma rich nigga  
And when people call, you can see they picture  
I'm still Lil'Flipper, but my money got taller  
And my Benz got wider, and your hundred got smaller  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been acting bad, drivin cars for a while!  
When you see me Big Pimpin, like UGK  
I'm choppin on blades, candy-paint, Jog Grey

I'm sittin on Twenty's, but I'm twenty-one  
I'm ridin with an AK, you still got a B-B Gun  
So you need to Back, Back, and gimme 50 feet  
Cause you ain't sellin records like Sucka-Free  
But hold up! You better get your own style  
Cause we been ridin around with straps for a while!

Because we represent the 7-1-3!  
The type of Rappers y'all never goin be!  
We makin money y'all never goin see!  
Because we represent the 7-1-3!  
Houston, Texas nigga!