

My Mama Used To Tell Me

Lil' Flip

Ooooh-oooh-oooh
Make yooooour cash
My mama used to tell me...

Let me state my name, and show my skills
I'm Lil' Flip, and I got that deal
But I keep it real, with my peeps
And I hold my heat, when I'm in the streets
But I can't stop and I won't stop, rapping till I'm dead
Cause every single day, I got ideas in my head
Like tripping my money, and doubling my fans
I did shows for hundreds, but now I'm getting grands
But I give thanks to the man, for giving me a talent
Cause I could still be hustling, trying to feed my family
And y'all think its a fantasy, to wanna drive a Benz
But if you get that car, how you gon supply them ends
And you gon want some rims, and you gon want a house
But when rent come around, nigga why your lights out
Now you sitting on the couch, all slouching and mad
Cause you acting like you balling, but you really doing bad
But trust me dog, I've been down the same road
But what I learned, is that you can't let money control
The way you act, the way you talk (the way you talk)
Your attitude, and the way you walk (the way you walk)
The way you feel, the way you think (the way you think)
Cause everything you got, could be gone by one week

My mama used to tell me
Ooooh-oooooh-ooooh
My daddy used to tell me
Make yooour cash
My granny used to tell me
Ooooh-oooooh-ooooh
My grandpa used to tell me
Make yooour cash

To whoever you are, and wherever you be
Whether you punching a clock, or selling them ki's
Just keep your head up, don't get fed up
Just do what you gotta do, to keep your bread up
And watch for your friends, who always wanna get you high
Cause that might be the one, friend let you die
Sometimes I cry, yeah nigga I cry
Because half of the people I loved, they already died
Like my cousin, I can't forget my best friend
And my mama's mama, so everyday I'm stressing
But I went and got a tat, for all the people I love
And money won't change me, I'm still a educated thug
Riding 20 inch dubs, even though I didn't want em
But Hump paid for it so fuck it, I'ma flaunt em
And I'm still in the hood, giving money to the kids
But I don't want publicity, for all the shit I did
But I did it from the heart, not to get famous
Cause I been having paper, and it'll never change us
And if I ain't in the hood, that mean I got a show
That's why I stay on my grind, cause I gotta have dough