

Put Yo Fist Up

Lil' Flip

Got to do something for the playas
If you ain't a real playa, you'll have to
Go to the back of the club
This for the playas and the ballas (ballas)
And the pimps, for everybody (Southside)
Who rocking lots of ice, teeth shine
Piece shine, pull up looking clean
On two 20's nigga

Put your fist up
If you wearing a rolex put your wrist up
Grab your styrofoam cups of drink mixed up
If your car broke down get it fixed up
Playas put your fist up, let your piece shine
If you got diamonds in your grill let your teeth shine
And when we at the club we be creased down
You ain't never seen no playa like me huh
Don't ball with Sucka Free huh

I just put some new rugs in my two story club
Hoes getting dug in my king size tub
Boys getting drugged, trying to act like a thug
No fucking love while I sip purple mud
I fly like a dove, smoke like a champ
Never run from no one cause I might catch a cramp
Smoking damp, fucking on a old school tramp
Ten dollar rock for a twenty food stamp
My name is Carlos holla fuck these hoes
Life is like ballet stay on your toes
My dream is to keep the world up all night
Cause I got enough caine to have a snowball fight
I floss gators, got cribs with elevators
So much cash I bought a pool for my neighbors
Dopehouse and Sucka Free, run your ass up a tree
Fuck with me, and you'll be keeping dad company

When I walk into the club people say (where he go)
But when I open up my mouth they be like (there he go)

When Redd sliding through the club I'm throwing my elbows
Any girl I snag, she sticking like velcrow

And when I take my watch off, they say (who cut the lights off)
And I can freestyle all night until they cut the mics off

As soon as I touch the stage, broads ain't paging they man
Instead they spilling liquor, waving they hands

Well I'm a valet parker and a endo sparker
So many waves in my hair I got to wear swimming goggles

Now we ready to buy the bar tossing shit the counter
People notice my name and run over the ?

Now when you see me in the club I'm dressed top of the line
I'm mixing up codeine and popping bottles of wine

I met a chickenhead from Michigan showing her tattoo
Hit it off at the bar too let's scram so we could car pool

Hey, this for my Blacks, Asians, Chinese and Caucasians
Muslims, Irish and even Jamaicans
Hispanics, Indians, throw your sets up
And all the fine women, raise your dress up
Hold up your piece if you got ice in it
And put your white cups up if you got pink sprite in it
You might see me at the bar but I don't drink that much
I just bought an Escallade and I'm gone paint that truck
I got three million in the bank, but it ain't that much
Now when I look at magazines I say ain't that us
I'm in the VIP section, wearing a black dob
I got the women screaming whoa but my name ain't Black Rob
Man, they screaming Lil' Flip at the front of the club
A nigga buzzed off this remmy with a blunt and a hug
When Sucka Free in the club women lose they brains
If I need ice in my cup, then I use my chain, bling bling