

# Sing For The Moment

Lil' Flip

Haha

I'm black, but I know how to rock n roll  
I know how to rock the crack, and rock the show  
Then I roll out, cuz I can't hold out  
That's why every concert I do, is sold out  
From, Houston, Dallas and Lafayette  
I got, white boys, that bump my shit  
I got this game locked, and I lost the key  
And it seem like everybody, want sumthin for free  
And now all the hoes say, they comin' wit me  
Cuz they know they smell good, when they runnin' wit me  
But I ain't trickin', I'm just stickin'  
This ain't chicken, so I ain't lickin'  
Cuz Imma pimp hoe, and I got good bangin' hoe  
No matter where I go, they love me in the hood mayne  
I guess I'm in the good lane, cuz now I'm doin' great  
Even though I'm showin' love, some niggaz still hate

Sing with me  
Sing for the year  
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear  
Sing it with me, Just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away..

It's two-thousand three, and I'm twenty two  
I ain't changin', I still got three hundred tennis shoes  
I ain't changed, I just like to chill alone  
Cuz every other day, I'm in a different time zone  
Signin' autographs, for all my fans  
Cuz that's how it go, when ya music in demand  
I flew straight to Japan, to make eighty grand  
I bought a house on the beach, now I got me a tan  
I push the lex lan, cuz Imma tex-an  
Pump call shawn taylor, tell 'em get them checks in  
Cuz I need mine, before I sign my contract  
I gotta read mine, if I pray everythang gon be fine  
You know I run the streets  
I drop my vocals before my niggaz stomp the beats  
I bring the heat, just like my name was Pat Riley  
I'm my CEO, you can't fire me, bitch

haha that's what I've said nigga  
This how we do it, we sing for the moment  
We don't know how long this shit gon last  
So we gon keep droppin' this heat, on yo motherfuckin' ass  
Everyday, mixtapes, undergrounds whatever  
That's how we get our money, nigga  
We gotta supply the demand  
Lil' Flip, represent cloerland  
Southside, that's where I stay  
Home of the braves, fuck the glocks, put on the k's  
Sing it wit 'em

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Last verse now, ye  
I gotta sing for the moment, for hum birthday  
Nigga, I bought a ring for my homie  
That's how we do it nigga, he shop for me  
Fuck it nigga like I said, Imma cop the key  
Gotta get that good money, ain't fuck wit that evil money  
Even thought I had to fuck wit that illegal money  
Love money, could be drug money  
But shit, I got tatoos it's all thug money  
I'm lil flip, I know you like how I spit  
Shit, cuz niggaz know this underground but it still a hit  
It ain't my beat but, it's my lyrics so, when you hear this shit  
Yur gonna love to hear it cuz I, spit to ya spirits  
From the shit that I say, niggaz know freestylin' shit be everyday  
I do that shit when I don't feel like it, but I'm like a phychic  
Cuz you can predict what Imma do nigga, keep fightin'  
Writin', freestylin', smilin' wit my ice  
Go to the car lot, nigga fuck the price (fuck the price)

Haha, we used to didn't have a lot, now we got a lot  
Each time we thank god for what we got  
We worked hard to get where we got  
And we sittin' on top  
No matter what you do, keep ya head up

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